THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

PRESENTED BY
PROF. CHARLES A. KOFOID AND
MRS. PRUDENCE W. KOFOID

TRAVEL, WAR, AND SHIPWRECK.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

One Volume, with Map, scarlet cloth.

The Crimean Campaign with the Connaught Rangers, 1854-5-6. By Lieut.-Colonel NATHANIEL STEEVENS, late 88th (Connaught Rangers).

"A welcome addition to the military history of England."—*United Service Gazette.*

One Volume, Crown 8vo, cloth.

Pictures of the Past: Memories of Men I have Met, and Sights I have Seen. By FRANCIS H. GRUNDY, C.E.

Contains personal recollections of Patrick Branwell Brontë, Leigh Hunt and his family, George Henry Lewes, George Parker Bidder, George Stephenson, and many other celebrities, and gives besides descriptions of very varied experiences in Australia.

Two Volumes, Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt tops.

The Secret of the Sands; or, The Water Lily and her Crew. A Nautical Novel. By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

"We own that we were fascinated ourselves by the story of the cruise. . . . We can add conscientiously that we have really enjoyed the book."—*Saturday Review.*

Cloth, illustrated.

Hair-Breadth Escapes; or, The Adventures of Three Boys in South Africa. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS. Second Edition.

Cloth, illustrated.

The Young Franc Tireurs and their Adventures during the Franco-Prussian War. Second Edition. By G. A. HENTY, Special Correspondent of the *Standard*.

Cloth, illustrated.

Adventures in Australia; or, The Wanderings of Captain Spencer in the Bush and the Wilds. By Mrs R. LEE.

The African Wanderers; or, Carlos and Antonio. By Mrs R. LEE.

Paper boards.

Among the Zulus: The Adventures of Hans Sterk in South Africa. By Lieut.-Col. A. W. DRAYSON, R.A. Illustrated. Sixth thousand.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., NEW YORK.

TRAVEL, WAR,

AND

SHIPWRECK.

17

BY

PARKER GILLMORE.

THOR OF "THE GREAT THIRST LAND," "PRAIRIE AND FOREST," "GUN, ROD, AND SADDLE," "AFLOAT AND ASHORE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,

CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Rights of Translation and Reproduction are reserved.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN CINNAMON AND LIEUTENANT SWAN, . . 1

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD'S DAYS, ... 16

CHAPTER III.

FIRST ADVENTURES, ... 25

CHAPTER IV.

SERGE'S STORY, ... 31

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF SERGE'S STORY, ... 36

CHAPTER VI.

ST. JOE'S, ... 40

CHAPTER VII.

I FIND EMPLOYMENT, ... 46

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE, ... 50

CHAPTER IX.

A BRUSH WITH THE RED SKINS, ... 72

PAGE

CHAPTER X.

A JEALOUS WIFE, ... 90

CHAPTER XI.

A TRAGEDY, ... 105

CHAPTER XII.

A FIGHT WITH THE CAMANCHES, ... 115

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIANS IN CAMP, ... 139

CHAPTER XIV.

SANTA FÉ AT LAST! 149

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP UPTON'S STORY, ... 162

CHAPTER XVI.

A VOYAGE IN THE HULDA SWICH, ... 182

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME AGAIN! 251

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION, ... 279

TRAVEL, WAR, AND SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN CINNAMON AND LIEUTENANT SWAN.

In the year 1850 there lived near the coast in the county of Northumberland an elderly naval Lieutenant. He was a fine specimen of his class at the time. He could swear a little, drink a little, smoke a little, and spin yarns innumerable. Although it was many years since he had been afloat, his old habits still prevailed in him, so that he talked of the first floor as "aloft," and the cellars as the "hold," the windows were "ports," the stair-case was the "gangway," and all people who did not follow the sea were either "land lubbers" or "land sharks;" still he never spoke in bitterness against any one, save, on rare occasions, when he had taken an extra glass of toddy. The Lords of the Admiralty would then possibly get just the least bit of his mind. This is scarcely to be wondered at, for if medals and report spoke true, this old son of Neptune had been a most gallant officer, had performed very daring feats in numerous cutting-out expeditions on the coasts of Spain and France, as well as among the West Indian Islands.

His most intimate friend was Captain Cinnamon, of the Marines. As their respective residences were

only about two miles apart they met almost daily; and there was a standing agreement that they should pass two nights a week in each other's society. In general appearance these two old cronies were very much alike; it is doubtful if there was a pound of difference between them in weight, and it would have taken a fine judge of colour to decide between their complexions which was the more florid. However marvellous might be the yarn spun by either, it was listened to by the other without doubt, if not without interruption. They had a standing rule of having always the same food on the same days: thus if the days were long enough to extend their walk after dinner till they should meet, the salutation would invariably be "Hullo, Cinnamon!" or "Hullo, Swan!" "How did you enjoy your salt beef and greens?" Then, and not till then, politics would be touched upon, and if there happened to be any naval news it was invariably decided, after discussing it, that the service was going emphatically to the devil.

Both the houses of the two gentlemen were exactly alike. They had a wide verandah running the entire length of the front, and from each verandah there was an extensive view of the German ocean. The style of architecture was such as is to be seen at the present day on both shores of Chesapeake Bay, in fact all along the southern sea-board of the United States. This is easily accounted for by the circumstance of both having done duty for some years on the Halifax and West India station. In front of these dwellings was a carriage drive, just sufficiently wide for a conveyance to turn

upon, and beyond it a plot of grass about twenty-five yards wide, in the centre of which was a flagstaff, at whose truck a flag floated in all weathers from sunrise till sunset. This piece of bunting was, as a rule, a Union Jack in very disreputable condition, but on the anniversaries of victories won by our fleet, a grand one, magnificent in the brilliancy of its colours, was substituted; on two occasions in each year the brighter banner was hung half-mast high; these were, the anniversaries of the death of Nelson and of Collingwood.

It was a goodly sight of a summer evening to see these two old warriors sitting on the verandah with a table between them, on which was a decanter of old Jamaica rum, two tumblers, two glasses, a large snuffbox, and a tobacco jar, for our veterans were addicted to tobacco in both forms. Long clay pipes, called "Aldermans," were those they always smoked, and as the curling smoke wreathed itself over their heads, there was an expression in each of their weather-beaten faces which said as plainly as words, "I am enjoying the ease I have earned."

"Time for a fresh glass," says Lieutenant Swan.

"Time for a fresh glass," repeats Captain Cinnamon. And both pour out exactly the same quantity of rum, and add to it precisely an equal measure of water. These worthies, in fact, drunk exactly the same quantity, each sip being imbibed apparently at the same moment, for they always seemed to exhaust and replenish their glasses at the same time; it would be hard, indeed, to say if they did not pursue exactly the same course with their tobacco and snuff.

"Come, Swan," says Captain Cinnamon, "tell me that story about the First Lord and the snuff, it's a month at least since I heard it, and I want to have a laugh."

"Yes, I believe it is a month. Heigh-ho! who would have thought it? Well, here goes, provided always you will give your exploits in the mud when your fellows landed to take that battery."

This arrangement being assented to, Lieutenant Swan, after settling himself in the most comfortable position he could select, laid down his pipe, and, blowing his nose, commenced.

"When I was third lieutenant on board the Arethusa, we were stationed on the Halifax and West India station—that is, as you know, we spent the winter in the islands to escape the ice, and the summer in Halifax to escape yellow jack, at such times as we were not cruising along the coast of the United States, which was at least two months out of three. Lord! how it does blow along the whole of that coast from Cape Hatteras to Cape Race, all the year round, except in the summer months!" Here the Captain gave an assenting nod. "It was about the end of October, and the weather was hazy but calm. I had just come on deck after lunch, when an orderly informed me that my presence was required by the Captain. I was not a bit nervous in going down the companion, for you see, Cinnamon, I hadn't been up to any larks lately; and it's ever a guilty conscience that makes us cowards." Here the Captain gave another approving nod. "Well, our captain told

me that, from information he had received, there was no doubt that there was in these waters a small fore and aft schooner-rigged privateer, which had lately been playing the very mischief with our commerce along the coast of New Brunswick, and as the weather was thick and calm I had better take my boat, silently run along the coast for twenty or more miles, and, if she was not too formidable, use my utmost efforts for her destruction or capture. 'If firing should be reported,' he added, 'I will send you assistance. Under any circumstance, unless it should come on a gale of wind, you will find us here at noon the day after to-morrow. Mr Swan, I would not give you this important duty if I had not great confidence in your discretion and courage.' These are the very words he said—the very words." Here came two approving nods from Cinnamon. "Now, off my lad, and the quicker the better; but not a word to any one of what your business is."

"A few minutes after my boat was piped away, and ten minutes from the time my interview with the Captain terminated, the frigate was out of sight in the haze.

"An hour and a half's pull brought us within sight of the shore, when, as I turned our boat's head to the westward, I cautioned the crew to keep their ears open, and not to speak a word above a whisper. There was little need of this, for there was not a man among them who didn't know that we were likely to have work on hand soon. Those were the days to be at sea, and no mistake; those were the times when an officer had to command sailors, and not a lot of land-lubbers; the

service had not gone to the devil then." The worthy narrator was becoming more and more excited, while his companion nodded and nodded again with more and more emphasis. "We hugged the coast all that night, and still the weather was mild, with scarcely a cat's-paw upon the water. Just before break of day we pulled into a cove for the double purpose of letting the crew have an opportunity of cooking breakfast, and of enabling me to survey the coast from the nearest high ground. Beyond a point six miles off I made out with my glass the spars of a craft exactly such as we were after; and, judging from their appearance, I concluded she must be about one hundred and fifty tons burden. From her peak hung the Yankee flag, so whether she was the right schooner or not, she could not be a wrong one, for we were at war then with the United States. I said nothing to the men about what I had discovered, but told them that, as there might be work to do after sunset, they had better rest awhile, but on no account to leave the boat. I then returned to my point of observation, but as the haze had thickened, I was unable to see more of her. As this schooner was a larger one than I had anticipated, I resolved to wait till dark, and take her by surprise. Nothing like surprise and night work to equalise numbers—nothing like it." And the Captain nodded his approval.

"As soon as the light suited, we again got afloat, and made the best of our way across the intervening bay. When only a mile more had to be pulled, I ordered the crew to lie on their oars and look to their arms. Every

man-jack of them knew what this meant, and if one could have seen their faces, he would have noted the true pluck, the devil-may-care expression, that told there was not one among them that would not have gone to Davy Jones' locker sooner than show the white feather. There never were, and never will be, such sailors as our fleet was manned with in those days." Here came in sundry nods from the listener.

"Or officers either," said the Captain.

"Or officers either," echoed the Lieutenant.

"We've had but two glasses," observed Cinnamon.

"But one," said the Lieutenant.

"Then make it one," rejoined the Marine.

So they replenished their glasses and pipes, and took an interval; after which, the stereotyped question was asked, "Where did I leave off?"

"Where the boat's crew looked to their arms, prepared for action."

"So I did; good!" I—who, as the reader will find, was privileged by my position to be often a silent partaker in these interviews—always regarded this question as a test of the attention the auditor had been paying to the story.

"'Now, my hearties, at it again! not a word for your lives; in ten minutes more you may sing God save the King till you are black in the throat."

"At this time I noticed that the breeze was springing up. It was light still; but I did not like it, for it was northerly, making this a lea shore. But there was no time to think. Fifty yards ahead loomed the schooner; closer to her we drew; twenty-five yards only severed

us, when the watch hailed, 'Give way, my lads, and the devil take the last on her decks!' It was a beautiful sight to see how the lads went at her—beautiful—no such sights to be seen now-a-days; never, no more!"

"Never, no more,"—and both nodded their heads together in mournful reflection.

"In a moment we were fast alongside; in another, half the boat's crew were on the schooner's deck, fighting a way for the rest to follow; and how the Yankees fought, though half of them were just as they had turned out of their bunks, but we hammered at them, two blows for one. No asking for quarter: no giving it. It was the nicest little thing in the shape of a fight ever an eye looked on. There never was a fairer, never a prettier; for, you see, we were just about man to man, and —well—bless, those Yankees, they can fight, they can!" And the old Captain emphatically approved with his head this assertion.

"I'm thirsty, comrade!"

"So am I."

"It's only two tumblers we have had?" enquiringly asked the Lieutenant.

"Only two."

"As I was saying, they fought like the very mischief, and we were doing little better than holding our own, when I got a clip on the head that nearly brought me down,—here's the scar still,—but in an instant I had turned round on the fellow that did it,—for, you see, I was engaged hammer and tongs with another of them,—and, by Jove! it was a nigger, as black as ebony. I made a couple of cuts at him, but

he could handle a cutlass as well as I could, and the Lord knows how it would have ended, but that the Coxswain gave him a back-hander that tumbled him into the scuppers. Over ten minutes the fight lasted, before we drove the sons of sea cooks below the hatches, and we should not have done it then, but for our having taken them by surprise. We had two, and they had four, killed, with a heavy bill of wounded on both sides.

"Over an hour had passed in providing for the comforts both of friends and foes. When I came on deck, I found that it had commenced to blow hard, with every indication of a heavy northerly gale, so there was nothing for it but to trip anchor and make sail.

"All that night we beat to and fro; and a worse sea I have seldom seen. At daybreak the gale freshened to such an extent that yard after yard of canvass had to be taken in, so we found there was nothing for it but to turn tail and run for shelter.

"On my chart was marked a river with ten feet of water on the bar. As far as I could judge, it lay about due south. After an hour's scudding, we made it, when I cracked on plenty of sail and steered straight at it. A succession of heavy bumps, a crash of timber as the masts go by the board, and, thank God, we are again in smooth water. Comrade, it was a near pinch; if we had drawn one foot more water, every man-jack of us would have been food for the fishes, every man-jack of us." Here the two old gentlemen affectionately squeezed each other's hands across the table, then proceeded leisurely to replenish their glasses without asking questions as to the number they had previously imbibed.

"Comrade, we have had some near shaves in our lives."

"Yes, Swan, we have."

"Men don't now-a-days have to go through the like."

"No; they don't."

"An hour after we had entered the river, winter commenced in earnest. A heavy fall of snow was added to the terrific gale that was raging, and the temperature fell many degrees below freezing point. If we had been an hour later, we could not have found out our present harbour.

"The wounded suffered much, for we had no one among us who had the slightest knowledge of surgery; but, be it said to the credit of both friends and foes, all submitted to their misfortunes without murmur.

"For a week the terrific weather continued, but at length gave way to the most charming of all winters, that of Canada. After the storm had passed off, the Indians of the neighbourhood, Micmacks by tribe, found us out and supplied us with fresh meat. One of them could speak English a little, for he had been many times in Halifax, so I made an arrangement with him to take a despatch to the governor describing our position and the circumstances that had led to it, at the same time begging him to use all efforts for our immediate release. It was while waiting for an answer to this message that I discovered that wonderful snuff, wonderful though I say it," here both the old gentlemen laughed together as if their sides would split.

"Come, fill your glass, Captain; this will only be the third."

"Fourth," says the marine.

"We'll make it three," and without dissent they made it three.

"This snuff, you see, I first found out by seeing the Indians use it. I tried it, and for pungency never met its equal."

"Yes, that's the truth; the first time you gave it to me I nearly sneezed my head off. In fact, I thought I never should have stopped sneezing."

"By Jove, I shall never forget it."

"Nor shall I." And both laughed at their recollections of the story.

"After some enquiry I found it was made from a root which abounds everywhere in the woods of Nova Scotia, and which, when ground to powder by a peculiar process, makes the snuff, whose wonderful pungency you have experienced."

"And so have the Duke and the First Lord," answered the Captain; at which they both laughed again.

"I thought at the time, I had made a most valuable discovery, and I should think so still, if people could only be induced to give up their prejudices and take to my snuff, instead of snuffing tobacco."

"Well, comrade, why don't you set the example?"

"For the reason I mentioned,—prejudice. I am no less subject to that weakness than my fellowmen."

"Evidently," and both took a pinch out of the mull that was on the table, and laughed over the idea of gulling the public.

"After I had been placed on the shelf some years,

having only half-pay, barely sufficient to keep soul and body together ——"

"Barely enough, indeed."

"It struck me that I might add to my income by introducing my Nova Scotia snuff; so I sent to a friend in Canada to forward me one or two hundred pounds' weight of the root. With due care I had them prepared according to the process I had learned, and then endeavoured to get some snuff dealers to bring the article before the public. All had but one answer—'Get one of the Royal Family, some leading nobleman of fashion, or some other distinguished person, to patronise it, and your fortune is made.' Now, as I could obtain neither of the former two, I at last thought, after I had pondered the subject over, of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, as I knew by reputation, was an inveterate snuffer. But how was I to approach him on such a subject? for I hated to go near Whitehall even when in commission. At length it struck me that my dear old patron, formerly the Captain of the Arethusa, who had for many years been an Admiral, would be the very person to give me a good introduction, as he must be a favourite with the authorities, being then in command of the Channel squadron.

"My request was at once complied with, and many were the kind expressions contained in the Admiral's letter of the appreciation he held me in as an officer. This document was duly forwarded to the Admiralty, together with a letter stating the purport of my visit, and containing a request to know when I might be

honoured with an interview. In due time was received an answer, and an early date named.

"Punctually to the appointed moment I arrived, but I was kept waiting quite two hours in the ante-room. This I did not mind, for the time passed pleasantly enough in the contemplation of my future fortune.

"At length the usher showed me into the august presence; he was a little man, very stout, with a short neck, a pimply face, and a very red complexion. While I was producing my snuff-box, another gentleman entered the room from an opposite door; he was very tall and thin, and had an exceedingly bald head and an aquiline nose. As soon as he made his appearance, the First Lord called out, 'Ah! your Grace, just in time; you are actually, I may say, in luck. Lieutenant Swan (making a gradual motion of the head towards me) has brought with him from abroad a new snuff, the most delicious and refreshing that has ever been introduced into the country.' To get a First Lord was something, but with a Duke for a patron, my fortune was assuredly made."

"Look here," said the Captain, "just halt a bit; I have two reasons for asking you to do so. In the first place, I want to have a quiet laugh in anticipation; secondly, Don't you think it advisable we should fill our glasses?"

"Certainly I do; for if we fill them now they will be ready for use when I have finished my yarn."

That important operation having been performed, and the worthy Captain having resumed his gravity, Lieutenant Swan continued his narrative—

"I carefully opened the box which had previously been highly perfumed. The First Lord took it, smelt, and handed it to his Grace, who did likewise. 'A very pleasant flavour,' said the one. 'Extremely,' said the other. Then each took a pinch. For a few seconds both appeared highly pleased with the result; but soon one, then the other, commenced to sneeze, gently at first, but as time lapsed more and more rapidly and violently, till both continued giving vent to one incessant series of sneezes. The First Lord buried his face in the sofa; his Grace threw himself back in an armchair. From one I flew to the other. The former was black in the face, the latter covered with perspiration, and still they kept up the most incessant sneezing. What to do I knew not. There was no water in the room; I was about to ring the bell for some, when in trooped a dozen of servants. I heard the First Lord say, with a sneeze between each word, 'Secure the scoundrel.' Such a hint was not to be neglected. I seized my hat, darted from the room, rushed down the stairs, taking three at a time, and never looked back till I was across Westminster Bridge. Indeed, I did not feel safe then, and for weeks after I expected daily to hear that I had been deprived of my half-pay.

"Since that day I have never been inside the Admiralty, and if I live a hundred years I never intend to be, although my snuff-box, a very handsome one, which had been the property of my grandfather, is there, for aught I know, to this day.

"My kind friend the Admiral wrote to me in terms such as implied that I had betrayed his confidence. I

was much grieved at this, and sent him an apology, which he was good enough to accept.

"I could not understand how my admirable snuff, which I still esteem so valuable a discovery, became so pungent. To put it to the test, I wished to discover if it had the same effect on others; so I gave the landlord of the 'Ship and Anchor' a pinch. He was a very tall and stout man, and I can assure you that his sneezes were so terrific that they shook the ornaments off the mantelpiece, and they were so protracted that his wife rushed into the room to learn the cause. When she had done so, she attacked me with a broom; the boots and waiter came to her support. I was again obliged to fly, and my wounded pride has compelled me ever since to give up a favourite haunt.

"To this moment I am confident it is prejudice that has done it all, and nothing more. It does not make me sneeze so."

"No, Swan, it does not, for your nose, I suspect, is copper-lined; but, Lord bless your soul, I should like to have seen you between the First and Second Lords, and afterwards coming down the staircase."

And the Captain of Marines and the Lieutenant of the Navy laughed, and laughed again, till it was pronounced time to fill up their glasses.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

WHEN the reader of the preceding chapter is informed that the narrator is the only son of Lieutenant Swan, he will not be surprised to learn that I had been completely spoiled by my father and his bosom friend the Captain, and that I got generally my own way in everything. It is true that I had been for some time a pupil of the grammar school, but my attendance was almost nominal, for if it was spring or summer, and the day was suitable for fishing, by the river side I was certain to be found; if winter, and there was shooting or ice, I would be in the company of the neighbouring Baronet's game-keepers, or doing the intricacies of inside and outside turns upon my skates. At length my want of attention to my classes became so glaring that the dominie, good man, thought he ought to remonstrate with my father on the subject, especially as it was setting such a pernicious example to the other scholars. With this intention, he interviewed the old gentleman, and stated his reasons for doing so. However, Mr Swan could not see matters in the same light, and informed the worthy schoolmaster that my mother, who died a long time ago, had been consumptive, and that he was afraid I had the germs of the same disease.

"Consumption!" exclaimed the schoolmaster indig

nantly. "Consumption, do you say, fiddle-sticks! more likely he is suffering from over-consumption of victuals."

Now, this was about as unfortunate an answer as could have been made to my father, for he saw in it not only an attempt to dictate how I should be brought up, but a slighting insinuation levelled at the sufficiency of his knowledge of the world. So, ringing the bell, he ordered the servant to open the door for Mr Rudiman, and informed the zealous advocate of education that his school should no longer be troubled with my presence.

Shortly after this a council was held between Captain Cinnamon and my father as to what steps should be taken for the furtherance of my education.

"A boarding-school," suggested the former.

"No;" answered the latter. "No; that would never do."

"Why?" interrogates the Captain.

"For this reason; you see he is a high-spirited lad, so half the time he would be engaged in licking his companions, or getting licked by them; to the former I would not object—to the latter I do most decidedly."

"No; it would never do for our Jack to get licked—never do. I have it. Sergeant Trenchman, late of the Royal Engineers, that fine specimen of an old soldier, who has lately come to reside in the village, would make the youngster a capital tutor; the non-commissioned officers of his corps are a very intelligent, well-educated body of men."

"Yes; but he's a soldier. Now, if he had been a blue jacket, I would say done with you."

"Or a marine," quietly insinuated the Captain.

However, it resulted in Sergeant Trenchman being engaged.

My new tutor was a fairly well-educated man, but did not understand how to impart his knowledge to others. He had travelled all over the world, and had wonderful stories to tell about each part of it. He was also a proficient in single-stick; thus my time was either passed in fencing or listening to his exploits abroad. My father and his boon companion used frequently to visit the school-room shortly before dinner. That was the hour devoted to the study of thrusts and cuts. As soon as the door opened, and the weather-beaten visages of the old gentlemen were seen, Sergeant Trenchman would shout with the voice of a bull, "ten-shun," springing himself into that position, and insisting that I should do likewise.

"That's right, Sergeant; that's right, Sergeant," both veterans would exclaim together. Then my father would continue, "Any complaints, Sergeant?" to which he always received the stereotyped answer, "No, sir."

And as the two old worthies left the room, they might be heard saying *sotto voce*, "that's the way to bring up a lad—nothing like discipline, nothing."

This state of things went on for more than a year, when the good Sergeant took to dissipated courses, and was reduced to the ranks, that is, dismissed.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the Captain of Marines, "he should have been tried for habitual drunkenness; the scoundrel has been six times drunk in a week—a fair enough allowance for a year."

"That comes of having engaged a soldier. I foresaw

it. There is no confidence to be put in those landlubbers."

"Not a particle—not a particle. I believe both services are going to the devil."

"You may take your oath on it," angrily exclaimed my father.

After Sergeant Trenchman's disgrace, for many months I ran wild, scarcely knowing what to do with myself, when arrangements were entered into with the Curate for so many hours tuition daily. He was a quiet, retiring, studious gentleman, who never lost his temper, or raised his voice. When I was inattentive, indolent, or lacking in punctuality, he used to appeal to my better feelings, and the fault he complained of was at once amended.

I cannot say I know very much, but the little I do know is entirely due to the patience and kindness of this excellent clergyman during the three years I was under his care.

Thus it may be understood that when I reached the age of eighteen I understood more of fencing, swimming, rowing, fishing, shooting, and hunting, than of Euclid, modern languages, and the Classics. Moreover, I possessed health, strength, and endurance in no ordinary degree.

My father could not afford to purchase me a commission, or even to make me an adequate allowance if I could have procured one, so the army—the profession I should have preferred to all others—had to be given up. For the navy, I was too old; and as to the mercantile marine, the old gentleman set his foot down upon my

choice of it at once. "What! sail in a craft that doesn't fly a pennant, whose quarter-deck receives no more respect than the cook's galley—never, never!"

About this time, an occurrence took place that had a great effect upon my future steps. It was autumn, and the fishermen were obtaining heavy catches of herring. Several times I had gone out in one or other of the fishing fleet, for there is a wondrous fascination on a fine night to see or assist in taking on board the nets filled with their captures. As the herring are thrown into the hold, for a few seconds the mass look like a dancing pool of liquid silver; then all is still, the brilliancy remaining, but the surface as unbroken as that of a woodland lake in the calm of a summer evening.

Then to listen to the sounds that speed over the waters; the snatch of a song, or the emphatic word of command, sometimes coming from a distant and unknown vessel, more frequently from one of your own companion crafts, detracts not from the enchantment. In our dreams we sometimes visit a mysterious and unknown world. To be afloat on the German Ocean in calm weather, when the fishing fleet are successful, is to have such dreams transferred from phantoms to realities.

As the majority of the fishermen knew me, and as they much respected my father, I had little difficulty in obtaining a passage. Within the few previous days the herring had moved further north, thus bringing the prospect of an absence of several days. The weather was beautifully fine when we got under way, with scarcely sufficient wind to enable us to steer. At length, we got to our fishing ground, and the nets were planted.

Soon after it commenced to blow fresh, yet we hung on to our moorings. At daybreak it was blowing a gale, compelling us to cut adrift and run for it. On the third day we found ourselves on the coast of Denmark, just as the gale had blown itself out. Before we could return, fresh supplies required to be laid in, thus I had an opportunity of seeing something of a foreign country. The result was that I must see more. I had tasted the cup of adventure, and wished to drink deeper of it.

When I returned home, I communicated my intentions to my father. His countenance expressed his disappointment, but he said nothing. Nevertheless, I thought that he bid me a more affectionate farewell that night when I retired to bed than usual.

The next day Captain Cinnamon passed the evening with him. I had been shooting all day, and when I approached the house I found, as the weather was fine, that the old companions were enjoying themselves as usual.

"Go and change your clothes, my son, and get something to eat; and if you have nothing better to do, come and join us afterwards."

I did as I was desired. None of the stereotyped stories were being told, but the tobacco was being inhaled in regular and measured puffs, and but for the action of blowing it forth, both might have been taken for statues.

After a protracted silence the old Captain spoke. "So you want to leave us my boy, is that the case?" My father said nothing, but looked straight before him.

"No; certainly not. But I am of an age at which others go out into the world. I wish to see it and pos-

sibly learn how I can do something for my own support. My life up to this has been one unbroken holiday. I feel that it is time for this to cease, for it cannot so go on for ever. In fact, I wish to learn to lean upon myself,—not upon others."

"I said it, Swan. I said it," excitedly exclaimed the Captain. "The boy is right. It's what you did; it's what I did, and by—I was going to swear—it's what he is going to do. By heavens! if the service had men like him in it, it would not now be going to the devil."

"I believe you are right, comrade," said my father; then turning to me, he said—"Jack, I don't mean to preach to you, for I don't think you require it; still listen for a moment. Wherever you are, remember you are a gentleman. Never do in secret what you would be ashamed should see the light of day, and let your motto be the Queen, the Church, and the Game Laws."

"My sentiments exactly," chimed in the Captain, "although I could not have expressed them quite as well."

The evening was now late. The house-keeper came, as was her wont, to tie under Captain Cinnamon's chin the string that held down the ear-pieces of his fur cap. He then wound round his neck half a dozen turns of a gigantic blue handkerchief, and as he walked off homewards, under care of a man-of-all-work, I heard him muttering, in spite of the barricading that covered his mouth, "The Queen, the Church, and the Game Laws."

Due preparation had been made for my intended journey, and the night previous to my departure had arrived. My father and his friend had made up their minds to see me to Carlisle, whence I was to catch the

train for Glasgow, the port from which I intended embarking for the United States.

The old companions were together as of yore, but the night being chilly, they occupied the dining room.

Conversation had flowed in the usual channel, till about eight o'clock, when my father took his pipe from his mouth, drew down his spectacles from his forehead to his nose, and turned round so as directly to face me.

"Jack, my son, as you leave us in the morning let us have a little business talk. It will be short, for I hate business."

"So do I," said the Captain, emphatically.

"Here, in this bag, are fifty sovereigns. It's all I had at my bankers. Not much, truly; but in two weeks I draw a quarter's half-pay, when I will send you a letter of credit for as much more as I can spare. If it should not be enough—well, Kitty, the red-cow, will have calved; she's worth twenty pounds at least, and can well be spared, so through her I shall make up the deficiency. And remember, while I have a roof over my head that it is yours. That's all, my lad."

"You are done, Swan," said the dear old Captain. "You have had your turn, and it would not be like a blue-jacket to keep the marines out of action, or refuse them a chance to win their share of glory. Here are fifty sovereigns. Your father and I always keep fifty at the bank (little did I know then that it was to provide a respectable funeral), and you will also find a bill now due for fifteen pounds, drawn by a most respectable livery stable keeper in Carlisle, for some oats I sold him in the summer, and when your father sends you the

letter of credit, I must have a word to say in it. You shan't run short of money, by — I nearly swore there. Sooner than he should do that, Swan, you and I will go without grog and tobacco. And remember while I have a room over my head that it is yours. That's all, my boy."

My father stretched his hand across the table, and took that of his comrade. "Thanks, thanks, my dear old friend; thanks again," he said.

"No need of that," answered the other; "no need of that. Isn't Jack as much mine as yours?"

"I don't know that," quietly smiled my father.

"But he is," emphatically exclaimed the Captain.

"Make it so," said my father.

"Aye! aye, sir!" responded the dear old Captain, and a diamond tear stood in the eye of each of the veterans, fit homage to affection, for it could not have been wrung from either by any enemy on earth.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST ADVENTURES.

PARTING scenes are at the best but painful affairs. Mine was eminently so. I would have liked to cry, but was determined not to give way, although several times I was on the verge of doing so. Just before the road makes a turn that shuts my home out of view, I took a final look. The old gentlemen were together watching the rapidly retreating conveyance. I waved my handkerchief, both of theirs responded, and the world was before me, but not as it is to some; for if disaster or misfortune overtook me, had I not a safe haven to run to for shelter?

Christmas found me in New York. By March I had reached St Louis. To get so far westward I had travelled by rail, ridden in stages, and sometimes even walked. To the West was my motto; for, even so long ago as the time I write of, the labour market was overstocked in the Atlantic States, unless for such as could wield the pick-axe and shovel.

Those that knew the capital of the State of Missouri in the days I speak of, know how different it was then from what it is now. What the child is to the man, is the best simile I can think of.

I stopped at "The Planters," then the principal hotel, and now associated with the memory of one of the most charming of writers and the most adventurous of tra-

vellers, Lieutenant Ruxton. He had just returned from the Indian country, and the newspapers teemed with his adventures, wonderful escapes, and extraordinary feats of endurance. These I resolved, if possible, to rival.

One evening I lounged into a half bar, half reading-room to peruse the evening papers. There was nothing unusual in this arrangement, for the room devoted to the one purpose was usually devoted to the other, especially in Western cities. I paid my piccaune, received my paper, and sat down to read. I had not been long thus engaged when my ear was attracted by a very musical foreign voice. Looking up, I observed that it came from a very gentlemanly-looking young man about two or three and twenty, and, if I mistook not, a German. After procuring his paper he took his seat on the bench beside me, apologising in the most courteous manner for the inconvenience. Again and again I looked at him unperceived, and the more I did so the more was I charmed with his faultless air. I should have liked to introduce myself to him, but hesitated to do so, consoling myself with the hope that something or other might occur to enable me to make his acquaintance. Little as I had seen of America, I could not help perceiving that his manners were not those of the country, and that he had probably not been there much longer than myself.

I had just laid aside my paper, and was thinking of returning to the hotel, when a noisy crowd of the class usually denominated roughs entered the reading-room and advanced to the bar. From their conversation I

imagined that they might have been at a trotting match, and that there was a difference of opinion among them as to the time made by some favourite horse. For a quarter of an hour they continued wrangling, and calling for fresh drinks every few minutes, when one of them, the tallest and burliest of the party, exclaimed angrily, "I tell you it's so, and no other. Barman, give me the evening paper." "Not got it. Well, I guess I'll find one somewhere abouts." And off he started round the room in search of one. Perceiving that the stranger had one in his hand, he did not take the trouble to look farther, but deliberately walked up to him, and pulled it unceremoniously away, saying, "What does an infernal Dutchman like you want with a paper?" In an instant the stranger was on his feet, and, rushing at the bully, endeavoured to seize him by the throat; but his efforts were for some time futile. At length, however, they closed, and the blackguard being the taller and heavier of the two, threw his antagonist.

With this one would have supposed he should have been satisfied; but no; he continued to strike his antagonist in the face, uttering with every blow such exclamations as—"I'll give you a beauty spot. There's another for you. I'll teach you manners," &c. Nor was he satisfied with this, but deliberately proceeded to shove his finger in the eye of his almost insensible antagonist foreigner. I could not longer endure the sight of such barbarism; and as I considered a creature who could act as this wretch was doing, a brute and not a man, I gave him a kick on the head close to the

ear with my heavily-nailed shooting-boot. I had the satisfaction of seeing him go over like a lump of lead; but short-lived was my pleasure—his comrades were upon me in a moment—I succeeded in planting two blows home—then I remember a violent struggle—and the remainder is a blank.

It was several days after this escapade, when I again became conscious. A sister of the Sacred Heart sat by my bed quietly knitting, while close at hand was an adjoining bedstead, occupied by whom I could not see. I felt sore and bruised, so I turned to ease my position; when my nurse, who was an elderly person, looked at me with a quiet, placid smile, and gently said, "You are better now." I asked, scarcely knowing what I said, "Have I been ill?"

"No, no; but you and your companion met with an accident. He is in the next bed to yours, but he is asleep."

"I have no companion, lady."

"Oh, yes, you have; he is so anxious about you, but you must not talk." And as she held a cup of some refreshing drink to my lips, she continued, "You must try to go to sleep now; you will be much better to-morrow, when I will let you talk just a little."

"But answer me, lady, one question, Where am I?"

"In the hospital, and I am your nurse."

With such a nurse and watcher I feared not to sleep; so I gave way to my drowsy feelings—doubtless the result of weakness—and must soon have been again in the land of unconsciousness.

I suppose it must have been the next day when

I awoke again, for the sun was shining brightly, and the shadows appeared not to have lengthened. The same guardian sat by my bed, engaged exactly as she had been when I had first seen her. With a pleased expression, as soon as she observed that I was awake, she said, "Good morning, I hope you feel better."

"I don't feel very ill."

"But you have been, and must remain very quiet for some days." And thus far she had got in her advice, when a voice from the adjoining cot, with a very foreign accent, said, "My friend, I am so glad to hear you speak, 'Ah! mein Gott, I thought they had you killed.'"

I turned to look at the speaker, it was the stranger whose rescue I had attempted.

Here our good nurse interrupted us by saying, "I will not have any talking till you are both better; and I am certain you will not disobey a lady's wishes."

Next day the doctor paid his visit, and complimented our nurse on the progress her patients had made.

In a few days after we were pronounced convalescent, and so permitted to return to our hotel. There we learned the particulars of the whole affair. Both of us were beaten almost to mummies; fortunately the barman knew where we were staying, so he sent for the hotel proprietor, who, like a sensible person, had us removed to the hospital, where we were treated with every care and consideration.

But let me say a word in favour of those devoted good women who compose the orders of Sisters of Charity, such kindness and attention as I have observed and experienced under their care I have never witnessed

elsewhere. How many sinners' eyes have they closed for the last time, how many deaths have they made calm and quiet, how many of those that would have died if neglected have they nursed into convalescence! Every mother that has sons who are compelled to wander should bless them, and pray that they may ever continue to labour in their good work.

Thus commenced my friendship with Serge Soldateukoff, with whom I now resolved to join partnership. We purposed to proceed to St Joe's, and, if possible, go into the Indian country together. Who he was, and where he came from, I will state in the following chapter as nearly as possible in the words in which he narrated his early history to me.

CHAPTER IV.

SERGE'S STORY.

To Russia I owe my birth, Russia, the country in which one dare not speak, dare not act, dare not even think. There spies are on every side, they wait at your table, they visit you under the guise of friends, it may be even under that of lovers.

If the whisper of suspicion breathes against you, or if you have an enemy who wishes to be revenged upon you, or if possibly there exists a person who would benefit by your removal, it is sufficient. Be the accusing voice true or calumnious, just or unjust, you are lost.

Sudden and unexplained arrest, incarceration in the vilest of prisons, then banishment or exile in Siberia, is the routine.

The accused blanch when "Siberia" falls from the lips of their judge, for its horrors are only too well known.

It was a beautiful day in early summer, numerous relatives and friends surrounded me, my kind good mother stood by my side when I was seized and carried off by a party of officials, and why? because I, in love of right and freedom, had expressed myself strongly in opposition to the Government when my tongue was loosened with generous wine. Next day my broken-hearted mother heard the result. I was to be banished, not to Siberia, oh thank the good God for that, but

banished from the empire, from the home of my fathers, the scenes of my childhood, till the house of Rumanoff, chose to think I had expiated my offence.

Well, I came back to bid them farewell, possibly for ever. The horses stood at the door to bear me away, for know, friend, when once the sentence of banishment is given it must instantly be complied with. No excuse will then be accepted for delay. Your nearest relative may be dying, your nearest friend dead, if you have not started to fulfil your sentence with the least possible delay, again you will be brought before the powers that be, and your sentence altered to one much more severe. The steady Russian horses wait impatiently without the gates ; one last lingering kiss, a few broken words in the sweet Russ tongue, "Prascite!" and I am off.

The tears have hardly been kissed from my hands when they are again wet with those of our faithful servants. They cling to my long cloak and kiss the insensible fur as if it were a saint's robe.

Farewell! . . . . . .

We are galloping furiously over the moon-lit snow. and the swift coursing sledge flies like a dark-winged bird on its way. The driver has a light heart, for has he not the distinguished honour of having been chosen as his master's fellow and companion in exile from all the number of serfs. He drives as happily as though he were come into a fortune, and had married his little sweetheart! He has left her behind, willingly, to go with his lord. And yet he is free, and could have stayed.

A grateful heart is a rare and curious phenomenon. The moon is hidden now, and nothing but the dull sky

and the reflecting snow lights the path. As far as the eye can reach grey white snow to left, to right, and behind. Strain your eye in the direction of the speeding sledge, and in the dim distance you can descry a dark horizon. It is a pine forest ; nearer and nearer we approach it. There are three miles of it to be traversed ; then fresh horses will be ready at a roadside posting-house to carry me, an exile, further away from all that I cherish most on earth.

I had dropped into a short slumber, in which dreams, jumbled up together in the wildest confusion, floated through my brain. I am at home again—and a little child ; it is Easter, and I am playing with my child companion, who is the son of one of the forest-keepers. He is called Vladimir. His mother brings us presents, and tells us the story of Christ, in soft modulated tones —tells us it in such realistic language that both our faces seem to glow with light, as though "the God-man" had stood beside us even now, in His shining garments.

Then the scene changes; and I am before the questioners, and I read no clemency in the eye of the judge. There grows a heavy faintness upon my heart. What if the sentence be " Siberia ! "

I awoke, and how dark everything seems! darker even than before, for now it is the Pine Forest which the sledge is flying through. It is so black and solid that the darkness seems impenetrable. A dull dreamless sleep comes over my senses. We are half through the wood now. The driver has turned his face back, and is peering out upon the rapidly passing distance, for he apprehends danger here.

What a splendid fellow he is—tall and muscular, with a great brown beard. His face is oval, and lit by a pair of warm grey eyes. As they fall upon the recumbent figure of his master, and as he knows him to be his friend also, a beautiful smile drives away the anxiety that rested upon them before, and he turns again to cheer his horses on.

What is that prolonged moan, like the rushing of wind through many trees, for this night there is no wind?

It strikes the ear again more loudly than before, and it swells into a chorus that causes the horses to lay back their ears and plunge madly forward. Vladimir, the serf, turns, and in a deep mellow voice calls—"Master, wake!"

I rouse myself, and ere I can answer it is unnecessary to ask why I am called. The howl rises and falls upon the air in a manner too ominous to leave a doubt in the hearts of either of us that we are pursued by Wolves!

"How long before we are safe?" I ask.

"Two miles more," is the response, and the driver's thong curls round the flanks of the panting horses.

"Haste then, in God's name, for they are actually in pursuit."

No need to urge the eager horses now. Terror spurs them, and they fly! Yet the wolves gain momentarily. In the rear the black stream of ravenous fiends is clearly visible.

I draw my pistols and examine them, for on their execution escape will probably depend.

At length we leave the forest, but the fierce pack are

close at our heels. Ahead in the distance gleam lights. It is the posting-house, and there there is safety.

Harder and harder Vladimir lays on the whip, but there is no need of such punishment, for well the horses know that their lives depend upon their speed. But the pursuers cover the ground faster still, for they are driven to madness by hunger, and already anticipate assuaging it. The leaders of the bloodthirsty throng are within a yard or two. Others momentarily are gaining ground on either flank, when I fire two shots, and two black spots upon white snow tell with what effect. The foremost of the pack halt to tear their maimed comrades to pieces, —we gain but a moment, for the others are close in pursuit,—and again they are upon us; their white fangs and piercing eyes can be distinctly seen, when one more powerful than the others dashes to the front. My pistol almost touches his muzzle, when I press the trigger, and his fate is sealed. At length we are all but surrounded,—I cannot reload fast enough to keep the assailants at bay, and every chance of life appears to be over, when the sledge is suddenly lightened, and the horses, with renewed efforts, plunge more rapidly forward. The posting-house is at hand; the blood-thirsty animals give up the pursuit. But where is Vladimir? He has given his life to save his master.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF SERGE'S STORY.

NOT far from the King's Street in the town of Hanover there was a garden, whither the merry-minded inhabitants were wont to retire on summer evenings. Tivoli was its name. The band played every evening, and at the little tables it was not an easy task to obtain a chair, unless one came early or stayed late until the music was over, when only the cheerful clinking of the glasses, as healths were drunk in the old-fashioned style, mixed harmoniously with rippling laughter and the hum of chattering tongues. The numerous trees bore clusters of Aladdin-like fruits; they were of coloured glass, through which passed a single jet of gas, and in the light of them the statues and fountains shone out white and cool amongst the numerous shrubs.

The gardens are full this evening, for there has been a "gala" performance at the theatre, and as the air is warm even to sultriness—many, who are early to bed as a rule, have been tempted to spend an hour in the open air, to drink one more glass of beer, or to enjoy one more ice.

All the men are smoking, for the ladies rather like it than otherwise, although the cigars are domestic and inexpensive. An Englishman would call them horrid until he had grown to like them. But somehow, upon such a night as this, the mingled scent of flowers, per-

fumes, tobacco, and what not, assuredly does not seem otherwise than suitable to the place and soothing to the senses.

The band, which is a remarkably good one, is playing the "Anvil" chorus in perfect time, and the hush of voices shows how well the performance is appreciated. As a finale, a selection of German airs, arranged by the conductor, brings down a storm of applause, and then the band is over for the evening, and the crowded stage is empty, save of the few employés who collect the sheets of music and turn out the foot lights, or loiter to listen a moment or two to the hum of renewed conversation swelling louder and louder from the surrounding seats. The place is full of people, students with their many coloured ribbons, each denoting the wearer's club and rank therein, officers in uniform, often gorgeous, that of the Hussars amongst others, Uhlans in their stately-looking blue frock-coats, Volunteers, and a medley of others undistinguishable to an untutored eye.

There is a small scattering of Englishmen, some of them residents in the town, some merely travellers. The former are a very Conservative clique, and only know a few of the "best" people, looking disdainfully upon all new comers, whilst the latter gaze unreservedly around, critically examining every face and costume that may strike their fancy as any new specimen of nature's creation should be stared at.

At the far end of the sparkling gravel-strewn path there appears a jovial party, all drinking Bavarian beer from their glass "pewters," or schoppens as they are called, while on the table stand a goodly number of the

empty bottles. Judging from their hats these are all students, and they are all as happy as sand-boys. A waiter is standing by to receive orders, chuckling ever and anon at some joke or other that is more broad than witty. One of the youngest of the five comrades turns round to order some more beer, for he has been caught napping according to a custom more amusing than convenient, which is as follows:—Each schoppen has a cover; when you drink you must keep this open with your thumb, and when you have finished the lid must be closed, or as was the case at this moment a pile of your companion's schoppens with the lids open will be placed instantly on yours. This means, as Americans would express it, "drinks all round," at your expense. Suddenly this jovial coterie rise from their chairs and await the approach of an expected guest—no other than myself. Since that dreadful night, when my playmate, friend, almost brother, had acted his part in the fearful tragedy I have recounted, I have been in Hanover for a whole year, and have learned to speak German almost as well as a native. These students ever made me welcome; they knew my nationality, and the cause of my banishment; possibly this occasioned my popularity; notwithstanding this I could not help feeling that I was a stranger in a strange land, for I had a mother and friends and relatives whom I dared not visit.

The funds provided for my maintenance were ample, and if I had been travelling for pleasure, doubtless I should have enjoyed myself, but when I thought of my banishment, and of my being unable to return to the

home of my fathers, I could not help grieving over my unfortunate lot.

My German student friends tried to dissipate my low spirits when they perceived them, yet they often failed when they thought they had succeeded. Travel and travel alone I felt convinced would do me good, constant change of association and scene would give me relief. Hence I resolved to leave my kind friends and visit the great New World. In doing so I have had the good fortune of making your acquaintance. My introduction to you has already brought you into trouble, never mind, if the day should come that you require my aid believe me nothing will afford me greater pleasure than to give it.

From that hour we resolved to share fortune together.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. JOE'S.

It was a Sunday afternoon when we entered St Joe's, for by this abbreviated name the town of St Joseph's is best known. It wore a holiday appearance, for all on the streets were habited in their best; but the character of dress told distinctly that the lives of the inhabitants were different from those of the populations of the other towns and cities we had lately visited. The time of year, the month of May, was when the trading and trapping expeditions start upon their hazardous journeys; so the majority of the persons engaged in this trade make St Joe's now their head-quarters. I will not assert that buckskin was the prevailing material that those we met were attired in, still it was worn by a large number; and when it was seen upon the figure of a tall, well-made man, it was excessively becoming, particularly when ornamented, as that of many was, with trimmings of green fringe, with the brilliantly stained quills of the porcupine prepared by the skill of some dusky beauty, who preferred being the mistress of a free trapper to the wife of a brave of her own race.

On the verandah of the hotel where we put up, in front of the hall-door, stood a splendid specimen of the reckless race of men that devote themselves to such a life. In his moccasins, brilliant in numerous gaudy

colours skilfully blended together, he must have stood quite six feet three inches in height; the sleeves of his hunting-shirt and the breast of it were similarly and quite as elaborately ornamented, while from his trouser-seam hung a line of dark hair. On his head was a tight-fitting cap of otter or beaver, redolent with the gloss of a fur taken when the pelt was in the most perfect condition. Around his waist was a belt of brown leather from which hung a Colt's revolver, a bowie-knife, a tomahawk, and a cartridge pouch. The manner and bearing of the man were exactly fitted to set off to perfection such a costume. If one of Fenemore Cooper's heroes had come to life, he might, I imagine, have taken just such a form as that of the man who stood before us.

The muscular development of this man, whom I had already in imagination created a hero, was not so great as might have been expected, but there was an agility and gracefulness in his gait that denoted that he did not carry one superfluous ounce of flesh. He might have been thirty, certainly not more; for although the result of exposure could be seen in the colour on his cheeks, on his forehead, and underneath his eyes, they were unfurrowed by a line that marked age; while a happy, good-tempered, devil-may-care eye gave his features, which were decidedly handsome, that attractive look that must at once have made him a general favourite with the fair sex.

I would have given a great deal to have made his acquaintance there and then, but our names had to be entered in the hotel books and rooms allotted to us.

After performing these formalities I returned to the verandah, where I found he still was. As chairs were abundant upon it, I selected one, and, lighting a cigar, again feasted my eyes upon my idol. Everybody that passed knew him; every one had a friendly nod for him; and his responding greeting seemed to be equally demonstrative to old and young, rich and poor.

A well-known character he doubtless was, and I had almost resolved to go into the hotel and ask the clerk about him, when the clatter of horses' feet announced that some swift rider was approaching. A moment after a mustang, coming at its best pace, rushed up to the hotel; the rider was evidently a woman, although sitting cross-legged. In an instant, with a shock that would have thrown an unskilled equestrienne over the horse's head, the brilliantly-clad horsewoman drew up; for brilliant she truly was, in scarlet and blue blankets, beaded embroidery, brightly fringed skirt, and blue-black hair drawn into a knot at the back of her head. The rich brown complexion, not darker than I have often seen among English gipsies, spoke of Indian origin; but whether this supposition is right or wrong, her features had a regularity that few Europeans might not have envied. On horseback she was so perfectly at home that she could not fail to be graceful, but after she had vaulted off—a feat performed with an agility only attained by long practice — her charms were lessened; for even if she had been habited in long skirts, which she was not, it could hardly have escaped the observer's notice that she was pigeon-toed. Who was she? The Indian wife of the hero in buckskin.

She approached close to her lord and master, and kissed his hand; after which he addressed her in an unknown tongue — Indian, I suppose. Immediately afterwards a horse was led round; both without delay mounted, and disappeared down the street at a pace that would have evoked the displeasure of the guardians of the peace in Rotten Row. I soon found from the inmates of the hotel that the man was a well-known trader and Indian fighter, who had lately returned from the plains, and was fitting out a fresh expedition for the Mexican frontier; that, from the wonderful dangers he had gone through scatheless, and the hazardous adventures he had undertaken and successfully accomplished, the tribes of the plains universally believed that he bore a charmed life, or was under the protection of the evil one, and so called him "Devil's Child."

This man and his squaw were but the types of dozens that I saw, but with this difference, that he was accounted a swell amongst them, and was as superior to the others in trappings and outfit as he was in personal appearance.

As I entered the hotel for supper, I congratulated myself that at last I had arrived in that land of adventure, the description of which I had ever considered the most attractive literature on which I could lay my hands.

Our journey from St Louis had been fatiguing, for the protracted dry weather had converted the prairie roads into a mass of sand, and the last hundred miles traversed was decidedly the worst part of the road. So that in spite of all the attractions that a night view of St Joseph's might have presented, we retired early; not to sleep soundly, for every now and then, the streets

would echo with the shout of some drunken *bacchinal*, yelling war-whoops or singing patriotic or love songs.

Sunday is almost invariably an off day where the English tongue is spoken. Here we found no exception to the rule; for the bustle and stir that we found in the market place and around the hotel, the rushing to and fro of mules, horses, and waggons, recalled vividly to my memory a horse fair in my now distant native land; and among all this confused crowd were mixed Indians and their squaws—the men only avoiding being run over by movements so indifferent that they seemed to escape as if by accident, while the squaws hopped nimbly from side to side, and laughed the louder the nearer they seemed to danger.

The majority of these children of the soil were in all the glory of war-paint, and when occasionally representatives of hostile tribes would come face to face, the manner in which they would stare with lowered brows and eyes fixed upon each other, told plainly that if the wild prairie had been their meeting place, scalps would have been lost and taken.

I particularly noticed two men—the one an Osage, the other a Pawnee; both men were splendidly built and powerful men, each exceeding six feet in height. As these tribes were on the war-path, both doubtless required to make no little effort to restrain their animosity. There was more than one white man who appeared desirous of encouraging a breach of the peace, and offered freely to go their *bottom dollar*, or their *pile*, on the result; but the redmen knew that white men's laws were not to be trifled with, and that if they gave

way to their antipathies, they would incur certain punishment. I have heard it stated here as a fact, and I have no doubt it is at least to some extent true, that an Indian would at any time prefer death to imprisonment, and that when it is necessary to incarcerate them, the confinement, if prolonged for more than two or three weeks, commonly proves fatal.

Among the numerous squaws that crowd the side walks, all engaged in selling specimens of their skill, the young ones are frequently pleasant looking, a few are really good looking; but there is no denying the fact, that they all fearfully want cleaning. The old women are dreadfully ugly; in many instances actually repulsive. This, doubtless, results from the life they lead after marriage, for as soon as they become wedded to a brave, all the heavy labour—either in travelling, bringing home game, or tanning hides—devolves upon them.

An Indian brave will hunt, or go on the war path, but will seldom do more. Even the game that he kills is generally left where it falls, whence one of the squaws is despatched to bring it in.

The Indians of the plains have frequently horses to perform this labour, but if this is not the case, then on the squaw's shoulders the weight of the load is certain to be laid; and if she has children, when she is not staggering under the weight of game, she will commonly be found with the youngest on her back, strapped to a board which is kept in its position by a band of green hide or with, which passes across the mother's forehead, forcing her for the sake of equilibrium to keep incessantly in such a stooping position, that afterwards she

CHAPTER VII.

I FIND EMPLOYMENT.

To the plains—in spite of bowie-knives, six-shooters, and tomahawks,—we had determined to go. There is a fascination about this devil-may-care life that was fairly enchanting to me, and fortunately my companion saw it in the same light.

We got much information on the subject from the barman, a gorgeous swell in low-cut waistcoat, with carefully powdered hair, and with an amount of collar, breast, and cuffs that would stock a draper's shop, not to speak of a diamond-cluster brooch as big as a half-penny. To the authority of such a man, persons of much more pretensions to a knowledge of life must have succumbed.

As my funds had begun to get a little low, and as I saw no prospect of obtaining an immediate addition to them, it had become necessary that I should be doing something as soon as possible. A person who kept a livery-stable and took a fancy to me, from the manner in which I rode an unbroken colt, that had thrown all its late riders, touched me upon the shoulder as I dismounted from this volunteered performance, and wished to know if I should like a job. This was no less than to break horses, and assist him in his bait and sales-stable, in return for which twenty-five dollars a month, with bed and board, were offered me. But even this life,

which would be deemed by many exciting enough, did not possess in my eyes the fascination of a journey across the far Western prairies. Thanking my would-be employer, who politely informed me that I might go further and fare worse, I declined his offer, being pledged to Serge.

The most forward train, and therefore the most likely to start first, was that belonging to the person whom I had observed standing in the verandah on the evening of my arrival. We had some hesitation in seeking an interview with him, for his apartments ever appeared crowded, and he himself seemed overwhelmed with business; at length we determined to put a bold face on the matter, sent up our names, and requested a few minutes of his valuable time. Soon after, we were admitted to an apartment filled with fire-arms, ammunition, and cases of such goods as were suitable for the Indian trade. We found him seated in front of a table covered with bills, receipts, and other business-like documents. In a moment, without waiting for us to open the conversation, he requested to be informed what was the object of our visit. This was briefly stated; a desire to join his train. "What can you do, youngster?" he said to me. "Drive a team, pack a mule, keep camp, or cook?" Of each of these acquirements, I confessed ignorance.

"Then tell me, stranger, what use you would be of to me. Look you here, I am not that sort that want gentlemen *bumming* about me, eating as much as two ordinary men, and doing nothing for it. No, no; if that's the sort you are, you had better make tracks back east, and go into a dry-goods store. Broadway, with patent leather

boots on your feet, is more suited to your complaint, than tramping on the plains in Moccasins."

These pointed remarks did not please me. I felt, in the language of the country, that my "dander was riz," so my nervousness disappeared, and I found my tongue. "I can break the wildest colt you ever threw a bridle over. If you don't believe me, ask Bristoe, the livery-stable keeper. And in shooting, I can say I have seldom been beaten."

"With a bird-gun, I daresay, Mr Britisher, for that's where you come from, I guess," he responded, "but children's traps like that are not wanted here. Still, I like your grit, so I'll give you a chance. I've two hunters engaged already, so, till we get to the hunting-ground, you can help packing and doing odd jobs; after that, I guess you'll have gunning enough to do, and that with a pretty fair chance of getting your hair riz. Twenty dollars and your keep and kit is all I can give you. If it's a bargain, come back at five o'clock and sign the agreement."

"Now, what can your friend do?"

"Oh! he can drive very well. Will fetch him along."

This closed the interview, and we took our departure.

Punctually to the hour we were there. An hour after, with several others, we came forth. No longer were we our own masters, for our pay commenced from that hour.

Until we started, which we looked forward to doing daily, I had literally nothing to do, for all the preliminary work was intrusted to residents of the town. The services of the hunters, teamsters, &c., being dispensed

with till the journey commenced, thus affording them, as was doubtless intended, ample opportunity of getting rid of their advanced pay at the numerous gambling houses and other places of amusement or dissipation. Having nothing to occupy our attention, one day we found our way to the coral, when numerous green horses and mules were being bitted and ridden for the first time. Indians were employed in this work. Very much to my disgust I found that a white man had not a ghost of a chance in competing with them in this occupation. However the person that was employed to keep tally so irritated the master with his slowness in writing and incorrectness in figures that I volunteered to perform his duty. By this chance I gained a friend and made a foe, for I was promoted to the rank of clerk in addition to my former duties, with twenty dollars a month added to my salary, while I learned that thus early in attempting to gain my own subsistence I had made an enemy, who did not hesitate to tell me as I came out of the enclosure, that he would not lose an opportunity either to injure my character or to do me bodily harm. As I felt, or thought I felt, quite capable of taking care of myself, I did not much mind the threat.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

EXACTLY a week after our engagement had been signed, the train was declared ready for departure, and an orgie in consequence took place that night; those who had not money borrowed from their companions, so before the sun set all were as drunk as bad whisky could make them. The bar-room of the hotel was a perfect pandemonium with numerous voices ordering fresh drinks and cigars, while others in loud and excited tones were proclaiming the deeds of prowess they would perform when they got fairly into the buffalo range.

It was evident to me that I had become unpopular. I had done nothing to make me so, so I attributed it to the person who had had to resign the registry at the coral in my favour. Being far from desirous of risking a quarrel, and possibly having to exhibit my prowess in a bar-room, Serge and I retired to our own chambers. About 10 P.M. there was a fearful row down stairs, the disturbance increased to an extraordinary degree, and in addition to the chorus of voices, we heard the breaking of glasses, &c., &c.

Soon after a waiter entered our room to see that all was right for the night. I asked the cause of the turmoil.

"Mr Sweeney," he said, "had had a rough and tum-

ble-fight with Jacque Crider, and had got his eye pretty badly gouged and one of his fingers chawed off."

Now Mr Sweeney was the gentleman whose enmity I had provoked. He had doubtlessly bottled up his wrath for my special benefit, and when I did not make any appearance he felt spoiling for want of a fight, and found Mr Crider willing to accommodate him. On the morrow, at a very early hour, the train started. Mr Sweeney was not to be found, he had absconded temporarily till we left town ; I cannot say that his absence grieved me much. In fact I felt sure from the look of the fellow that we couldn't be a month together without coming to blows.

None but those who have experienced it can imagine the trouble and labour attached to the few days succeeding our start. First the mules would not draw together, or by their kicking and bucking got over the pole or under the traces : one refractory mule, it may be noticed, is able to make incapable of control what otherwise would be the most orderly team. When this happened the rebellious animal had to be unhitched and forced back into his place, all the waggons in the train that were in the rear being brought to a standstill while the operation was being performed.

Another trick that these four-legged gentry had was, if turned loose to feed after their day's work, or if they could break from their coral during the night, to return to the last camping place, or that of the day before even, if both pasture and water were more abundant where they were. But a week's work brought the stubborn brutes to their bearings, and the second week out made

them look, whether they felt it or not, like the most submissive of man's servants.

From the length of the train, Serge and I had been almost entirely separated lately, but one day I came across him. It was in this way.

Some of the mules had broken loose during the night, and as they usually do, had wandered back in the direction of our last camping ground; in fact, many who were competent to offer an opinion thought they would not be recovered without going back all the way to St Joseph's. Being a light weight I was despatched with one of the hunters to overtake the truants, which we did after a sharp ride of nearly twenty miles. On my return I overtook Serge. He was sadly out of sorts and complained much of his comrades, earnestly regretting that we were compelled to be so much apart. Before a week was over I succeeded in getting him put in charge of one of the foremost waggons, with consequently one of the best teams, for its former driver had never been sober since leaving St Joseph's, and had consequently been dismissed.

I had by this time seen a great deal of Serge, and the more I did the more I liked him. He spoke so little of himself, and boasted so little of his accomplishments, that it took time to learn his worth. The violin, flute, and cornopean I learned that he played well, but the piano was his favourite instrument. "*Reste, mon cher ami*," he would say, "when we get to Puebla, if these barbarous Mexicans have a piano, I will play your favourite as often as you like." What I had called my favourite was Weber's last valse.

I would not for a moment infer that I am better bred or better born than those that surrounded me, but their ways were not my ways; their amusements and pursuits not mine. True, I can play at cards, but not all day and every day; nor do I like to hear the remarks between deals interlarded with oaths, or to have my partner addressing me, when I please him, as an "old hoss," or "a bully boy with a glass eye," and when I do the reverse, as a "darned old skunk," or a "tarnation fool." To those accustomed to them these may appear most endearing or expressive terms, but I confess to having been sufficiently ignorant of this style of conversation not to appreciate it as the teamsters did. I was and am no better than my neighbours. A quiet game at loo, or *vingt et un*, would many an evening have been acceptable, but with such accompaniments I did not quite relish it.

As it was with me so it was with Serge. Thus we were thrown a good deal on each other's society, and whatever may have been the case with him, I never tired of his company. While the others were making the camp ring with their Bacchanalian songs, and their Indian cries, he and I would lie upon the prairie grass, near the camp fire, and talk of former times or future schemes, or of such reminiscences of literature or art as our knowledge or experience afforded, an intercourse which seemed to afford sufficient interest and amusement to both.

Four weeks passed after we left St Joe's before we came in sight of buffaloes. The first of these animals that we saw was a solitary bull, but although he was as thin as a fence rail, and evidently as old as the hills, he

put the whole camp in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. But for the Boss's interference every team would have been deserted; and many a curse and oath was heard when he gave the order that none were to leave their waggon to join in the hunt. As Mr Bonté was not the person who would brook his orders to be disputed, and as his subordinates evidently knew it, he was obeyed.

The buffalo must have been ignorant of the excitement he caused in our ranks, and the craving he had excited among us to shed his blood, for he grazed on in a line with our route till less than a mile severed him from the head of our column. Then the chief despatched one of the professional hunters to kill the poor animal. The chase was exciting, for the pace of a mile or more was far faster than could have been expected, but when a wreath of smoke arose, denoting that a trigger had been drawn upon his tawny hide, all the sport was over, for the gigantic game tottered forward, tried to steady himself, and immediately afterwards fell over on his side. With horse and rider so thoroughly up to their work, as these two were, the result of the chase is seldom long doubtful, unless the start is a bad one, or the riding ground has been undermined by prairie dogs.

When we reached the carcase life was extinct. Through the shaggy hide the death wound could scarcely be distinguished; but I marked the spot, the lesson learned from the locality being one I hoped to turn to account at a future and not far distant day.

I had two horses; one my own, the other belonging to my employer. The former I purchased, because he

was sold for an old song, and although he was low in flesh, he had the framework of an animal that could, if got into condition, go and keep up well. My reason for acquiring this animal was that by having a spare horse I should feel more independent. Naturally I spared my own, and worked the animal supplied me, so I saw with gratification that the former was gathering flesh day by day, improving in spirits, and obtaining a glossy short coat, in place of the rough, staring covering it had formerly exhibited.

When I first brought it to the coral I was laughed at. Some one sung out, "Here comes Johnny Bull with a dromedary"—an opinion all seemed to share—but public estimation soon changed; the lean, fine withers and neck, the thin mane and tail, were now regarded, as I had all along regarded them, as indications of breeding. Twice within a few days of the time of which I write I had tried my mare—for such she was—for a short time, and the only fault I could discover was that she bored a little. I felt satisfied that if she had pluck to run alongside of a buffalo, she had both endurance to do so, and pace to come up with it. My other mount is a chesnut mustang, cocky and showy, as these diminutive horses ever are; it will go from morning to night if not over-paced. This, indeed, it is not difficult to do; but the breed has one advantage, they will thrive where other horses would starve. From this animal's viciousness, and obstinate refusal to be saddled and bridled, I should not be surprised if, a few years before, it had been ranging wild over the northern plains of Texas.

Three days had passed without our seeing buffalo. This had produced much disappointment in camp, more especially as a false alarm had been given that placed every one on the *qui vive*. A large animal was descried in the distance, which every one at once pronounced to be a buffalo, but which, on closer inspection, turned out to be a large mule. It would be difficult to say which was the most delighted, he at his meeting friends, or we at obtaining so valuable a prize. Where the animal could have come from was a puzzle to all, for no emigrant train had started before us, nor were there reported to have been seen yet in the locality any Indians from whose bands he might have strayed.

The squaw of Bonté had been grand to look at for some days. At all hours she might be seen dashing about, first on one mustang, then on another. How many of these indefatigable little horses she tired in a day I cannot say, but certainly two or three. Her costume had been a marvel of brilliant colouring, and all this display was put on because it was just possible we should meet Indians before long; and she wished to excite the admiration of their braves, and to create jealousy in the bosoms of their squaws.

The grass, which heretofore had been sufficiently abundant, now became so luxurious that our beasts stood almost knee-deep in it. They no longer evinced a desire to wander, and if they were not troubled by the flies, which here are a fearful pest, they might have led a comparatively happy life. Our camps were exceedingly picturesque, particularly when illuminated at night with the camp fire, round which invariably might

be seen crowds of strong-bearded armed men reclining in every attitude, some spinning yarns, the majority gambling.

To make a safe coral for the mules, now that the attacks of Indians might occur at any moment, or attempts be made by them to carry off our cattle, the pole of each waggon was brought against the back-board of the one in front of it, the whole forming a circle. When this method is adopted it is almost impossible to *stampede* the animals; moreover, among the waggon wheels a capital and secure look-out place can be obtained for the sentries, who take duty in rotation, four hours at a time, the same as on board ship.

As we hitched up on the twenty-second day from St Joe's, the camp was put into a rare state of excitement by the appearance of a large herd of buffaloes, still several miles off, but feeding towards us. "*Les bœufs! les bœufs!*" shouted the French Canadians, while we all congratulated each other on the immediate prospect of feasting on fat cow. By nine o'clock we were within a mile and a half of the herd, which appeared too numerous to be counted—extending to the south, even to the horizon. No order was observed in their ranks, each evidently being actuated by two motives —to move northward, and to obtain the best croppings of grass. There was no division among the sexes, although the cows were accompanied invariably by one, sometimes by two calves; one of which, from its greater size, was apparently a year older than the other. So immense was this collection of cattle, that it was impossible to calculate with any degree of accuracy their

numbers; and from their not being at all wild—an indication that they had not lately been disturbed—it was concluded that Indians were not in the neighbourhood. Orders were therefore issued for the waggons to be coralled. As soon as this was accomplished, a general holiday was granted to those who chose to hunt, for beef was wanted. About half our numbers availed themselves of the opportunity, all of whom were soon marshalled, heavy pistols and rifles being the prevailing weapons among them. Under the guidance of our chief, who was a celebrated buffalo-hunter, we advanced toward the game under the shelter of a swell in the prairies for a short distance, after which we availed ourselves of the nearly dry bed of a water-course, until we were not more than a few hundred yards from the game. On the question being put if all were ready, and the confirmatory answer given, like a charge of cavalry all broke from our cover, and dashed upon the herd. For a moment the nearest animals regarded us with alarm, then scattering in every direction, they fled from our attack. I had now neither time nor inclination to watch the performances of others, but taking my little mount, the mustang, well in hand, pressed him in pursuit of the sleekest cow I could find. However ponderous and unwieldy these creatures look, and however apparently unfitted for rapid locomotion, they get over the ground for a mile or two at an amazing pace. I found this to my surprise, but my horse was fresh and gifted with endurance, so at last I was nearly alongside the quarry; but here I experienced a difficulty I had not anticipated. In spite of

my spurs I could not get my nag to range alongside, so as to afford a broadside shot. But this I afterwards learned was a common fault with green or unpractised horses; for the buffalo, particularly when heated by flight, emits a musky odour which is so repulsive to the equine family, that many horses can never be induced to come near them. But as my cow commenced to slacken her pace through fatigue, and my mustang from the same reason to lose much of his obstinacy, a judicious application of steel and a lift with the bridle brought him abreast of the game. In a moment after I had delivered my shot, but too far back, I felt confident, to prove fatal. Wheeling to the left, I changed my pistols, and made a second dash alongside. The cow, however, now seemed to regard me as a dangerous attendant, for every time I attempted to regain the necessary position, she shook her head and evinced a disposition to charge. But if I had submitted to be cowed by such conduct, the chase might have been prolonged for ever; so again shaking the pony up, and rousing him with the spur, at the same time keeping him well in hand, I made another dash. I fired again, but too rapidly, and placed my second ball extremely near my first, no perceptible effect being apparent from it.

Having to reload my pistols, which were single barrels, some time was lost, of which the cow, although much pumped, made good use, and thus had enlarged the gap between us by over one hundred and fifty yards, but the plucky little horse with my light weight soon pulled this up, and gave me the best chance I had yet obtained.

Rushing alongside, I delivered my fire, and sheered off. In doing so, as luck would have it, my horse crossed his legs and came down with fearful violence. It is not pleasant at any time for a horse to fall with you, but it should be part of the education of a horseman when such an accident occurs to get as rapidly as possible clear of his beast. I did my best, but could not prevent myself from getting so much shaken that several minutes elapsed before I was thoroughly conscious of where I was or what I had been doing. My pony, which had regained his legs, stood by me; the sight of him restored my presence of mind. In an instant I was in the saddle, and looking for the game. Within a short distance the cow stood, from its nose and mouth blood flowed abundantly, while its attitude denoted that it could not go further. I approached the poor animal to fire a final shot, and thus terminate its pain, but in whatever direction I advanced towards it, it invariably turned its shaggy brow, thus offering me no vital point to shoot at. Again and again I moved my position, but the result was the same. I had almost resolved to give up the attempt, when with a sudden quiver, which appeared to convulse its whole frame, the poor wounded animal fell over, and with a convulsive effort and a few ineffectual struggles to regain its legs, expired. Buffalo shooting, when practised in this manner, requires little skill, and presents few elements of danger. Coolness and a reliable horse—one that is thoroughly under control, or understands his work—being all that is requisite to become distinguished in this description of sport.

Although Buffaloes surrounded me on every side, I

did not continue the hunt, for my horse was blown from the severity of my run, and I feared shaken by his fall, so taking the tongue, a tit-bit as I had learned, always immediately appropriated by the successful hunter, and leaving my handkerchief waving on a horn as a signal, I returned to camp. Here all was excitement, for the hunt had been eminently successful, and each had some exploit to narrate, or some wonderful escape, according to his own notions, to tell of. Good nature conspicuously prevailed, and a more happy and contented crew could scarcely have been found.

During the hunters' absence, those that did not engage in the chase had busily exerted themselves in gathering fuel and lighting fires, in anticipation of the coming feast. Nor were they disappointed, for before the sun set, the camp was redolent with the odours arising from the cooking of hump-steaks and other savoury morsels.

About dark, Bonté visited the different camp fires to inform us that on the morrow the waggons would move on a mile or two to a more desirable camping ground, a place where wood and water was more abundant, and that there we should halt till all our beef was jerked.

This process is very simple. The flesh is cut into strips not more than an inch in thickness, and hung on waggons or bushes to dry in the sun, where it remains till the moisture is completely evaporated. When meat is thoroughly cured in this manner, it will keep for an indefinite time, if not permitted to get wet or damp.

An extra allowance of grog was served out that evening, and although the precaution of setting sentries was not dispensed with, those on duty appeared to steal

away from their post and mix in the general hilarity, which was of the most boisterous kind.

A little Frenchman, scarcely exceeding five feet in height, and whom no one who had been of the party could have failed to notice and regard as a character of no usual importance in his own estimation, was at the request of many induced to produce his violin. Monsieur at first urged grave objections, such as his incapacity as a performer, and therefore his unwillingness to appear in the presence of so many distinguished gentlemen, but all he could say was overruled; so at last, with a bow that would have done credit to a courtier, he withdrew, returning shortly afterwards with the instrument. It was soon evident that we had among us a tolerable proficient on the instrument. After the inevitable scraping and screeching in getting the instrument into tune, a number of familiar airs followed, charming alike in selection, execution, and feeling.

Serge was beside me; we both lay on the grass stretched at our ease without regard to dignity. As I have said, he was a thorough musician. After we had both been silently listening for some time, "I should judge," he said, "from the execution of that Frenchman that he was a musician; but from the expression of his performance, I should fancy he was a gentleman."

That is, if you did not see him," I replied.

"No," he said, "you are mistaken, Frenchmen are more lively in their manners, and freer in their gesticulations than you are; but there is as much difference between the gesticulations of one Frenchman and another, as there is between the gravity of an English

nobleman and the awkwardness of an English clown, from the first moment I saw that little fellow, I knew he was of the right breed."

But Monsieur was not permitted to confine his talents to the description of music that evidently pleased him best. No, the teamsters must have a dance, and all attempts to oppose it were useless. The little Frenchman protested that he did not know suitable airs. "Make one then," shouted one, while another proposed that he should play a negro melody. Against such a degradation of his instrument the musician protested in vain. Play he must, and making a virtue of necessity soon had around him a crowd of teamsters, big six feet two Missourians toeing a measure, either singly or in couples, while the most hilarious mirth and the most boisterous expressions of approbation came from the onlookers.

For an hour and a half the merriment had continued, when the countenance of the Frenchman began to denote in the plainest manner that his patience was getting exhausted, a pause in the dancing gave him the desired excuse, and he ceased to play.

This gave general offence, and many would have insisted on his playing on whether he would or not; but the expression of his countenance denoted determination, and the desire, I believe, is dominant in most Americans not to interfere with individual rights, so the majority desisted from pushing their point further. But there was one man who, during the whole night, had distinguished himself by the fearful oaths to which he gave utterance on the most trivial occasions. In

appearance he was short, stout, round-headed, and bull-necked, and with a most repulsive expression of countenance. There was nothing in his appearance clearly characteristic either of the Englishman or the American; but jail-bird was written in his face and manners so plainly, that if he had not been repeatedly in prison, it was evident he ought to have been.

This bully wanted to dance, and would dance. Because a d—'d little mosquito of a Frenchman wouldn't play was their spree to be stopped? "No, not if he knew it; no, if he broke the cussed fiddle over the frog-eating Johnnie's head." With a hundred equally polite speeches the scoundrel approached the little Frenchman to put his threats into execution. At first the spectators drew back from interference, but when the desperado laid his hand violently on the Frenchman, and gave indisputable evidence that he was about to commit violence, strong hands from behind were laid upon him, and in spite of his resistance he was dragged off. It was evident that he both wanted a fight and needed a good licking to bring him to his senses. Many around him were willing to accommodate him, and several quietly hinted as much to him, and would probably have proceeded to carry out their intentions, but the diminutive Frenchman, who had apparently required some minutes to comprehend the nature and grossness of the insult that had been offered to him, sprung forward, violently pushed the crowd on one side and the other, till he had confronted his assailant, and in a high-pitched voice exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I do not speak English *parfaitment*, but you will understand. I am a

Frenchman and a soldier, that droll has insulted me. I will fight. I not understand this," spinning one fist around the other, "but I do the pistol and the rapier; in my waggon I have both, he take his pleasure, which he prefer." And forthwith he rushed off to his waggon amid shouts of applause.

At first the bully seemed cowed, then he rallied himself and professed to take it as a joke. But when the infuriated little fellow returned with a brace of small swords in one hand, and a case of pistols in the other, he turned pale as death.

"Well, sa, you want to fight," commenced the little hero, I am now at your service. These," alluding to the swords, "are very good, but if you prefer the pistols, they shoot very true, a little high; they are at your disposal."

To this the other answered not a word.

Some of the most reckless wanted to see the sport, as they denominated it, but common sense prevailed, and the interposition of the more sober prevented what might have been a bloody termination.

Never was a better lesson taught a bully. He slunk off as soon as possible, and the remarks that followed his exit showed how his conduct had been appreciated. With all his efforts he had been unable to prevent betraying his abject cowardice. The Frenchman received the compliments showered upon him modestly, and bowing with grace, retired to his dormitory with his weapons under his arm.

Our march on the following morning did not exceed four miles; it was through the scene of yesterday's hunt, and over thirty carcasses which lay on and near our

course told how great had been the slaughter. But in spite of the destruction that had been committed in their ranks, buffalo were to be seen in all directions in apparently undiminished numbers.

For the next two days our camp smelt and looked like a butcher's shop. The covers of the waggons, even their wheels, and the bushes that margined the creek's banks, were festooned with ribbons of flesh drying in the sun, while the horses and hunters who were going to and fro, from the dead game to the camp, for where an animal fell, there was it cut up, looked like a congregation of the most blood-thirsty wretches that had ever been congregated together; for not only were their faces and hands stained with blood, but their horses' coats, doubly conspicuous when they were light in colour, were similarly dyed.

Before I left New York, I heard buffalo-running pronounced the prince of sports. At St Louis it was spoken of in extasy; and all those with whom I had associated in St Joé's—those I mean who had been out on the plains—declared in raptures that it was the only kind of hunting that deserved the name.

I cannot expect my American friends to agree with me, but from my own experience, I can only attribute the estimation in which the sport is held by them to the size of the game, not to the skill necessary to kill it, or to the danger of the enterprise.

Our present camp was very well situated for our purpose. The prairie rolled more in this vicinity than in the tract we had previously traversed, and it descended on one side quite rapidly to the small stream on which

we were coralled. Along the margin of the stream grew an abundance of water-alder, broken here and there by large cottonwood trees which make excellent fuel, when one can be found that has been prostrated a month or two.

Nowhere are wild flowers so abundant among the grass as at this point—about thirty miles west of the Pawnee Fork,—and so brilliant is their colouring that in some parts they stain the landscape, as we often see poppies do at home a field of oats.

But this neighbourhood is not always so attractive. For only a small portion of the year is it so. A month hence, reckoning from the time of our arrival, the powerful sun will have burned all the vegetation brown—so brown as almost to make it undistinguishable from the soil,—while, in winter, the ground is ever covered with snow, not often deep, it is true, for the howling winds that sweep over the steppes prevent it lying where it falls, but gather it up into immense drifts wherever sufficient shelter can be found to let it rest, and in this season the temperature frequently falls far below zero.

Continuous flashes of lightning had taken place all night during our watch round the camp fire. The weather-wise stated their belief that this was the indication of a coming storm. The ominous look of the weather as day broke on the morrow indicated that there was every probability of their prediction being fulfilled. Clouds, fiery-red beyond description, covered the eastern sky a few minutes before sunrise, then they banked up in huge masses, and their brilliant hues gave place to dark colours, and a strife appeared in the heavens as if the dark clouds were endeavouring to

crush each other, showing that strong currents of wind were driving aloft in conflict.

Our horses and mules, contrary to their wont, which, at break of day, is usually all excitement and animation, stood by their unstretched picket ropes, or herded together with drooping heads and evident disinclination to exertion.

As we were about to hitch up, orders came for us to shift camp to some higher ground about a mile further on our route. In a moment all was bustle and confusion. With alacrity we obeyed our instructions, and pushed forward to the place designated. Evidently all knew the necessity of expedition, and it was well that it was used, for ere the waggons got into place the storm commenced, ushered in by a tremendous downfall of rain. Soon this gave place to a succession of puffs of wind, gradually increasing in force and duration till it blew a tornado, rain with renewed violence then coming down in torrents, and thunder speaking almost as soon as the lightning had time to herald its voice. It was a storm of surpassing violence, such as leaves the impression that no similar one had previously been seen. And well it was that we had moved our camp; for the quiet orderly rivulet had now become a torrent, rushing along with irresistible force and bearing on its bosom *debris* collected from a wide extent of country.

Fortunately, these sudden storms are of short duration, and by three o'clock all had passed away; the only indications of what had occurred being the soaked and flattened herbage, and the far away mutterings of thunders, that occasionally broke the stillness.

If our camp had looked like a butcher's shop previously, now it resembled a washing and ironing establishment, with a very miscellaneous business; for garments of every description in use among men, from buckskin leggings to flannel shirts, were spread out to dry. The tops of waggons are far from water tight, and the ordinary valise used by the Western trader affords little better protection.

But one benefit had resulted from the storm to compensate for the discomforts it had brought us, viz., that for sometime to come we should be free from dust, one of the greatest nuisances of Western travel. For some days previously we had eaten it, breathed it, and drank it.

A little before sunset a false alarm occurred. The shout of Indians echoed through the camp. In a moment afterwards every one appeared, rifle in hand. But who raised the scare, or what was the cause of it could not be discovered, unless it was that the appearance of an unusually large assemblage of buffaloes pressing northward, with more than their accustomed speed, frightened some of the greenhorns.

Such a scare is not without its use. It is an excellent lesson occasionally to call all the undisciplined occupants of the camp unexpectedly to arms, so that they may learn to have their rifles always ready for use. That all were ready to fight was proved by the rapidity with which they responded to the summons. There were few of them indeed who did not know how little faith is to be put in Indians, or of the cruel treatment to which they subject their prisoners. But I fear, judging

from the stories I heard around the camp fire, that there are two sides to this question. That white men as seldom keep faith with the Indians, as the Indians with them, and are quite as reckless as they in shedding blood. One thing is certain, that we are the trespassers, and that if we did not invade their territory there would be small probability of their coming to us.

For some reason or other the sentinels were doubled next night, and my service was required. I was fortunate in my first experience of duty. The night was beautifully calm; the moon overhead floated clear and brilliant through a cloudless sky, while not a single star appeared to have been spared from duty. I lay among the bushes, on my ground sheet, about a hundred yards in advance of the waggons. The novelty of my situation made me at first nervous, and in the slightest rustle of branch I imagined that I saw a foe; but soon this excessive state of watchfulness passed away, and I was able to gaze with pleasure on the tranquil scene that surrounded me. Not a sound broke the stillness except an occasional neigh from the horses behind, or the grunt or guttural roar of a distant buffalo. The voice of the wolf was also once or twice echoed over the waste; but these stealthy scoundrels retain their great vocal efforts for proclaiming the advent of daybreak. A dear old watch dog, whose friendship I had gained, was my companion on this occasion, and what a comfort he was. Whatever might escape my attention, did not escape his.

At length the last "*All's well*," echoed over the prairie, that informed me I was to be relieved. How

many memories did this familiar sound recall of garrison and citadel, where my childhood years were passed, when I had nought heavier to prey upon my mind than how most profitably to get rid of my limited supply of pocket money. I had been on guard four hours, but time had fled so rapidly that although each half hour had been called, and I had referred to my watch for corroboration of its passage, it seemed impossible to me that it could be over. And the night was so beautiful, still and balmy, that the open air for a dormitory appeared preferable to the most luxurious chamber in the civilised world. However, I was soon relieved by the little Frenchman who had recently distinguished himself in his rencontre with the blustering bully who wished to make him play against his will. The parole appeared peculiarly indigestible to him ; I had to repeat it several times before he appeared to comprehend it, at length, with an effort that indicated the possibility of his becoming ill he said it. It was Waterloo, to which he added a sacrè, far more emphatically pronounced than the pass word.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRUSH WITH THE RED SKINS.

ANOTHER month had passed, and little alteration had taken place in the appearance of the country that we had traversed, except it be that if possible it looked more sterile from the frequency of boulders cropping out in every direction, and the occurrence of numerous sun cracks, with bare red clay sides. Buffalo too, had become less numerous, the greater number of those we saw being patriarchal bulls—but although no remarkable scenery or hunting adventure has marked the passage of time, two events had occurred that cannot be effaced from our memory.

About a week after we left the encampment, where we had made our first acquaintance with a prairie storm, Indians made their appearance. Several false alarms had been given of their appearance, putting all the party in a state of excitement, and causing frequently a delay of several hours in our march, but here now was the red man in all the glory of war-paint and feathers.

About three or four, after noon, the first of them was discovered. We were toiling up a gradual slope, when on a distant swell a figure was seen; for a long time it was supposed to be a rock, but with the aid of a telescope, it was ultimately made out to be a solitary horseman.

During the previous night a fire had been seen by several of us exactly in this direction. Thus we had no doubt that this was a vidette thrown out by a large force of Indians.

As evening advanced, and as we approached sufficiently near to distinguish the mounted sentinel with the naked eye, he withdrew behind the knoll on which he was posted. Bonté regarded this as an extremely bad sign, menacing hostilities; so the two hunters, myself, Serge, and two more light weights, were despatched to make a reconnaissance, with instructions on no account to use our weapons unless required in self-defence.

After riding quite ten or twelve miles we returned to camp no wiser than we had left it, although we had ascended the height on which the Indian sentry had been seen, and there found abundant proof among the trampled grass that our eyes had not deceived us. From this elevated position we had a wide survey of the country lying beyond; but neither Indians nor game could be seen in that direction. Being all well mounted, and our horses being fresh, we determined to make a push for another acclivity about three miles distant, making a detour so as to examine the slopes that we were to ascend; but we had no better reward for our labour; for not a human being could be seen—and stranger still, not a place was observed that would shelter a foe, except some distant rocks too far off for us to reach, if we wished to return with daylight.

So we came home as ignorant as we went. Except for an hour or two, on this occasion, for the first time, I

rode my own mare. Plenty of food and little to do had rapidly put flesh on her carcass, while the exercise that she had daily, prevented her becoming soft. To my delight I found that she was all and more than I expected; for not only had she speed, but a wonderful amount of bottom, and she was extremely clever on her feet, a good jumper, with high courage but not nervous. In our gallop home I tried her paces against the others, and found she could simply run away from them, but she had less than eleven stones to carry while the weight of my companions was considerably greater. It is not wonderful that I was gratified at this discovery, as I knew that in all probability, when pursuing my daily avocation of hunting, and frequently for many miles from the waggons, I should ride upon an ambuscade of hostile Indians, nearly all in this locality being unfriendly.

When sufficiently far from camp, not to disturb it by the report of fire-arms, I had taken a shot at a large grey wolf that sat upon a prairie dog's earth nearly two hundred yards off; the moment I dropped my reins upon the mare's withers, she stood so admirably that I lodged the bullet within a short distance of my aim, covering the animal with dust, and causing it to get out of so dangerous a locality at its best pace.

For many reasons I had no doubt that this was not my mare's first experience on the plains, and I thought her former owner must have been grieved indeed when necessity caused him to part with so valuable an animal.

In the evening dark clouds rolled up from the west-

ward, while the atmosphere had that still sultry feeling that denotes an excess of electricity and the probability of the near approach of a thunder storm ; but in spite of the threatening state of the weather, double sentries were told off and posted before it became dark.

About the camp that night, although few retired to rest as early as was their usual custom, there was a dullness and manifest depression of spirits, ominous of the approach of danger. To add to this feeling the mules and horses were restless in the extreme. A sign ever to be regarded by the trader or trapper as indicative of the presence of Indians; for a white man's horse or dog has strong objections to the red skins, can smell them a long way off, and never fails to testify its knowledge of their vicinity by unceasing restlessness.

At midnight I mounted guard. Bonté's dog Watch, as previously, accompanied me. The storm, which had for hours been anticipated, gave notice of its advent, soon after I had reached my post, by the descent of a few large drops of rain. These had ceased for some minutes when a double blaze of the most lurid sheet lightning illuminated the plains for miles around, and before the echoes of the thunder had died away down descended a torrent of rain far exceeding any I had previously witnessed. Figuratively speaking, one might as well have been under a waterfall ; I used my ground rug as a covering. The rain could not come through it, but it soaked the ground around so thoroughly that streamlets and puddles commenced to form all around me. Even the poor dog was uncomfortable, and testified it by the frequency with which he altered his position.

But there was this consolation in the severity of the storm, that it could not last long.

This was my first night of actual hardship; I sincerely hoped it might be the last, for although I had previously thought that no one was better suited than I for the life I had been leading, still how gladly would I have exchanged my present position for the comfortable snug little bed-room in my father's house with the tiny French bedstead, white sheets, and familiar books and pictures.

Unpleasant as was my experience I was far too actively engaged between endeavouring to keep out the wet, and to do my duty as a sentinel, to moralise much over it; but I believe for the first time I regretted the step I had taken; but assuredly I would have done so more but for Serge, who had now become to me more than any friend I had ever previously possessed.

After I had sung out my fifth "All's well," the dog became exceedingly restless, and several times growled. I knew the animal's nature too well not to regard this warning. At length I heard distinctly the three notes of a whistle preconcerted, used by us on such occasions in place of a watchword. I answered it, and soon after was joined by Bonté. He was a man that trusted no one to perform such a duty without supervision when more than common vigilance was necessary. A man of few words, he told me to be particularly watchful for the next hour, as the time just previous to the break of day was that which the Indians selected for making an attack or endeavouring to effect a stampede.

A moment after imparting this information he left me as silently as he had approached. There was no doubt

that the reputation he had earned on the prairies was well merited; that there were few men who understood this wild life better than he, or to whom nature had given a constitution more capable of enduring its fatigues. Crawling and pushing his way through the brush, every branch of which was now loaded with moisture, while the rain still descended heavily, must have drenched him as much as a water spaniel when it takes a plunge in a river; but when it was necessary for the safety of the camp, he did not grudge the exposure.

The seventh "All's well" had been sung out, the rain for the last hour had gradually decreased, and I was commencing to imagine that I could see indications in the eastern heavens that day was rapidly approaching, when the dog growled, but so slightly that I was disposed to imagine a wolf or other wild animal was what he smelt or saw.

For the few succeeding minutes all was silent, when again the dog indicated by his manner that he was suspicious of the presence of intruders. For several minutes all was still again, when again it uttered a deep but suppressed growl.

As the dog evinced a disposition to rush forth into the darkness I laid hold of it by the neck and pressed it to the ground as if I were teaching him to "down charge." He remained still, but never ceased to indicate by his subdued mutterings that danger was to be apprehended.

Earnestly I listened and gazed into the darkness, but all around me was still as the grave. This continuous

tension of my nerves made me almost hear my heart beat, and feel, possibly not fear, but a degree of nervousness most unusual to me. Still I could distinguish nothing, hear nothing, yet I felt that indescribable, unaccountable sensation that persons often experience indicative that some one is near them.

Over the thoroughly saturated herbage I knew that a stealthy red-skin could steal in almost perfect silence, and that possibly the first indication of his proximity I might become aware of might be the sensation of his sharp-pointed knife between my ribs, yet I dared not leave my post. In the eastern heavens distinct lines of light could be traced, but the earth still remained shrouded in utter darkness; the protracted suspense I had been held in made me more and more nervous; while my eyes, through straining, filled with water; and though still unable to perceive anything, I felt thoroughly confident that danger was at hand. At length my dog, in spite of the pressure of my hand to force him down, rose to a sitting position; and at that instant I saw, or thought I saw, a dark object moving near. My rifle, which had for more than half an hour been cocked, came to my shoulder; but as I sought to take sight, the object on which I wished to align it disappeared from view. Again the same thing occurred, when the sharp crack of a small bore on the left of my position was followed, a few seconds after, by one on the right. Half a dozen stentorian voices from the camp could be heard immediately afterwards, calling the outlying sentries to retire upon the waggons. With alacrity I obeyed orders, keeping all the time my

face to the direction from which a foe would probably come, unless he had succeeded in getting within our lines.

The darkness was still too intense to see distinctly what was taking place around, but it was apparent that each teamster was in his allotted place; for, with the exception of Bonté, and two or three of those in whom he had the greatest confidence, no one was visible when I reported my return, and what I had seen.

"Go to your post, youngster; but I guess you won't be kept there long. The villains found us too sharp for them; so they're off, and in fifteen minutes it will be daylight," said the chief; and I turned on my heel to obey his instructions. Soon afterwards day broke, and with it, a quarter of a mile off, was discovered a hobbled pony. Some of the most adventurous made a dash at it, and brought it safe to camp. There was no saddle upon it, not even a piece of blanket; a piece of green hide fastened round the lower jaw did the duty of bridle, while in the animal's forelock were twisted a couple of feathers. It was hard as nails but low in flesh, and its shape promised more powers of endurance than speed. Those skilled in Indian affairs pronounced it to be the property of a Pawnee—the position of the feathers, and the manner the forelock was twisted, being the grounds on which they based their opinion. The general opinion as to how it came there and was hobbled, was that it belonged to one of the party of red-skins who had endeavoured to surprise the camp or drive off our cattle during the night; that the owner, having left it, must have been too severely wounded

from our fire to recover it; and therefore he had been either carried off by his comrades, or lay secreted in the neighbourhood.

The sun did not make his appearance till late, and as the ground had become extremely sloppy and heavy, our departure was delayed. The interval was spent by all but the horse-guard in cleaning arms and washing clothes. About one o'clock we got under weigh, and in five hours accomplished about twelve miles. Here, from the excellence of the position, and the abundance of grass the neighbourhood afforded, a halt was made, and extra precautions were taken against a renewal of the attack by our disappointed assailants of last night; for, when once the Indians have made up their minds to seize the horses of a trader, they will follow him for weeks. He is lulled into security by the belief that the dangerous country has been passed, when a dash will unexpectedly be made, and in a few minutes the depredation that so much time and pains have been expended to escape will be consummated.

Towards daybreak next day another alarm awoke the whole camp—one of the outpost had shot at what he imagined to be a mounted Indian. However, he had been mistaken; for, when daylight appeared, a wounded buffalo was discovered within half a mile of the camp.

Two days passed, in which upwards of thirty miles of our journey were accomplished without Indians being seen; nevertheless, there were abundant evidences that a large party of them were not far off, for extinguished camp-fires, fresh trails, the remains of lately killed

buffalo, were constantly being discovered, so that we were compelled to maintain our vigilance.

Game, which had been previously so abundant, now became scarce and exceedingly wild, so that my time was constantly occupied in hunting; and although four of us were engaged in this occupation, it was with difficulty we could keep the train sufficiently supplied with fresh meat not to intrench upon the supplies hoarded for a future period.

About noon I left the waggons slowly crawling up a gradual ascent. In the vicinity was a considerable sized stream, fed by several tributaries that intersected the country before us. The course of all these could be plainly distinguished by the scattered trees and bushes that grew upon their margin, and with such landmarks it was not easy to lose my way. So I gave my mare her head and pushed on, in the hope of finding an undisturbed neighbourhood, where game was abundant.

After an hour's ride I succeeded in reaching a small meadow, in which were grazing a herd of twenty-five to thirty deer. To get within shooting distance of them, I was compelled to make a stalk of several hundred yards, through cover high enough to shelter me when on my hands and knees. I had no liking for leaving my mare, as in case of a surprise I regarded her as my best friend; but here was game, and to kill as much of it as possible was my duty. Considering for a few minutes whether the risk should be run or not, the apparent tameness of the deer induced me to believe that they had long been unaccustomed to the presence of man, and therefore that there could be no Indians in the vicinity.

Tying my mare to a sapling in the centre of a considerable growth of bushes sufficiently high to hide her and sticking in my belt my Colt, a weapon Bouka had supplied me with on account of my hazardous occupation, and which from its weight was generally carried in my holsters, I commenced my stalk. Without difficulty I got within sixty yards of the game, when selecting a large doe, I fired. The report of my rifle, or the fall of their companion, did not alarm the herd more than enough to make them raise their heads and cease feeding for a few minutes. This tameness reassured me. I advanced unobserved twenty paces more, again took sight on a doe, and dropped her where she stood. Again the others ceased to feed. While they did so I remained still; but soon they recommenced feeding, when I again loaded my rifle. In a quarter of an hour I had killed five—still the herd remained undisturbed by my presence. When I had just completed my loading for a sixth shot, the survivors started as if suddenly alarmed, closed up together, and earnestly gazed up to windward. Between me and whatever had alarmed them the deer stood, so that I could not discover what it was; but I was not long kept in ignorance. Suddenly they wheeled round, and closely packed together, charged down wind, almost galloping over me in their course. Well I knew there was some reason for this sudden surprise. So as soon as the deer had passed I looked up to windward, and there saw, scarcely half-a-mile off, three mounted redskins following each other in Indian file. They were not coming directly towards me, but their course, if followed, would bring them close to where I had left my

mare. That they had not heard the report of my rifle or had any knowledge of my presence, I was perfectly sure, for their pace was but a walk, and from their manner I judged that they were conversing. If they had been going at a more rapid pace than a walk, I could not have reached my mare in time to get her loose and mount before being perceived, and as I retraced my steps I prayed inwardly that nothing would occur to induce them to hurry.

I felt that life or death depended upon my success in remaining concealed and using expedition, and seldom did a man on hands and knees accomplish a similar distance more expeditiously. My rifle so sadly hampered me, that several times I almost resolved to leave it behind; yet to do so was to part with a friend whose aid might be necessary to save me. If any one who should chance to read this has ever traversed several hundred yards on hands and knees, as rapidly as he could accomplish it, he will remember the pain he suffered in the performance. My hands, shins, and feet ached as if they were surcharged with the most severe rheumatic pains. Fifty yards only separated me now from the mare. The Indians were quite four hundred yards off, when my animal becoming aware of my presence, neighed. I hoped that the sound had not reached the red-skins; but in this I was mistaken, for they halted for a moment, then broke into a trot, altering their course directly to that from whence the sound proceeded. I dared not lose another moment, so I rose and made a rush for my nag. In an instant I was perceived, and a yell announced the fact. A sharp pull at

the lariat rope released the mare. Quick as thought I was upon her back, when springing at once into a gallop, she burst the bushes that surrounded her and flew over the prairie at a pace which few but herself could go. Finding that I was rapidly leaving my pursuers behind, I gained my stirrups and took a pull upon her mouth to steady her gait and moderate her pace. The whole had been done so rapidly that I had previously no time for thought—not even for fear, if so disposed. The danger I had just run had braced my nerves to such a degree as to make me feel fit for anything. After going over a mile I found that my pursuers, although following me, were doing so at a very moderate pace, so I slackened mine to an easy canter.

It was well that the features of the country were so well marked, for without hesitation as to direction, I pushed in the right road for the camp. In my course to it I had to ford a creek about twenty yards wide, and very shallow. For fear of an ambush I selected that portion of it where the brush seemed to grow in less abundance. So shaking up my mare I dashed for it. Half a dozen strides took her across; but the moment I got clear of the brittle water alkers, two mounted Indians dashed at me. I feared the foremost would succeed in seizing my bridle, or pulling me out of my seat. But the mare's speed saved me; two strides of hers were equal to three of their ponies', and I won by three or four yards. But as I shot past I saw the scoundrel, already aware of his failure, drawing his arrows for immediate service. I drew my Colt's revolver and fired a quick shot at his naked chest. For fifty

yards his horse continued the pursuit, but the rider could do no further mischief; the little life left him barely enabled him to retain his seat for that distance, after which he appeared to slide from it to the ground. I could not pull up to enquire particulars; but felt convinced that the reason I had not been pursued by the first party of Indians was that they knew that some of their tribe were in the direction I was going, so that by not hurrying me they gave a better chance to cut me off.

My revolver, I am certain, saved my life. If I had been without such a weapon, I should not have escaped, for there is no doubt that my pursuers intended either to kill or capture me. Still it was a dreadful thing to think that I had slain a fellow-mortal—the expression of the face, the contortion of the body at the moment my shot was delivered, haunted me, and I wished sincerely it had not occurred. After all, it was a game that both played at, life or death was the stake; they had been the challengers, not I, so if they had lost, let them pay the forfeit. To argue thus was well enough; it satisfied the scruples of conscience for a moment, but it did no more. When ten years older I regarded such an affair with horror and antipathy.

On joining the waggons, which did not intend coralling for a few miles further, I reported the matter. All agreed not only that I had done right, but that to have spared the red-skin would have been madness.

At camping time, we had approached so near to where the deer had been killed, that with an escort and several pack mules I returned to the place to bring them in;

the scene was undisturbed, and the game still lay as it had fallen.

These two exploits, the killing of so many deer and escaping the Indians, gained me considerable reputation, which was proved by the marked difference in the manner of my comrades towards me, who, although never rude, evidently regarded me previously as a greenhorn.

The same night considerable uneasiness was felt in camp from the circumstance that our best hunter, and possibly the most reckless of the whole train, had not returned. From my having seen Indians, it was surmised that they were in force in the vicinity, and that he might have come in contact with them, and from his foolhardiness met his death; but about midnight he joined us, his approach being notified by the loud tone in which he was singing "Old Uncle Ned."

A hunter never leaves camp that he has not a story to tell on his return. The yarn may be of constant disappointment, of extraordinary success, or of an extraordinary shot made, of Indians seen and circumvented by strategy, or a race for life. In this instance, the person who had caused so much uneasiness had a double tale to tell. "Early, he had found buffalo, one of which he had killed, and following them up, he killed another; then he discovered a number of mustangs feeding in a meadow. Knowing that this indicated the vicinity of an Indian camp, he turned; and after pursuing his route homewards up a water course for some distance, he halted among some bushes to discover if he was followed. For an hour or more he had remained thus hid, when he

observed several Indians between him and his destination. Their manner was reassuring, as from it he was convinced that they were not aware of his presence, so he remained in concealment till an hour or two after dark, when deeming that his course was clear, he started for camp." My opinion on such matters is of no value; but the old hunter asserted that the red skins he had seen were Pawnee-Soups, a large tribe whose head quarters are upon the Pawnee Fork. They are a most numerous and formidable tribe, hunt as far even as the Camanche Country, and are seldom at peace with the whites.

When we had accomplished about five miles on the following day, the train was brought to a halt by the appearance of over a hundred mounted Indians, the foremost of whom held aloft on a pole a dirty piece of white rag. This was a signal of peace, and expressive of a desire to trade; so a halt was called, and the waggons coralled, while a dozen of our best mounted men, armed to the teeth, went out to have a palaver with them.

Bonté, in selecting his escort, was kind enough to choose me as one, a compliment doubtless resulting from my rencontre of yesterday, and which I highly appreciated, as it afforded me an early opportunity of becoming acquainted with the aborigines in their native state, not as those drunken debased wretches who live within civilization, who were the only specimens of the race I had hitherto seen, and who were as unlike the true Indian of the plain as it is possible to imagine.

When four or five hundred yards from our camp they

halted. We then advanced towards them, each man having received instruction to have his weapons ready in case of treachery, although it was not very likely on this occasion, as our force was far too numerous to leave them much hope of attempting it with success.

When we were separated by a little over a hundred yards, we also halted for some minutes. Then Bonté, with an escort of two men experienced in Indian affairs, went to the front. From our visitors' ranks, a similar number detached themselves, and the representatives of each side approached each other. Having dismounted, all sat down, forming a small circle, with their faces inwards. Long was the pow-wow that ensued. At its termination, a pipe was produced, and each took from it two or three puffs, passing it immediately to his neighbour.

This ceremony was indicative of their pacific intentions to visit our camp. After the pow-wow broke up, we returned to our coral, where our guests were expected to visit us in an hour. The point was settled that they were Pawnees, but they professed to know nothing of the Indians who had pursued me yesterday.

When the hour expired, they came; but only a few of the chiefs were permitted to come inside the coral. I examined them all closely, but in no particular were they painted like the one upon whom I had drawn my pistol. When the Pawnees were informed of the affair, they said my pursuers must have been Camanche,—a most blood-thirsty tribe—a large number of whom had been hunting in their vicinity.

Our chief, or familiarly speaking, "Boss," seemed to

know a great number of the strangers, and not only did he call them by name, but appeared to speak their dialect with fluency. This ceased to surprise me when I was informed by one of our people that he had for some time resided among this tribe, and had been regarded by them as a chief.

By sunset all the Indians left our camp, having been informed before their departure that our sentries would be set as usual, as strange Indians were in the very neighbourhood; therefore, not to run the risk of being shot, they must not venture to come near our camp till after sunrise on the morrow.

An Indian may make peace with you to-day, and to-morrow, without a why or a wherefore, think fit to break it. In the evening he may smoke and drink with you over a camp fire, and before daybreak may lead a party of young braves to attempt a stampede of your cattle. However much the laws of civilised society may reprobate such conduct, the red-man considers it perfectly fair, and would express no surprise if you retaliated upon him by pursuing a similar course. Might is truly right with them; and when any opportunity to act on the same principle is omitted, they do not attribute it to the possession of a higher one, but to some disability of which they are unaware.

However, the night passed without an alarm.

CHAPTER X.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

NEXT day, we were inundated with visitors, for every brave seemed to possess one or two squaws, and they in all their finery of brilliant coloured blankets and innumerable glass beads accompanied their liege lords.

This was a gala day for Madame Bonté. Mounted on her best mustang, and clothed in her most gorgeous apparel, she was to be seen curvetting about in every part of the camp where she could attract observation. For a squaw, she was certainly very pretty, and her stock of gewgaws was almost inexhaustible. Soon after daybreak she was on the move ; but, as the hour for the arrival of the Pawnees approached, she appeared as if she could scarcely restrain her impatience for their arrival.

Vanity, nothing more, was the cause of this. The admiration of white men to her was nothing to the pleasure she derived from exciting the envy of her red-skinned sisters.

Is not this like women all over the world? Would they not sooner display their grandeur in their own village church, or among those that know them, than before strangers?

Our orders were as yesterday, that none except some half-dozen chiefs were to be admitted inside the coral ; that, therefore, all trading that the teamsters might wish

to carry on, must be conducted outside; and that if any disturbance took place, all were to retire behind the waggons and take their arms, endeavouring if possible to make prisoners of the chiefs, to be held as hostages.

But such a course was not likely to be necessary; for when Indians bring their women with them, they do not generally intend to be guilty of treachery.

Before eight o'clock, the ground around us had the appearance of a fair, and utmost good nature prevailed among our visitors.

Beyond a few tanned hides fit for making leggings and moccasins, and some worthless worn-out ponies, they appeared to have nothing to trade with, still these were purchased in exchange for tobacco, beads, &c.

Bontè, I must say, was extremely liberal; over a hundred dollars' worth of different treasures, such as beads, needles, &c., which the red man particularly values, were given away. For these gifts they expressed unbounded gratitude. Still they kept craving for gunpowder and rum.

The former was peremptorily refused, but a small quantity of the latter was doled out to the leading men.

To see the avidity with which they seized the glass, the grimaces they made as they put it to their mouths, the length of time they held it there before swallowing was ludicrous and disgusting. The last habit showed what confirmed drunkards they would become if they had the opportunity.

Their proud bearing and manly look soon leave them when they have tasted spirits, and they become subservient, obsequious, and cringing, endeavouring by

their fawning to obtain more, and when these means fail, they sometimes resort to insolence, if they do not show an inclination to take it by force.

An Indian has been often known to barter the results of a year's toil, in the shape of the furs he had collected in that period, to gratify his passion for drink; and when the supply is exhausted, more must be obtained at any price; his horse goes next, then in detail follows his arms, without which he cannot procure food to support his children, wife, and self, and not unfrequently even his squaw, if she is young and attractive, is bartered for a final pint of the debasing spirit.

Here none were served with more than a wine glass-full, still such scenes as I have narrated above, would have been enacted with the slightest encouragement. But the experienced trader knows well he has to be guarded how he takes advantage of the weakness of the Indian; for if he has not a sufficient force to support him against attack, the Indians, stimulated into perfect recklessness from a desire to gratify their craving, will not improbably massacre him and all his followers.

So far all had gone most harmoniously. Madame Bonté had been admired, but not sufficiently to gratify her pride; therefore she had changed her exhausted horse for a new one. This was a cocky little pie-bald in the finest condition. As she came forth, her steed curvetting with anxiety to show his speed, while she sat with that easy grace and light hand, that denoted how well she knew how to manage him.

A shout from the assembled crowd greeted her appearance. Rising in her stirrup she waved her hand,

then giving her pony a loose head, scoured away over the prairie at racing pace.

While Bonté and the assembly were gazing after the adventurous beauty, a squaw had entered the crowd that surrounded the camp; she was accompanied by a half-bred boy about twelve or thirteen years of age. They rode mustangs, low in flesh, and apparently much neglected; and the apparel of the riders showed that they had done duty for a longer period than even Indians usually exact from their garments.

A rasping jump which madame had just accomplished over a land crack twelve feet wide, produced a shout of applause from all, not unaccompanied by a due demonstration of approbation from her husband, evinced by a prolonged clapping of his hands. While he was thus engaged he was touched upon the shoulder by the unknown squaw—turning round he started, changed colour, and spoke some words in Indian. An onlooker could not fail to see at once that they had met before on terms of peculiar intimacy. Yet Bonté showed no desire to renew the acquaintance; for that hard, vindictive, cruel look, indicative of his rising wrath, settled upon his face. This recognition was unwelcome, as the woman evidently perceived; and although she still confronted him, it was with a manner nervous in the extreme. When he addressed her again, his intonation was sufficient to express his feeling of repulsion. In answer she turned, and called the boy. On him Bonté gazed long and earnestly, then finally resumed his usual expression. The lad approaching him, dismounted, and Bonté placed his hand upon his head. A murmur went

round the bystanders, who recognised that it was his son. I had already made the same discovery. Turning upon his heels, Bonté disappeared into his waggon, followed by his two visitors. In half an hour they came forth, the woman loaded with the treasures dear to her race. Assisted by her boy she mounted her mustang, and both started for their encampment. But a storm was brewing for our leader: Madame Bonté had observed what had occurred. Her woman's jealousy had been roused, and, Indian as she was, she would not have a rival in her lord's affections. In an instant her quick eye detected the mother and child, and with an impetuosity that made arrest impossible, she dashed across the prairie after them. A hundred paces before she reached them, the quick patter of her horse's hoofs announced her approach.

I saw the sharp-eyed youngster turn in his saddle to observe her, then inform his mother of her advance; but the warning was scarcely given when, with a screech, she charged upon them, and with the violence of her onset threw the mother from her horse. The boy in an instant attacked the assailant with both tooth and claw. Being certain that an encounter was imminent, we had all hurried forth to prevent it; but although the utmost expedition was used, before we could reach the scene of the conflict the unlucky mother had had her clothing almost torn from her. Madame Bonté herself had not come off scatheless; for the young half-breed had done his work so well, that the prairie was scattered with her much-beloved beads and ornaments. At first, among the rough

teamsters there was evinced a disposition to regard the whole affair as a capital joke, and they would have gone even so far as to permit the combatants to fight it out; but Bonté's intervention at once put an end to the disgusting spectacle. He grasped his partner round the waist, and, lifting her with as much ease as if she been a child, carried her off, struggling and using every effort to escape. It is almost needless to add that no more was seen of this lady for the remainder of the day. The intervention of the master produced on their behalf an officious display of pity for the mother and child, and every one gave a helping hand either to catch their ponies, or to gather up the sundry valuables which lay scattered on the grass. If the poor woman had not received any bodily injury from her fall, and the rough handling that she had received, I have little doubt that she had become richer through the malice of her rival; for no distinction was made as to whom the effects belonged that were gathered together, but all were handed over to her. Soon afterwards she and her son disappeared behind a swell in the prairie.

Fortunately this little episode did not interrupt the harmony of the meeting. The Indians seemed to regard it as a good joke, and to think their countrywoman was well repaid for the ill-usage she had suffered.

It is not customary for squaws to display this jealousy and vindictiveness of disposition toward a rival, for very few Indians that can support two or more wives do not have them; but Madame Bonté had lived in civilised society, and, having witnessed the ways of white people, wished to imitate them.

The Indians departed at sunset—the strictest watch was kept all night—for, as I have said, their promises are not to be relied on; but on this occasion they did not evince the slightest desire to play us false. At an earlier hour than usual next morning we prepared to start on our journey. The mules were harnessed and the horses saddled, when the young half-breed, whose acquaintance we had made yesterday, galloped into camp. Pushing his way through the crowd, he went to Bonté's waggon. The master was not yet up, but the lad was not refused admission. Soon after he re-appeared, completely Europeanised in his costume, and we learned that he was to be attached to the train, and to be made useful in such capacities as his youthful years and strength would permit. Although he could not speak a word of English he soon became a general favourite, for he was apt, good-natured, and obliging. He was so wonderfully skilful as a horseman, that I doubt if any animal could have thrown him. It soon became evident that he was a great favourite with his father, for he was constantly in attendance upon him: yet there was no appearance of his being over-indulged. But Madame Bonté took no pains to show her detestation of the child. She seized with avidity every opportunity to heap abuse upon him, but the boy did not regard her, merely avoiding her presence when it was possible to do so. I suppose his mother had taught him what to expect and how to behave, and so well he had learned his lesson, that he gained every one's sympathy. We had travelled at our usual rate—fifteen miles a day, or thereabouts—for a week, and the only

observable difference in the country we traversed was that boulders became more numerous, and grass less abundant, rock plants and other typical vegetable products indicating our approach to the south.

The camp had been made secure one evening, after a day more tedious than usual, for several water-courses had had to be passed with precipitous sides that required cutting away, so that it was dark before our labours ceased. As we were now well in a country that the Camanche Indians frequented in summer, Bonté thought proper to explain to his followers around the camp fires their different methods of attack, and how best to avoid them. While he was thus engaged his son approached. Observing the lad, he called him to his side, and whispered something in his ear. The boy, with that pleasant, good-natured smile that he ever wore, left the circle and proceeded to his father's waggon, as if to perform a message.

In this there was nothing unusual, so the circumstance was for the time forgotten, and all continued listening to our leader's account of the experiences he had gained when crossing this debateable ground on previous occasions. Although Bonté was not a favourite among his followers, they were well aware of his superior knowledge, as he had seen much more of life upon the plains than they had.

A tale had been commenced which promised to be of unusual interest, when a scream from Bonté's waggon was heard. In a moment all rushed forth to ascertain the cause; when we reached the waggon Bonté alone entered, although from the interior came the sounds of

a violent struggle. A few moments after the boy jumped out with tears in his eyes, his face scratched, and his clothes in disorder; soon after Bonté followed carrying the struggling, resisting form of his wife. At first he was for tying her hands and feet together, and making her, thus bound, sleep under the waggon; but our intercession, and possibly a feeling of pity, induced him to overlook her offence, and pardon her for the time. On being let go she slunk back to her retreat, certainly humbled, but not subdued.

Bonté explained that he had sent the lad for his pipe, when the jealous termagant had attacked him and would doubtless have killed him if assistance had not come. He declared he was resolved to put up with no more of her nonsense, and that if she could not conduct herself properly in future he would turn her adrift among the first Indians they met, or failing that, leave her in Mexico.

Poor madame had no children, so like many other women, she hated the offspring of a rival.

The youth, whom we had christened mustang, from his love for these animals, and the ability with which he managed them, had been sorely punished, so severely that little doubt was left that his assailant intended killing him; but youth soon forgets injured feelings, and more rapidly still recovers from a bruised body; thus in a few days none could have told how he had suffered.

Some days after this escapade I left the waggons with Serge to hunt immediately after the teams had commenced their march. Our course was to be west by south.

From the scarcity of fresh food in camp we resolved that in case we did not find game we should continue to search for it till nightfall, unless some unexpected occurrence should force us to return earlier.

Soon after our departure we saw antelopes, but they were so wild that all our efforts to come within range of them were futile. That these animals had been harassed by hunters was evident from their wariness. Knowing that it was highly improbable that we should find white men in this locality, and that the Indians were all hostile, we each kept an extremely sharp look out.

At length a solitary antelope was observed feeding. Within a short distance of its position was a ravine, down the centre of which flowed a diminutive stream. Changing our course, and taking advantage of some uneven ground, we gained the margin of the water. After we had done so I dismounted, left my horse with Serge, and ascended to the level of the prairie, a few hundred yards further up than where we had quitted it, to ascertain if my quarry had remained unconscious of my presence, as the trifling breeze was far from favourable.

The antelope was there, it had only shifted its position while grazing; so marking as well as I could the distance between me and it, I descended the banks of the rivulet and joined my companion. By a rough estimate, and making allowances for the bends in our route, I calculated that we had nearly a third of a mile to go before we could come within shooting distance.

Serge led my mare, for she I rode that day, while I

walked the requisite distance, then ascended the banks and again reconnoitered. The game had so much shifted its place that now it was beyond gunshot from where I was, but instead of going out further into the prairie it had moved parallel with the margin of the water course. In consequence we walked about a hundred and fifty yards further, when being fully confident that the antelope was within shot, Serge dismounted, he being a better shot at long range than myself, and I remained in charge of the horses.

At this place the banks were higher and more precipitous than previously, so it took Serge some minutes to gain their edge. At length the report of his rifle greeted my ears, and he disappeared. For nearly a quarter of an hour he was absent; I was commencing to feel extremely anxious for his return, when he appeared over the brow of the ravine and launched the game down its steep sides, hurriedly following in the same route. In a few minutes he had the antelope secured to the crutch of my saddle, and then he informed me that he had seen, some distance to our left, and not above a mile from where we first struck the water course, either Indians or something very much resembling them. I knew from his manner that it was the former, and that he had framed his words so as not to cause alarm.

Riding in the water so as to leave no track, we hurried up the stream for about half a mile, and were just on the point of leaving it to make for camp when we observed the track of several horses, all of which were unshod, and thus doubtless carried Indians. These footmarks could not have been more than a quarter of an hour old

for the sides of many were still falling in. Selecting the path that they had evidently used to ascend, we reached within a few feet of the summit, and both scanned the country before us, but not a soul was to be seen; then cautiously gaining the more elevated ground we made a fresh examination of the country in our rear, and at the distance of about a mile two parties of Indians of about equal numbers could be distinctly descried. The start we had was sufficient to secure our safety if they should pursue us; but it was extremely doubtful if they were aware of our presence, for they were following each other in the habitual Indian file.

Gaining a roll in the prairie, we rode sufficiently down it to be out of sight; then returning so as to look over its brow, without exposing ourselves to observation, we found that all were pushing towards the watercourse we had just left at a sharp gallop.

There were eleven of them, only two of us; still Serge wished to persuade me to remain where we were and fight them. True, we each had a rifle and a revolver, and these might have sufficed, no doubt, if we had been hemmed in, to force a passage, even through a much greater number; but as escape was open to us without an encounter, I preferred flight, and induced him, not without demur, to consent to it.

Riding up the acclivity of the swell, when we reached the summit, we perceived several more Indians at right angles to our route. Fortunately we had adopted the prudent course of flight; for if these had not heard the report of our firearms, they, doubtless, in the rarified atmosphere, would have observed the puffs of smoke,

and surmising the cause have hastened to the rescue of their comrades.

Soon after the welcome white covers of our waggons were seen, so we moderated our pace, knowing full well that we were now within the reach of assistance. By the time we reached the train, the other hunters had also returned. They had seen plenty of game, and in spite of their wildness had succeeded in killing five antelopes. They had found Indian trails numerous in all directions, one indication of a very large party, but they had not seen any of the persons by whom they had been made.

At sunset we were joined by a solitary white man, whose appearance plainly told that he had been long subsisting upon the shortest commons, but his arms looked bright, and in fit state for any emergency. The horse he bestrode, a large powerful bay, low in flesh and somewhat tender in his feet, from constant work without being shod, was a splendidly made animal, and when in condition must have been able for any ordinary weight. He stated that he had left a train of fourteen waggons ten days previously, through a quarrel with the head man, and was trying to make his way to Missouri. For the last four or five days he had never been out of sight of Indians, and had thus been compelled to travel principally by night, and, to prevent discovery, had been obliged to desist from shooting the game that was thrown in his way. One evening he had nearly been discovered, for starting earlier than usual he observed, happily before he was seen, a camp of eight lodges.

As Bonté had predicted, the Camanches were the tribe that were now hunting in this debateable land, and in their

hands the life of a white man was not worth an hour's purchase. The newly arrived looked a useful man, and moreover a bold and reckless one. His late exploit not only proved him to be so, but also to be acquainted with the Indians in all their moves. As among our ranks there were a great many green hands, and our numbers were not in excess of the work required of us, the stranger was engaged in spite of his having deserted his late employer. He was known by several of our older hands, and represented to be a first-class hunter, a good teamster, a jovial companion, and an out-and-outer at an Indian fight. That he possessed all these requirements could scarcely be doubted, for a more fearless, reckless, good-tempered looking six feet of humanity it would be hard to find.

I was told he was a thorough type of a class which, twenty years ago, was common on the frontier, but which has lately much diminished in numbers—men who were ever ready to stake their last dollar on a turn of the cards, or risk their lives in an Indian fight, however great might be the odds.

Serge would fain have bought his horse, my admiration of the animal having doubtless made my friend partial to it; but although he offered one hundred and fifty dollars down, a very long sum here, it was politely but positively declined.

"No, no," said our new friend; "although I ha'nt got a dime to call my own, I won't part with Dannel. I got him from Old Kentucky, where he was bred by my uncle, when he was a four year old. He's carried me for five, that makes him nine, and he's as good now—

yes, and better—than he was the day I first mounted him, except that he's somewhat battered, but a week will put him all straight. His match can't be found nowhere at a quarter race, or to go a distance. He's a fortune to an enterprising young man in the settlements, he jist is. One who had cut his eye teeth could make a good living out of him ; and for the Indian country, wall, you may travel from Mexico to Missouri, and you can't find his superior. He aint no darn'd fool ; no plaguey Indian can stampede him, I'll tell you, for if they drive him a mile off, he'd come back the very minute he heard my whistle. I'd just as soon turn him loose as not. Well, you may scarce credit me," turning toward us, "for you see you are strangers, and don't know Dannel."

Upon this he untied the horse, and removing one of the waggon poles to make an opening for him, gave him a slap on the rump. The horse trotted out on the prairie, and ten minutes afterwards he whistled, and true enough the well-trained animal returned and placed his muzzle upon his master's shoulder.

Nothing but kindness could have produced so good an understanding between owner and beast, so that the stranger became a favourite, for it was evident that he must have a good heart.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRAGEDY.

NEXT day, about 9 a.m., we were joined by several Indians, the most miserable specimens of the red-man I had yet seen. Their clothing was of the most filthy and ragged description imaginable, many even being naked from the waist upwards. Their head covering was limited to a conspicuous scalp-lock, into which were twisted several feathers. Their features were fearfully forbidding; retreating foreheads, with remarkably high cheek bones, being the principal characteristics. Very few of them exceeded the height of five feet four inches, and when dismounted their gait was a hobble, not a walk. The most diminutive specimens of calves ever seen on Newmarket Heath might be deemed princely in size in comparison with theirs. I doubt if there was the slightest alteration in the fulness of the leg where the calf is usually found. As I have said their walk was a shuffle, and evidently subjected them to such inconvenience that two miles in an hour would have been a performance far beyond their powers. But awkward and ungainly as they looked upon foot, the moment they were across their horses, the observer was struck with astonishment and admiration at the wonderful revolution their powers had undergone. Every movement of their body was now the perfection of grace, and whether their horses reared, plunged, or bucked, or made

any other effort to unseat their riders, such attempts were simply wasted.

None of our people understood a word these Indians spoke, for they belonged to the redoubtable Camanche tribe, who prided themselves in holding little or no intercourse with white men. In fact, like the Badowin, their hand is against every man, and as may be expected, every man's hand is against them.

They did not long honour us with their presence; in fact, I suppose they had come on a species of reconnaissance to discover our numbers, to learn if we were likely to make a good fight, and if our beasts were worth running the risk of making a night attack for. Their decision, of course, we did not know then. They bid us *bon voyage*, in evident good temper, but we knew not whether the words were intended as a threat of future warfare or spoken in irony.

Bonté, as was his habit among the Indians, displayed his usual liberality; consequently, beads and tobacco were freely distributed among them, and if these presents had the usual effect of making the heart of the Indian glad, then they should have been supremely happy.

I could not help having a good look at their horses previous to mounting, for it was currently reported that the Camancha think nothing of a forced march of a hundred miles in twenty-four hours without doing their steeds injury, and without a protracted halt during its performance; but it must be remembered that few of these men exceed nine stones in weight, and that they ride without saddles or accoutrements. With the excep-

tion of one animal, that bestrode by him we took for the chief, the height of their horses was rather over than under fourteen hands! Although in this respect they resembled the Cossack horse of the Ukrane, in others they looked far better bred, and they appeared to have quite as much bone. Of course, these were all mustangs, but there are two distinct races of mustangs found upon the plains of Mexico and Texas,—as I have been informed by those who have spent their lives in the countries just mentioned,—both are equally hardy and enduring, but the one far exceeds the other in speed. All American wild horses are supposed to be descended from the French and Spanish breeds, the swifter animals doubtless being descended from the former. The range of this breed is further to the eastward than that of the other, for while Spain held Mexico and Texas, France had Louisiana. And as the favourite French saddle horse of two centuries ago was that race which at this date looks like a pure bred Arab, the *bach de Horas*, I am inclined to believe that the eastern mustangs owe their greater speed to superior breeding. We could not mount cavalry on such horses, for we could not find men of such diminutive weight and stature to make a corps, and if we did, they would be unwilling to go without accoutrements, packs, great-coats, &c., thus overweighting these hardy little horses; otherwise, their importation into England might be desirable.

But although fit to mount light cavalry upon, by judicious crossing they might much improve our race of hackneys and light harness horses.

But dismissing the mustangs, I would say a word

upon the mare that carried the chief of the party. Although low in flesh, she nevertheless was a great beauty, and looked every inch like a dam who would produce race-horses, and probably she had been one herself when a three-year-old. To describe her points is unnecessary, for the majority of my countrymen know what constitutes such an animal. But how did she come into the possession of this people? Stolen from the settlements, or from explorers, travellers, or traders crossing the plains? This mare's life, if it could have been written, would doubtless have been worth reading, for in her time she must have gone through many strange scenes in the stages between being the pampered pet of some wealthy Kentucky or Tennessee planter and the favourite mount of a Camanche brave.

Serge, who was standing by my elbow as the red-man passed, heard me express my admiration of her, so hurrying for his horse, he followed the red-man, hoping to induce the owner of the mare to part with her, but all his pantomimic gestures were in vain, and the sight of the gold he exhibited to them was thrown away, for an Indian knows a good horse when he has it, and unless for whiskey, he can very seldom be induced to part with it.

It was evident, from the manner of our late visitors, that they wished to impress us with the belief that we had nothing to fear from them, and thus induce us to relax our precautions against treachery or night surprise; but in this they were very much mistaken, for Bonté and many of our hands were far too experienced to be lulled into such feelings of security as to relax our guard.

After the late storm, the weather had become charming, the only objection to it being the heat in the middle of the day; consequently the watch-fires were better and longer attended than previously. The night the Camanche visitors left us, none seemed disposed to retire; first a trapper told a story, then a teamster informed us that that yarn reminded him of something similar, and another long narrative followed. All enjoyed such stories, which were invariably full of adventure and hairbreadth escapes.

One or two of the sleepy heads had proposed adjourning, and were about to do so, when Bonté, who had been round the sentries, joined our coterie. He was only in time to hear the termination of the last story, which wound up with a most miraculous escape, when he volunteered to tell us of an Indian fight he had been in, not over a few miles from where we were now encamped. Such a proposal coming from "the Boss" awakened up the interest of all; so, seldom had orator a more attentive audience.

Bonté went on to state that he had been living with the Pawnees, and that they had come down to this neighbourhood to hunt, and also to steal horses from any other tribe they might be thrown in contact with. In their first object they had been perfectly successful; in the other they had no chance, not having fallen in with any other Indians. A council of war was consequently held whether they should not shift their quarters so far south as to be on the confines of some of the villages of North Mexico, where horses were

abundant, and seldom so carefully guarded as those of the Indians.

The arguments for and against this move were at their height—for you must know that, although a chief is always recognised by a tribe, or even a hunting party, few steps are taken without consulting all — when a young brave rushed in among them, indicating by his manner that he had news of such urgency as to demand immediate delivery. So the debate was deferred, and the messenger permitted to speak. He had been hunting antelope some distance to the westward, when suddenly he had discovered several hundred mustangs feeding in a meadow. Carefully sheltering himself among the chaparal, he searched for the encampment to which they belonged, and at length succeeded in finding it. Remaining in sight of it, he carefully watched everything that occurred in its vicinity. About four in the afternoon a solitary Indian arrived, his horse was marked with sweat, and otherwise indicated that he had performed a long and severe journey. Half an hour afterwards he left, accompanied by about forty of the tribe, and in the belief of the observer these were all the braves that the village contained. Thus a chance, such as seldom occurs, was offered us to obtain the desired horses. A few questions were asked our informant, and were at once satisfactorily answered, when, without further delay, we started on the adventure. The night was dark and blustering, just such an evening as we would have chosen for our purpose. When we reached the scene of operations, six or seven of the young men were told off to carry out the stam-

pede, while the rest of our force, about thirty in number, as soon as this was effected, were to dash in behind the frightened animals, and, adding to their alarm, drive them off towards our camp. In those days the Pawnees were three times as numerous as now, and if not the largest, were certainly the most fearless and most reckless tribe of Indians, their braves being known to penetrate into the heart of the tribes most hostile to them.

After we had waited in utter silence for half an hour, the welcome shouts announcing that the stampede had been effected reached our ears; a moment afterwards we heard the sound of hundreds of hoofs approaching us. Opening our ranks to let the troops pass through, we closed in their rear, and with whip, spur, and shout, drove them at their utmost across the plain to our encampment. It was soon reached, but here we could no longer remain in safety; so our lodges were struck without delay, and we hurried off upon our back track, such expedition being used, that twenty miles had been traversed from our last halting-place when the sun rose. Resting for an hour, we continued our forced march, not considering ourselves safe till at least a hundred and fifty miles intervened between us and the scene of our depredation.

To accomplish this took us several days of unremitting toil, and it is not to be wondered at, that all felt worn out. Conscious of security, every one threw himself down to rest, neglecting the precaution of setting sentries. But the Camanche, a branch of the very tribe that visited us to-day, had followed us, and taking

advantage of our defenceless state, dashed in among us, and not only recaptured their own cattle, but took ours as well. By the time our men had seized their weapons to put themselves on the defensive, the shouts and jeers of the successful raiders hurrying forward their prizes could be heard a mile off over the prairie. And narey one of them horses did we see again, and better still, had to foot it the whole way to the Pawnee Fork, and most got starved in doing it.

This story, similar to numbers that are told by those who are experienced in life upon the plains, was scarcely finished when a wild scream of pain rung through the camp. In a moment all were on their feet and dashing off in the direction from where it had emanated. In our course we passed the Indian boy, coming in the reverse direction; no attention was paid to this, for the child might have been frightened, and have been running away from the object that had excited his alarm. When we gained the spot from which the cry had proceeded, we found beside a half-burnt out fire two figures; one lay writhing with pain, another close by reclined on his elbow, and in no way offered to assist the sufferer.

A lantern was soon procured, and to the surprise of all, Madame Bonté was found to be the sufferer. At first she could not or would not speak, and grave suspicions were entertained that her companion, a half-breed, who through his sullen and revengeful disposition had made himself disliked by all, was the perpetrator of the outrage.

The click of many a pistol or rifle lock must have

been ominous to his ear that if he attempted to rise or leave his present resting-place he would have done so with small chance of his life. At length the confusion somewhat subsided, and the half-breed was questioned how the squaw had been stabbed; his response was brief and to the point.

"He and the boy had been sitting together when madame had joined them. For a supposed insult, soon after her arrival, she had beaten the boy. He had interfered to stop the punishment. She then left them, under the pretence of going to her own waggon, but soon after returned with a stick and re-commenced belabouring the child, holding him by the hair so that he was rendered incapable of resistance. I was about to separate them," he continued, "when madame gave a scream and fell down, releasing the boy, who immediately ran off."

The poor squaw confirmed this story, except that she gave it her own colouring, so that no doubt was left in our minds that the boy had stabbed her.

A hasty examination soon showed that the wound the unfortunate woman had received would be fatal; for the bowels protruded through an incision several inches long. Never before had I witnessed such a painful scene. By the flickering light a group of rough but kind-hearted men gazed down upon the unfortunate woman, each of whose respirations told how short a time she had to live."

Bonté despatched several persons to secure the assassin, but so long a time had elapsed that they failed in the attempt. The sentry reported having seen a

horse gallop past his post. The time accorded so nearly with that at which we had met the boy, that there was no doubt that it was he, and that he was now miles out on the prairie, and so safe till daylight from pursuit.

At sunrise the poor squaw died. There were none who did not regret her, still all thought she had brought her untimely fate upon herself.

The escape of the boy was deemed far better than his capture, for the deed, however culpable, was committed in self-defence.

His journey could be no short one, and his course was beset on every hand by danger, dangers that few mature and fully armed men would have attempted alone.

CHAPTER XII.

A FIGHT WITH THE CAMANCHES.

TWO nights after the events narrated in the last chapter, we were encamped upon the edge of a wide plain, which, although to the casual observer might have appeared level and smooth, was, on close examination, found to be intersected with deep and wide sand cracks; boulders large and numerous were scattered on all sides, while a dense dwarf *chaparal* brush, in patches, formed just such cover as would be considered desirable by the sportsman to assist him successfully to stalk the most wary descriptions of game. But that we had had two long forced marches entirely without water, a situation apparently so dangerous from its exposure to attack from Indians, would not have been selected; but where we halted there was a large pool abundantly fed by springs; so our coralling in this undesirable situation was more a matter of necessity than of choice.

The death of the poor squaw, and the flight of the lad, for whose safety we could not but feel anxious, notwithstanding the rash act he had committed, seemed to weigh heavily upon all of us, but of course particularly on our chief; for rough, passionate and stern as he was, I believe he loved both as much as his nature would permit him. However, his private grief did not prevent him from attending to his duties, and under his own

supervision double sentries were set around the coral, as soon as darkness set in; his parting words of instruction to each were, to keep a sharp look-out, or some would lose their scalp lock before morning.

About half-past ten the whole camp was alarmed by two shots fired in quick succession. In a moment all were under arms, but although we remained so for an hour, no further warning of the presence of a foe was given. Both the men who had discharged their rifles asserted that they had not only heard a noise similar to an Indian stealing through the brush, but that after watching carefully the place from where the sound appeared to emanate they distinctly made out the crouching figure of a man. Doubtless our enemies finding us on the *qui vive* had postponed their attack.

At midnight came my turn of duty. My post as sentry was behind a stone, the base of which was shrouded in tangled creepers. My companion and I soon made a tolerably comfortable resting place, each selecting a separate side of the rock, so that the approach to it on two sides was commanded. The night was calm and starlit; and but for the frogs, lizards, and crickets, it would have been as quiet as death. Hour flitted after hour till daybreak could not much longer be delayed, when a prairie wolf howled in front of us, and was answered by another on the left hand. These howls were of such frequent occurrence that they did not excite my attention. Again came another howl, to which several answers were made. I felt my foot kicked by my companion, a splendid specimen of the Missourian, who although not more than six or seven and

twenty, had spent at least half his life on the plains. I bent towards him to ascertain the object of his warning, and in a whisper he informed me that what I had supposed to be the howl of prairie wolves, was an Indian signal, and that I had better keep my eyes open.

I knew so well the character of the man that I felt convinced he was right, so if possible I increased my vigilance. Still nothing was seen, and I was beginning to hope that we were to have a quiet termination to our watch, when I saw, or thought I saw, a black man moving along the plain slowly, not over thirty paces from our position. The longer I gazed the more firmly I became convinced that what I saw was a man crouching on all fours, and so was hesitating whether I should fire or not, when again my comrade kicked me. At this signal I was about to take aim on the suspicious object when two kicks and a whisper, not to hurry, stopped me. Again all was still, when my fellow sentry told me *sotto voce*, "that he had spotted another, and we had better both give them some lead." I saw the muzzle of his rifle shoved forward, I advanced mine likewise, covering the red-skin in front of me, but waited for my companion to shoot before I pressed my trigger. For some time there was a painful silence, such as you could hear your heart beat in. At length the muzzle of my friend's rifle seemed to come down slowly, but steadily, almost to the level of the ground; he was taking sight, so I did likewise. Immediately afterwards the report of his gun broke the echoes, followed by mine a moment afterwards, but not sufficiently rapid to drown a shrill scream; such a cry as once heard is never to be for-

gotten, and tells but too plainly that a human being has received his death wound. We reloaded as rapidly as possible, but had scarcely got the powder in the barrels when a fire of over a dozen rifles opened in our rear. Our instructions were in such a case immediately to retire on the main body, but this we could not safely do till we had reloaded, nor could we be of any assistance to our comrades with empty rifles. So sending down our bullets as hurriedly as possible, we were about to leave our cover when three Indians from the direction of the camp passed us at the double without perceiving our lurking place. The Missourian restrained my impatience till they had got beyond us about ten paces, when he exclaimed, "Now, Johnny Bull, give it them hot." We both fired together, and two fell out of the three.

It was again necessary to load before leaving our shelter; this was soon accomplished, when we made a hurried but properly conducted retreat.

Our first fire had unquestionably saved our animals, for several Indians had got inside our lines and had succeeded in untying the greater number of them. The reports of our rifles had the double effect of causing all our comrades to arm themselves, and the red-skins within our lines who believed that they were discovered, to make a rush to escape: hence the straggling fire that we had heard. Until day broke we all remained under arms, for now that the attempt to carry off our cattle had failed, it was believed more than probable, especially if the Indians were in force, that they would make a dash upon us, and possibly by its suddenness, or by their numerical superiority, cause us to capitulate or fight in

such a disorganised manner as would give them a better opportunity to stampede the horses. The attempt was not made, but if it had been there was not a man amongst us that would not have resisted it to his last breath.

There was no further alarm, but the hostility of the Indians being established, every precaution was taken against further attempts.

In searching the brush after breakfast we found five dead Indians. One poor wretch shot through the back had crawled several hundred yards after receiving his death wound, his path being literally swamped with blood.

I fired at the back of the Indian that I last shot, so it was not improbable that I was his destroyer.

Our supply of fresh meat being exhausted, I determined to ride my mare, now fresh and in the hardest condition, with the hope of killing some antelope. I selected her because, as we were surrounded by hostile Indians, it was very probable that I might have to ride for my life. When I was about to start Serge wished to join me, mounted on such a horse as he possessed; I would not hear of it, so he bid me good-by, and I left the camp. Soon after I heard a voice hail me; I turned round to see from whom the challenge came. It was Bonté; I halted, and he immediately came up with me, "Look here, Johnny Bull," he said, "you'd better stop with the waggons, unless you want your hair riz. The boys, I guess, can live on salt pork for a while, so there's no need o' your going off to hunt."

"My mare can beat any mustang among the

Camanches I said, adding, "I won't go far at any rate, but some venison would be an immense improvement to our mess."

"So it would my young 'un, so luck go with you," and Bonté turned round and left me.

I pushed on for several miles. Antelope were abundant, but so wild that I could scarcely come within a quarter of a mile of them—good proof that the Indians were out in force, and scattered all over the country. By noon I found it would be useless to hunt further, for I dare not leave my mare to make a stalk, and without doing so I could not get close to game, so I turned about to seek the waggons.

A long way off, I could see the white line that denoted their whereabouts. The distance that severed me from them might be about five miles. To keep the mare in condition, and her breathing pipes clear, I gave her head, and away she pushed, pulling me nearly on her neck, from her anxiety to stretch her limbs. I commenced to feel as excited as herself, wishing a rasping jump would come in our way, such as would pound half a hunting field, when a yell was uttered from the left and returned from the right, and almost before I quite knew what it all was about, a number of red-skins, in all the glory of war-paint, were galloping at the utmost speed of their horses—one half coming up from the one side, the other half from the other—to intercept my course. There was still room to get through them, if I urged the mare. To do this or turn back were the alternatives. I chose the former, so I gave her her head, and touched her flanks with my heels, when she

covered the ground like a greyhound. Her speed was greater than I had anticipated, so that when I passed between the two bodies of meeting Indians nearly a hundred yards severed them. I was hesitating whether to fire among those to the left, who were nearest. My revolver was already in my hand to do so, and if I had done it without dismounting a man or killing a rider, then I am a worse shot than I suppose myself to be. But, no,—no blood-shedding again, I would have no more of, if I could help it; so I pushed my pistol back in the holster. I had scarcely done so when I became aware that the mare was shortening her stride. This caused me to look forward—having been occupied for the last few minutes in watching my pursuers—when before me I noticed an earth-crack. From where I was it looked a fearful chasm; but turn back I could not, so go at it I must. For the first time my mare learned that I had spurs on. Giving her a slack rein, I rushed her at it, at the hazard of her neck or my own, and without hesitation, as I gave her a cheer to encourage her in the effort, she cleared it like a deer.

I will not say that it was the widest jump ever made. Lottery, Chandler, and Chanticleer all did much bigger ones, and there are few hunting days in Leicestershire in which broader are not accomplished; but it was an ugly place to come at, awkward on the side to be lighted on, and, worse than all, totally unexpected.

Of course the Indians could not follow me, and if previously I felt reticence at using my pistol, I felt double pleasure now that I had not done so. But I did not get off scatheless. An arrow lodged in my

shoulder, and as all my efforts to get it out were unavailing I had to take it into camp. The trickling blood that flowed from the wound I believe I was as proud of as an Indian brave is of his first scalp.

"How wide was that jump?" said a lot of fellows that surrounded me, and wanted to know all particulars.

"About fifteen feet," I answered.

"Bah! any draft ox could do that. I thought it was at least fifty," said one of our roughest specimens.

"You had better go and try," was my response; and angry words were nearly following, when several proposed that I should get my jacket off, and the arrow removed. The heads of the arrows of the Camanches, with one of which I had been hit, are made of metal and barbed in several places, so that the blade of a knife had to be inserted to release their catches. However, the operation gave me little pain, and after its removal the hemorrhage almost entirely ceased.

Adventures seemed to come to me on every side, and none to Serge, for his occupation kept him ever with the waggons. Like Charley O'Malley I must have been a hero against my own will; but after all this is easily enough accounted for. As hunter I had to go in advance—it would have been useless to seek game in our rear, for our passage had disturbed it, and moreover, if any had been found and killed, what could be done with it if not on or near our route?

Our little French acquaintance, whom I have previously mentioned, informed me that he had a wonderful liniment that cured all diseases, from lockjaw to

hydrophobia, and that he would be happy to apply it to me. Believing that he was a thoroughly good fellow, and that he would not have volunteered applying his preparation unless he thought it would be beneficial, I consented. Bowing gracefully he retired, and after some minutes joined Serge and me, who were enjoying that solace to many mortal ills—tobacco.

"Gentlemen, I have brought my medicine. It will do you good—very much good," he said, and continued, "it is my duty as a Christian gentleman to do good. It affords me much pleasure to do good, and I will doctor you and soon make you very well. But remember, Monsieur," addressing himself specially to me, "it is for an individual Englishman I do this—for one person, not for the nation. Remember what I say; for the English peoples I hate. They imprison the Emperor—they make war with France, and I am a French *soldat.* Yes, monsieur, I hope my medicine will do you good—very much good. But remember what I say, it is for you, not your peoples I do it. For ever I am the enemy of your country."

This tirade over, the good little major—the enemy until death of my country—applied his liniment to my shoulder with a delicacy that would have done credit to the tapering delicate fingers of a sister or sweetheart.

After the Frenchman's back was turned, we could not help laughing at the trouble he took, and the vehemence he showed in letting me know that the service he performed was to the individual, not to the nationality to which he belonged.

After searching for game unsuccessfully for several

hours, I rejoined the waggons. It was when they were having a temporary halt before crossing a stream that was enclosed between rather precipitous banks, in consequence of which, pick-axes and shovels had to be brought into play to make the descent and ascent more accessible. For an hour all available hands had thus been employed, when a large force of Indians was discovered in our rear. Though numerically they far outnumbered ourselves, still we did not dread an attack from them, for well they must now be aware of the superiority of our arms and of our determination to fight, if called upon, to the bitter end.

Thus, as our foes kept at a respectful distance, our labours were continued till completed.

Soon after, a dozen of our waggons crossed successfully, but the thirteenth, that unlucky number, stuck so hard and fast that all the exertions of the teamster were futile. Again and again his whip cracked, and from his mouth he hurled words of encouragement and reproach, but all was unavailing, either the mules would not or could not start the waggon.

A pair of strong animals from another team were therefore unhitched, brought down to the waggon in distress, and made fast before the leaders. Whip cracking, shouts and yells ensued, still all their exertions, which appeared heartily given, but certainly not in concert, were unavailing, so the unfortunate waggon remained where it was. The wheels on the off-side had sunk so deep that it looked as if an upset was inevitable, so nothing could be done but dig them out. So a dozen stalwart fellows rushed into the stream, shovel in hand,

to effect this purpose; and soon would it have been accomplished, judging by their energy, when a shout was raised of Indians in front.

The men in the stream rushed to the opposite shore to secure their weapons, while those who had not yet entered the water were already prepared for the foe. And not a moment too soon; for, at least, a hundred and fifty Camanches in full career were charging upon the teams which had crossed.

Our position for such an encounter could not have been worse, a third on one side of a deep, sluggish, treacherous bottomed stream, and the remainder spread out over half a mile in single file; but for all that, the boys were not discouraged, and prepared to make the best defence possible under the circumstances.

All this had transpired on the opposite side of the river. I had not yet crossed, but I could see it distinctly. Each teamster stuck by his waggon, while underneath, one or other of them whoever was disengaged and near, took up his position.

Until the Indians came within fifty or sixty yards not a shot was fired; but when the discharge was opened, its effects could be pretty clearly learned by the number of riderless horses that could be seen scampering over the plain. Of course we, that is those who had not yet crossed, opened fire upon the assailants of our comrades, but our range being so much greater, it was proportionately less effective. The pluck of these Camanches was extraordinary. Again and again they charged up to the waggon wheels, and attempted to cut the traces that held the mules, and as often as this was

attempted, so often did the rash attempt leave a riderless horse to tell what had been his fate.

But while this was going on in our front, the string of waggons in our rear were hurriedly closing up, and it was fortunate that they were, for down upon us, charging in splendid style, and in as compact a body as a well trained regiment, came the force that had been hovering all morning in our rear. Our comrades across the river could evidently take care of themselves, and from the numbers who were about to assail us, it was questionable whether we could do as much.

Very few of our assailants were armed with guns; bows and arrows being the predominant weapons. Still their numbers so far exceeded ours that the odds of success long appeared to me to be in their favour, but our people to a man fought with the most determined resolution, the reports from each waggon telling how rapidly their fire was delivered, and their loading accomplished.

From the commencement of the attack on our side of the stream, I had taken shelter under a waggon, fourth or fifth from the ford, and facing the direction from whence our assailants came. At first, their object seemed to be to cut the traces of the mules in the rear teams, and my fire in consequence was at long range, but the strife lulling for a few moments, I made nearer to the place where had been the hottest of the fight, but ere I reached it, was charged by an Indian. With my rifle I shot him stone dead when within ten paces of me; but he was not alone, a few paces behind him followed half-a-dozen braves. I rushed under a waggon and drew

my revolver. In this position, I was alone, although several teamsters were within twenty or thirty yards. Still the Indians thought they were in this case to have it all their own way, for my rifle was empty, and in consequence, until it was loaded, I could do them no harm. Thus, two endeavoured to cut the traces of the mules, while the others tried to get a clear shot at me, but my revolver now came into play. The fellow who was labouring with a blunt knife to get the wheelers loose, fell at my first fire, the muzzle of my weapon not being ten feet from him. Stooping immediately afterwards to see that my foes had not dismounted to attack me from underneath my shelter, I detected a fellow in the very act of doing so. From between the spokes of the fore wheel I took aim; at the report he rolled over, but deeming him *hors de combat*, I did not give him another bullet. So far I had been alone, but others had witnessed how trying was my position, and consequently had rushed to my aid. This reinforcement turned the tide of battle in my immediate vicinity, those to whom the power was left making off as hurriedly as they had made their approach.

For fully ten minutes a desultory fire was kept up. At its termination, a few retreating and now distant Camanches could be seen, the fusilade being discontinued solely because they were beyond range.

Our victory was not a bloodless one; seven of our people were killed, or died from wounds received, but none parted with their scalps, while the foe must have lost quite fifty of their numbers.

If our men had not exhibited the most determined,

cool resolution, and fought with an obstinacy, that is explained by the circumstance that captivity by these Indians is equivalent to death, the result must have been disastrous. That I should have successfully played the part I did, was owing to those chances that ever will occur in action, and to my being the fortunate possessor of a revolver as well as a rifle.

Serge had been in almost a similar fix to myself, but had as successfully got out of it. Whenever there is anything unusually exciting going on, we are certain to be separated, but *n'importe*, it gives us two yarns instead of one to discuss over the camp-fire.

We had taught the Camanches such a lesson—one that for its severity they had seldom before received—that we scarcely expected that they would trouble us further.

In the evening we succeeded in getting the whole of the train over the creek, when a halt was called for the burial of the dead, and friend and foe were laid in the same grave. As too frequently happens in such affairs, those that we lost were those least able to be spared, whose gallant, indomitable nature had placed them first in the strife, and who had thus to bear the brunt of the onset. One of these was an old companion of Bonté's. As we laid the dead man in his last resting-place, a tear suffused the cheeks of our leader, and he exclaimed, "Aye, Will, I ne'er thought red-skin was born who would wipe you out;" but so it is, the hero of a hundred Indian fights has to succumb at last. Our life, after all, is but a lease, and who knows its length?

No Indians having been seen for several days after

the attack, our lives subsided into their accustomed channels; hunters went out as usual in search of game, and the waggons were to be seen straggling, their line extending sometimes for miles over the plain. As usual, at the hour the coral broke up, I started on my mare to hunt to the southward. Antelope again were abundant, and far from wild; so I soon killed a couple, as many as my mare could carry, and to enable her to do that I had to dismount. Weary with walking, and consequently slowly toiling along over the sun-parched plains, bathed in perspiration—for it was intensely warm—I could not help thinking of the stirring events I had witnessed since leaving home. In a few short months I had become more conversant with danger, and even with death, than many persons become in a lifetime; for had I not run the same risks as those that had fallen, and was it not *kismet*, luck, or whatever else it may be called, that saved me from being numbered with the slain? And if I had fallen, who was there to tell the dear ones I had left so many thousands of miles away, whether I fell in fair fight or by the hand of an assassin; whether I had received the honours of a grave or been left to feed the fowls of the air or beasts of the plain? And not knowing of my death, how long and patiently would they wait in hope that each succeeding day would bring news of the absent one, till hope deferred made the heart sick, and constant disappointment was followed by despair?

I could not help thus moralising; whenever the inclination came, I struggled manfully to get rid of it, but sometimes it would not go till active occupation

brought me relief. How much longer I might have gone on moralising it is impossible to say; but I was fortunately interrupted by the appearance of what to me looked amazingly like buffalo.

In winter these animals frequently come as far south as our present position; but at this season it is extremely rare to find them here, for the grasses from protracted drought are almost without sustenance, and the heat is unbearable to an animal so thickly coated; but if it was not buffalo, what was it? Some description of the bovine family certainly. The unknown animals were some distance out of my route; so, as the hour was still early, and my mare fresh, I resolved to find out of what species they were, and if possible to secure one or more for our teamsters, whose allowance of fresh meat lately had been very limited.

Believing that I should probably return by the way I came, I untied the antelopes from my nag's back, and placed them one on the top of the other, tying my representative of a pocket-handkerchief to the horns of the uppermost, with the hope that the signal might attract some of our people, and thus save me the trouble of packing them back to camp. I knew also that the pluckiest of prairie wolves during daylight, and probably even after dark, would give the carcases a wide berth while under the protection of such a banner.

Getting once more in the saddle dispelled the languor and depression I had suffered from; and the relief from her burden seemed to have the same effect upon my mare, which had exchanged twenty stone of dead for ten of live weight.

Getting well down in my saddle, I kept her together, for the ground was rough and full of burrows; and away over the plain she galloped as if to do so was the pleasure of her life; and with such strength and freeness of action, as to impress the rider with the belief that she could keep up her pace for ever.

Thus the space between me and the unknown animals would soon have been traversed, but I had to make a detour for the sake of obtaining the advantage of wind, and gaining cover to conceal my approach.

Ragged, weather-beaten, and travel-stained as my mare looked the day I purchased her, I took a great fancy to her—true I could not have afforded to purchase a high-priced animal, still I would not have bought her, however cheap she might have been, if I had not thought it impossible for her with such a form to turn out badly. If I liked her then I doated upon her now, and although I did not spare her when it was necessary to call upon her utmost powers, I seldom touched her flank with my spur that I did not regret having to do so.

The love of the Arab for his mare is neither surprising nor peculiar to his race; for any one among Americans or Britons, those who follow out-door life upon the plains, whose companion his horse becomes, would no more be tempted to part with his treasure, than the dweller in tents upon the skirts of *Zarah*.

Day by day the mare had improved, care and attention combined with a good constitution had done this; till she was now fit "to go for a man's life," as the western expression is. I would not wish any one to

think she could win a Derby or the Liverpool Grand National; but with twelve stones on her back and ten miles to go, particularly if the ground were rough, she was admirable. Every day I thought she had reached her best; this day she surpassed all her former performances, and I knew I had a treasure whose loss I could probably never replace.

But to the game; for when I get upon the subject of the mare, I fear that like many other, I am apt to ride my hobby. Instead of buffalo, as I had anticipated, to my surprise I found them to be common cattle; but their manner, the rapidity with which they moved, the startled, deer-like stare with which they gazed about, told me that they were wild.

On the lower plains of Mexico, wild cattle are in some localities abundant. In Sonora they are reported to be quite common; but not having heard any of my comrades round the camp fires speak of them as occurring along our present route, I had not expected to find them. Still those of our teamsters who had travelled further to the south had many a story to narrate of their speed, ferocity and watchfulness.

Being now aware of the game I had to deal with, and not being ignorant of their habits, it behoved me to take every precaution in my approach, so as to get as close to them as possible before they were aware of my presence.

Turning off to the right I found a dry ravine. Its bottom was extremely rough and unsuited for riding; still as it apparently led in the course I desired, I followed it for half-a-mile, when I discovered it had no

outlet; in other words that I was in a cul-de-sac. Retracing my steps to where I entered it, I again had a look at the cattle. Something, from their manner, I had no doubt had alarmed them; for although they had not removed far from their former position, still they had come close together, ceased to feed, and were gazing fixedly in one direction, as if in it they saw something objectionable. For some time I halted, wondering what it could be; but when I noticed that the direction their eyes were fixed must be about the head of the ravine whence I had just returned, I considered it more than probable that their acute ears must have heard the noise my mare's feet made among the numerous boulders.

Finding now that the game were really alarmed, it was necessary to be more cautious; so getting off my mare I led her as quietly as possible up an adjoining ravine till I supposed I must be opposite my quarry. Leaving the mare below I clambered up a very steep acclivity to take observations. From my position I found I was out of range, and that the intermediate ground between me and them was too bare and smooth for a stalk. Worst of all, I could not distinguish how I was to better myself.

Returning to the mare I searched for a place where she could ascend; for I had resolved now to ride them down, no other course being open for me. After a lengthened search I succeeded, and at length stood within a few feet of the summit.

Looking to my girths to see they were tight, I quietly mounted. Next instant we were on the plain, and the

cattle galloping off at racing speed. Between me and them was a rock, a foot and a half, or probably more, projecting from the ground. In my course I had to pass it; and as I did so, almost from among my horse's feet sprang up a puma. So quick was my mare that she half jumped, half shied over it, and came so near throwing me, that for several seconds I hung by one leg. A vigorous effort brought me back again into my seat, but I had little time to think of this unexpected *rencontre*. There were the cattle going their best, and no contemptible pace it was; so if fresh meat was to be procured, I had no time to lose.

The ground for the first mile and a half was splendid galloping; and by the time that space was traversed scarcely a hundred paces severed me from the rearmost, a heifer with a stern upon her as broad as a barn door. Singling her out for my prize, I endeavoured to gain her flank, but the ground again becoming rough and broken, I was obliged to moderate my pace, while the cattle seemed to improve theirs. At length I could almost touch her tail with my gun, a prick of the spur to my mare's flank and a loose rein to her bridle, and I shot alongside. Holding my rifle at arm's length I pulled the trigger, the ball struck her in the barrel, but too far back; the only result it produced being a most vicious and rapid charge. The mare took care of me and herself, for the whole thing was so unexpected that I in no way assisted her, and we both escaped scatheless. Reverting to her original course the cow followed her companions, and I her, availing myself of the opportunity to re-load.

Again regaining her flank I fired, provoking as previously a charge, but not nearly so quick or protracted a one; still the pace of the animal with two bullets in her was so lively that I began to fear that all my labour would be thrown away.

By this time the country had commenced to change much in appearance, for we had descended from table land to a long strip of meadow, through which ran a wide stream. On the water margin were several large clumps of rushes, seven or eight feet high, fifty or sixty yards wide, and so dense that you could not see into them more than a few feet. The leading cattle passed these without paying any attention to them, but the beast I had peppered no sooner was abreast of them, than turning abruptly from her former course, she dashed into them, and in a moment was out of sight. That she would remain in such cover for shelter I very much doubted, so I gained the water's margin, hoping she would try to ford the stream. After keeping anxious watch for quite a quarter of an hour, I discovered she had no such intention; thus there was nothing left for me but to retrace my steps to where she had entered the reeds. I had just got opposite the place, riding close by the margin of the cover, when my mare almost sprung from under me and dashed off into the open at racing speed. The cause of this unusual proceeding I did not know, and I was for some moments too intent on retaining my seat to turn my head to learn what had happened; but when I did so I saw my late antagonist retiring slowly back into the cover. Again I rode towards her ambush to try and induce her to come

forth, and so get a shot at her, but this she was too cunning to do, unless I was so close that the mare dared not stand for me to fire.

Evening was coming rapidly, and as I had many miles to ride before regaining the waggons, it became necessary to adopt without delay some other means of securing my prey. This, as I believed, could only be done by stalking her on foot through the rushes. The course was a dangerous one, but still I did not like being beaten, and that by—well it was not exactly a tame cow. To follow out this plan I took my mare some way off and hobbled her, then striking into the reeds for a few feet, some distance below where my foe was sheltered I silently stole up on hands and knees to her position. I had taken care that the wind favoured me, for without doing so, such a course would have been certain destruction.

At length I gained the place where I expected to find her. Cautiously I parted the reeds, and peering through them believed I got a glimpse of her form; still I was not certain enough to shoot, so I crawled a few paces closer, and no doubt remained that my game was before me. Pushing the barrel of my rifle before me, so as to bring the stock to my shoulder, I unfortunately broke a reed, for something cracked. In an instant the cow's head came down, and although I don't think she saw me, she kept her eyes fixed upon the place I occupied. I wished at the time we had been fifty yards apart. I do not believe that we were five, and as she commenced slowly to back, a proceeding that I thought indicated an intention to charge, I fired at her forehead, jumping at

the same instant several paces downward, and it was fortunate I did so, for in a second after she passed me headlong through the body of the smoke, and she must have impaled me had I remained in the place whence I had shot.

Suddenly the reeds ceased to rustle and break, inducing me to believe that my semi-domesticated foe had not gone far, and was still on the look-out for her adversary. So loading as rapidly as I could, I prepared myself for emergencies. I was not long on the watch when I heard the reeds rustle; the cow had doubtless winded me, and was in search of my hiding place. Cowering as closely to the ground as possible I waited, somewhat nervous as to the results, when I saw her head. A few paces more would bring her on me; yet there was no vulnerable spot exposed. However, fire I must, and I did so, springing again downward, as it was still necessary to do, for the foe, though now disabled, being game to the last, had used her dying effort to precipitate herself upon her foe.

It was as dangerous an affair as I had ever been engaged in, and the experience taught me a lesson, that never again with a single-barrelled light-bore gun would I engage in thick cover any of these thoroughly wild descendants of tame ancestors.

Bringing up my mare, I made the lariat rope fast to the cow's horns, and after some trouble drew her out to the edge of the reeds. She was a splendid animal five or six years old; barren, for her udders did not appear ever to have held milk; while she was almost as fat as if she had been stall-fed.

Marking well the place, and hanging my waistcoat on a rod stuck in the soil close by to warn off prowlers, after possessing myself of the tail and tongue, I made for camp, which I had the fortune to discover much nearer than anticipated. I had, moreover, the satisfaction to learn that the antelopes had been found, so that we had meat to make the body strong, and Bonté furnished rum to cause the tongue to wag, while by the camp fire, and subsequently to Serge, I told my day's adventures over and over again, and I doubt much if they lost anything by the frequent repetition.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIANS IN CAMP.

NONE of the hunters having reported the discovery of any signs of Indians during their various excursions around our route, discipline became more and more relaxed; in fact we had now been so long on the journey that it would have required a person with unusual powers to enforce it, or to keep, even in a comparative degree, such a reckless "devil-may-care" set of men in order.

Bonté exerted himself, however, to this end; he pointed out to them not only their lives, but the lives of the whole party were dependent upon their zeal in following out his instructions. But too often his advice was thrown away, sometimes laughed at, and on several occasions openly disobeyed. Bonté could not by any means be considered a hard task-master; but we had several among us who were not only mutinous themselves, but endeavoured to sow the seeds of insubordination among others,

The blustering blackguard who had picked a quarrel with the little Frenchman, now universally known as the Count, was the first to provoke our chief's wrath. I was standing by at the time this occurred. It was in this manner—

The waggon which this blackguard drove got fast in some miry ground, and as it was one of the foremost,

brought the remainder of the train to a stand still. Bonté from his place in the van returned to learn the cause of the delay, and when he discovered it dismounted, took off his hunting skirt, and with a will used all his powers to extricate the mired wheel; while its driver sat still looking on as if it were none of his business, and coolly smoking his pipe. "Come bear a hand here, I think with a lift together we can get it free," said the owner; but the other, in the most non-chalant manner, responded, "I guess I've got to have my smoke out first."

"Never mind the pipe till you get started, come hung up, all the teams are waiting for you," Bonté responded.

"Well, let them wait," was the laconic answer of the fellow.

Bonté was not a man of many words. Walking up to the recusant driver, he asked in the quietest possible manner, "Whether are you or am I boss here? Come, be quick—for I have no time for fooling."

"Darn me if I know," was the response.

"Well, I do," exclaimed the employer, felling the fellow to the earth.

Several now came to the assistance of our chief, so the waggon was released and forward we moved, leaving its teamster stretched at length upon the ground, and trusting when he came to himself he would both be a wiser and a better man. But the warning was lost; for half-an-hour afterwards he rushed, knife in hand, at Bonté, round the tail board of the waggon, which he had continued, during the temporary retirement of its teamster, to attend to.

But an old hand on the plains like Bonté was not easily to be taken by surprise. Before the assassin was within five paces of him he was aware of his presence, and although carrying a brace of revolvers did not attempt to draw one. But rushing towards his foe, he clasped his armed hand by the wrist, and gave it a sudden wrench that made the weapon describe a sommersault through the air. When he released his powerful grasp, the arm that had aimed the base blow fell powerless and broken by the side of its owner. No further punishment was bestowed, but more was taught in that brief lesson than it sometimes takes years to learn.

If Bonté had drawn his pistols and shot his assailant dead no one would have been surprised, and many would have approved of his doing so. That he would have been justified in such a course there can be no doubt; but though strong he proved himself merciful, and so gained favour with many who previously regarded him with indifference.

Like a protracted voyage at sea, so a long journey by land has a great tendency to try people's tempers. Subordinates as well as those in command usually suffer from the exhaustion of their patience; but in our chief we had an exception to the rule.

Towards evening when we were forming our camp, several Indians with their squaws were seen approaching us over a neighbouring bluff. Their numbers being insignificant they were permitted to come within our enclosure. As usual the love of tobacco, spirits, and gunpowder was the motive of their visit. They were a

ragged, dirty lot, and their half-starved horses, combined with their own attenuated figures, proved that for some time they had been on starvation allowance.

When our arrangements had been made for the night, and horses and mules driven in from their evening pasture, all crowded round the visitors.

A tall, well-built Missourian, a most powerful fellow, but far from prepossessing in looks, having a settled scowl on his features, still a man that no amount of work or exposure seemed to have any influence upon, was among the last who came to have a look at the redskins. No sooner was he noticed by one of the squaws, a woman about thirty, than she rushed forward, and clasping him round the waist, clung to his side.

The lady being neither attractive, well-dressed, nor particularly clean, a laugh ran round the by-standers, but neither of the promoters of the merriment seemed to regard it. In the meantime the squaw had been murmuring unintelligible expressions, obviously of endearment, which were answered in the same strain; while the husband of the woman looked on the tender pair, with evidently anything but approval in his gaze.

At length time came for the Indians to leave camp. This the woman refused to do; but, in spite of all her husband could say, persisted in remaining with her lost lover, and he was equally anxious to retain her. From what we could learn, this squaw had left her husband before for this Lothario, and resided with the latter for some time, reverting again to her former protector when the Missourian had left their country. Now that the lost one had been found, she wished to establish the

same intimacy, and our comrade was evidently quite willing to meet her half-way. But whatever the disposition of her proper spouse had been in past years, it was apparent that he would oppose to the utmost of his powers any attempt to renew the intrigue. Thus high words commenced to be bandied about, and threatening menaces exchanged. The dispute reaching the ears of Bonté, he presented himself upon the scene, and insisted that all Indians, whether male or female, should forthwith leave the camp. "It was a standing order," he stated, "that they had commenced their journey with, to avoid such connections, and he was resolved to enforce it till our destination was reached." The interested teamster growled, and many of his comrades did not hesitate to express themselves in the strongest terms in opposition to what they openly designated an act of tyranny.

"No," said Bonté, when appealed to again by the newly-discovered lover, "every Indian must leave camp forthwith."

But it was no easy matter to get the squaw out, for she clung to her long-lost friend, while it looked dangerous in the extreme to approach him.

"Will you send that woman out?" said Bonté.

"Ain't you a pretty one to turn out another man's squaw? Ha'nt you had one yourself with you up to a week or two since, and an Indian squaw, too? and now she's gone, you want to prevent others doing the same. If you are game to take her from me, do, d—n you."

Bonté, after this speech, turned on his heels to go to the waggon for his arms; and it was evident that,

unless something unexpected occurred, there would be bloodshed before long.

The better minded portion of the assembly resolved to do their utmost to prevent the affair going further; so some followed Bonté to mollify, if possible, his rage, while others used their influence to induce the now enraged teamster to give in.

After some time he appeared to give way, particularly when one of his boon companions reminded him that at Santa Fé he would have a chance to pay the Boss out on even terms. This speech turned the tables, and the squaw, being let go, unwillingly departed with her husband. Scarcely had her back been turned when Bonté again appeared upon the scene. In his hard, firm features was marked that resolution that all knew he possessed, and which said, as plainly as words could do, that he would be master, if he should die in the effort to maintain his authority.

Fortunately some one had told him that the squaw was gone, but this he had not learned till he was again among us; so, saying nothing to the man who had set his authority at defiance, he was about to retrace his steps, when the other called after him—

"Look here, Boss, don't you be thinking that I sent that 'ere squaw away because I was afraid of you and your shooting irons, because I aint—and there's plenty here knows it; but I didn't want a muss and some of the boys beside ourselves put under, that's a fact; but don't you be thinking that it's all over, for it aint, old hoss. When you pay up at Santa Fé, we'll see, if

we live to get there, whether Boss Bonté is a better man than this here coon."

"As you like, and when you like, but better then than now," was the answer of the employer.

Few who saw what had taken place, and knew the characters of each of the men engaged in the quarrel, doubted for a moment that the feud would be renewed, as threatened; and the probability was that one or both of these men would fall, for duelling is not conducted here as in Europe. It was impossible to anticipate such an event without regret, for both were splendid specimens of our race, powerful and fearless, and the cause of the quarrel, as might be said ninety-nine times out of one hundred, was a woman.

Although still in the country of the Camanche, we had passed the dangerous portion of it, the debateable ground, on which are often to be found war parties of different tribes, all anxious for bloodshed; for here they come with the hope of obtaining scalps as the means of acquiring rank and honour among their people.

A scalp being very far from an ornamental decoration, it must astonish the uninitiated that they are so much sought after. The reason is this—among the majority of tribes a man is not a brave until he has taken a scalp; and not being a brave, he is unworthy to ask a dusky fair one of his race to become his squaw. A scalp the suitor must have taken, or the object of his adoration will reject him, and her parents will treat his overtures for their daughter's hand as an insult.

The consequence is that all young Indians seek the

first available opportunity to go on the war-path, and when hostilities with their neighbours do not occur, a number of youths will band themselves together, and go hundreds of miles to gain the desired prize. On these occasions they are far from particular who are their victims; for in these vast untenanted flats and sparse woodlands, who is to tell whether they have drawn their bow or their knife upon a member of a friendly tribe or of a hostile one? The hair of the different tribes of Indians differs little in texture and colour; thus the scalp of an Ossaye may be called that of a Potawalamie; that of a Mandan, the scalp of a Sioux.

It is a scalp, and the taker of it tells his own story when he reaches his home; it is displayed before the members of his tribe, and who among them can dispute his assertion? It is known by all that he has been absent for months; to go and return from the hunting-ground frequented by the tribe from whom it is represented to have been taken, would take that amount of time. This is regarded as confirmatory evidence of the truth of his statement, while possibly the aspirant for promotion to the dignity of brave has never been fifty miles from home, and now produces the scalp of some unfortunate squaw of a friendly tribe who has been waylaid on her way to or return from the spring that supplies her lodge with water, or while she has been driving the horses of the little community of which she is a member to or from their pasture ground.

It is true that nearly all tribes have different ways of dressing their scalp-locks; so different that many of

the experienced traders and trappers can distinguish at a glance by this appendage to what tribe a person belongs. When this is the case with white men, no one will deny that among Indians, who are much keener in external observation, the people to whom a scalp belonged would readily be recognised, if it remained unaltered. But the scalp-taker knows this well, and at once proceeds to remove any insignia belonging to a friendly, and to replace them with those of a hostile, tribe.

Few questions, I am inclined to believe, are asked. The Indians love a pow-wow, followed by general rejoicings, and here is an excuse for it. The young man has presented his credentials, and without quibble, forthwith he is decorated with the order he has coveted.

Among the southern Indians, such as have their homes in Sonora, Northern Mexico and Northern Texas, a white man's scalp is highly valued; among those in the north, except the Crows and Blackfeets, they are not so, from what I can learn. Although many faint-hearted young Indians may stay near home to obtain the prize they seek, all do not do so. Many go upon the border, or neutral grounds between different tribes, where they can find many opportunities to seize their prize.

The bravery of Indians, as a rule, is difficult to decide upon. Sometimes they do the most daring things, at other times they do the reverse. That fifty of them will haunt a man to the death, whereas two or three will hesitate often in attacking a white trapper, is a known fact. If we were armed only with bows and

arrows, or old and not infrequently crooked barrelled muskets, with powder made not to throw a ball over the most limited distance, it is quite possible we might not evince much more courage than they do.

The white men, even in much smaller numbers, have so great an advantage that we can hardly blame the Indians for not attacking them, unless with a greatly superior force.

Again, the Indian is physically not nearly as strong as we are; so that if in a contest between a white and red man both got disarmed, the former would have the result of the battle entirely in his power.

I do not for a moment wish to save the Indians from the aversion or even hatred with which they are usually regarded; for there is no doubt that they are a cruel, vindictive, blood-thirsty race, who never spare age or sex, unless under extraordinary circumstances, as when they fear that the relatives of their prisoners are sufficiently numerous to retaliate.

This is so frequently the case on the United States frontier, that they have ceased to a great extent to persecute the small farmers and settlers; for they know that they cannot do so with impunity, but on the frontier of Mexico, it is almost a daily occurrence for them to make descents upon the villages, and not only carry off all the cattle they can lay their hands upon, but also the women, and to kill and scalp all the males that fall into their hands.

The Mexicans are a cowardly, ignorant, and superstitious people, and have never been able to inspire the same respect among the Indians as the Americans.

CHAPTER XIV.

SANTA FÉ AT LAST!

As I have said, we had at last gained a country where the Camanche were less numerous and dangerous, and where it was improbable that braves from other tribes were to be met with, and as fresh food, that desideratum to the hard-worked and weather-exposed traveller, was in great demand, having first learned our probable route, I determined, with the consent of Bonté, to make a forced march ahead of some hours, then commence hunting, and wait for the arrival of the waggons.

No sooner was my purpose known than over the camp fire the night before I left, several attempted to dissuade me from it; but once having stated my intention, nothing would induce me to draw back. And there can be no doubt my reputation for courage would have sunk even in the estimation of those who advised me against going, if I had listened to their advice.

"Go I would and chance it," I stated.

"Well, Johnny Bull, you'll lose the number of your mess, that's a fact, and your mother and sisters will have a good cry over you, leaving alone that chubby red-faced girl that you promised to love for ever and a day; but there's not so much harm in that, for after you're gone there'll be more fixings for all of us here, and a chance for some other gaining the heart of that sweetheart of yours, and these comely girls of yours are

tarnation nice, wish I was there, I do, that's a fact. Guess our minister would put me into something fat." So spoke one of our best tempered, most chaffing comrades, one that loved his grog and tobacco, but was not accredited with much go-a-headness, but in the earlier part of his speech all concurred; so I almost commenced to wish I had not thought of such a trip, or asked permission to undertake it.

One fellow, a rough boor of the half-horse, half-alligator type, made me feel inclined to be savage, when he made the remark, "that if I didn't care about losing my own scalp, he didn't see the right, d—n him if he did, to risk losing such a mare as mine to the squad."

After having cleaned my arms and made all necessary preparations for an early start, I retired to my waggon early, and was about to close my eyes when I perceived some one parting the cover that hung over the back board.

"Are you asleep Jack?"

"No, not yet; will be soon though," I answered the unknown.

"Well, wake up for a moment," was the response.

"Sooner not, for I have to make an early start," I replied.

"I know you have, old fellow, I won't keep you long, it is me, Serge, Serge Soldatenkoff. I want to have ten minutes' talk with you, not an instant more," and he crept into the waggon and lay down upon the baggage beside me.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, old fellow, for I

know you require as much rest as possible; but I have made up my mind to go with you to-morrow, now don't say no," for I made an uneasy turn on my resting place which he seemed to construe into my disapproval of his proposition.

"I have asked Bonté, and he has given me his consent," moreover, he added, "that if he had not already given you permission to go he would refuse to sanction your proceeding so far ahead of the teams, but as it was so, it was better by long odds that you had a companion. So you see I am resolved to go with you, and if there are any adventures on hand this time I shall have a chance of participating in the fun. Bonté has lent me one of his best horses, so my mount cannot as formerly be made the ground for declining my company. Good night, pleasant dreams, never fear, I shall be ready at cock-crow."

Serge was true to his promise, I had not a moment to wait for him; so before the sun had well cleared the eastern horizon, we were both in the saddle and riding nearly due south-west.

I was very glad of such a companion. From our avocations being so different I had not seen half as much of my friend since we had joined the train at St Joseph's as I desired; true, we frequently had a pipe and a chat over the watch fires, but our intercourse seldom amounted to more, for both were too tired to spend much time in talking of bye-gone days.

Game was remarkably scarce and wild; however, Serge, at long range, made two beautiful shots, each killing an antelope, which he soon had fast to the

cantles of our saddles; and as it was now noon, and as there was no prospect of further sport, we resolved to seek shelter and eat our lunch. The horses we tied to some brush, giving them as much line as possible, so as to permit them to eat what herbage was near; while stretched upon the grass we enjoyed our ease without much thought of dignity.

Serge had made up his mind to leave Bonté at Santa Fe, and wished me to do likewise; of course we were both justified in such a course, for there our engagements terminated, unless we chose to renew them.

The only objection I could make to such a step was want of funds. However my companion would not listen to this, he had sufficient to take us both to San Francisco, and there he was certain a remittance would await him.

Thus being overruled in my objection, I surrendered at discretion, and we pleasantly chatted about the future and the good things it had in store for us.

An hour might thus have passed when Serge, without the slightest warning, raised his rifle and instantly fired. I cast my eye forward to know what he aimed at. Beside the horses lay an Indian apparently dead, while another was in the act of untying my mare. In a moment I had a bead upon him; but although I disabled the red-skin, still I had done no more. With one accord we rushed to the horses, we had scarcely reached them when half a dozen howling savages came at us. So close were they that we had not time to mount. Blood they were evidently resolved to have, and calculated that there was no difficulty in obtaining it, now

that our rifles were empty; but here my revolver, which I had shoved into Serge's hands, came into most effectual play. The first two shots each brought down a man. In the meantime I was not idle, for I had got both the horses together, tied up their lariat ropes, and cut the antelopes adrift. Thus we were almost ready to mount when a fresh sortie was made by the savages, reinforced by two more. I never saw more perfect pistol practice than Serge made; no, not even in a shooting gallery. Talk about coolness, there was not a pulse in his body going faster than usual, nor ever did eye and hand work more perfectly together.

Again the Indians recoiled. Mount now Serge, I'll hold your horse till you get in the saddle. Are you all right? look to the remaining barrels of the revolver, we may need it if they try to cut us off. But there was no need of the advice, we were soon free of the brush, and the open prairie was before us.

These Indians did not use their bows and arrows, apparently, because they did not wish to wound the horses; and felt confident that without doing so they would make us prisoners.

It was a sharp affair while it lasted; and never had man before had a better companion to assist him through such an ordeal than I had in Serge.

Game now became visibly scarcer day by day, hordes of wild horses taking its place. I several times tried to get a shot at them, but failed from their extreme shyness. I also made an attempt to gallop one down, and although I certainly beat it in pace, it led me such a chase through the very roughest kind of stone-covered

country, that I was compelled to give up the pursuit for fear the mare should injure herself.

One of the hunters was more fortunate than myself, for he knocked over a fine four-year-old filly, the flesh of which was extremely good, and made a most welcome addition to our commissariat.

For some time one day had been a repetition of its predecessors, which with the monotonous similitude of the country, made all most anxious for a sight of Santa Fé. It was Sunday afternoon when this desire was gratified, and two hours before sunset we were out upon the plaza. As in all Roman Catholic countries Sunday afternoon is a great holiday, and the large crowd that immediately surrounded us, all decked out in their best clothes, the brilliancy of the colour of the dresses of both males and females formed a pleasant contrast to the dull-coloured walls of the adobe houses.

Santa Fe had then a population of about 5000, a large portion of which derived its subsistence from the overland trade with the United States. I do not think that it had any very wealthy citizens, although several were reported to possess large haciendas in the country, stocked with innumerable cattle and horses. But such property must be very uncertain here, for the Camanches to the east and Arapahoes to the west, throughout the summer are making incursions in every direction, and appropriating whatever they can lay their hands upon.

The proprietor and his shepherds on the alarm of Indians being given, can secure their safety by rushing into the *hacienda* and barricading the doors; but they

cannot at a few minutes' warning collect their flocks, scattered possibly over many thousands of acres.

Thus he who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow, for the Mexicans never think of opposing or fighting the Indians, even although they are equal in numbers. In truth there is no use denying the fact that Mexican men are the greatest cowards to be found on the earth, while extraordinary to say, the women are exactly the reverse. But if these men fear to fight openly, they are cut-throats, robbers, and assassins of the very worst kind; and I believe these occupations, with gambling, compose their favourite amusements.

They are also exceedingly superstitious, and submit without murmur to the most tyrannical control of the priests, who are a dirty, ignorant, bigoted, and sensual class. The costume of the people of Santa Fé is almost identical with the picturesque dresses in use in the south of Spain. The men are frequently tall, and generally well formed; but there is a want of intelligence in their faces, which are distinguished instead by a forbidding scowl or hang-dog expression; on the other hand the young women are invariably pleasing, often very pretty, sometimes really beautiful; but their charms soon fade, so that soon after passing middle age they become the most forbidding hags. The children are very swarthy. Those of the lower classes, play about the streets till eight or nine years of age, almost in a state of nudity.

One broad, long street passes through the centre of the town, from which minor ones diverge at right angles. The houses are much scattered, built out of adobe or sun-dried bricks, square in form, with flat roofs—the

favourite lounging and gossiping place of the owners. The dwellings of the wealthier are also square, but enclose a court yard, not unfrequently anything but ornamental; for if its owner is in business or owns stock, it is, according to the weather, a mass either of dust or mud.

In front of the cathedral, a very tawdry and unattractive building, is a large square. Here our mules were unhitched, and the waggons placed in such position as might be most convenient for carrying on the forthcoming trade.

Scarcely was this accomplished when all the teamsters wandered off in search of drink and debauchery. Scarcely an hour elapsed afterwards when they might have been seen returning to camp in the most fearful state of inebriation, accompanied by numerous acquaintances they had made during their short visit.

To the least observant eye it was quite evident that it was only a question of time, if such conduct continued, when there would be a disturbance between our people and the inhabitants. Thus Serge and I resolved to keep aloof, obtain our discharges as soon as possible, and leave Santa Fé as soon after as our arrangements would permit.

The next day being the anniversary of the birth of a favourite saint, the afternoon was to be devoted to horse racing, chasing the bull, and a game called *el gallo*.

Of the first much cannot be said, save that running was made from start to finish; that the horses, although not fast, were enduring, and under wonderful control. The second sport, chasing the bull, was wondrously

exciting, and afforded an admirable opportunity for a display of the adroitness of these people on horseback, for which they have long been celebrated.

A bull is turned loose upon the plain. At a signal a dozen or more horsemen dash after it, when the animal, becoming alarmed, uses its utmost exertions to escape from its pursuers. But this is not to be, for the horses are the swifter, and one after another of the riders comes closer and closer to the now terrified bull. At last the leading horseman is within reach of the unfortunate animal's tail. The rider bends forward in the saddle, and with sudden effort catches the tail by the tassel, which he passes in some marvellous manner under his off leg, when wheeling his horse sharply off to the left, the bull is instantaneously thrown on his back, not unfrequently completing a sommersault. Again and again the poor frightened beast regains its legs, and as often is thrown, till, exhausted and panting, it is incapable of further exertion, when its throat is humanely cut.

The object of this sport is not only to prove the speed of the horses, but also the horsemanship of the riders, which truly is marvellous.

El gallo, or the cock, is not dissimilar. One of these birds is turned loose upon the plain, several hundred yards in front of the pursuers. When the signal is given, away dash the equestrians after it. Every man and horse strains his utmost to be first. At length the leader approaches the prize; over the flank of his horse he hangs till his figure can scarcely be seen. At length his opportunity arrives, and he makes an effort to seize

the bird; but in this he fails, for the fowl at the moment turns off abruptly, and so baulks the attempt. Another and another are equally unsuccessful, till the poor cock becoming exhausted is ultimately captured. Then comes the cruel part of the performance, for the effort of the successful rider is to take his prize back to the starting place—that of the other competitors is to prevent him from accomplishing this task. If the possessor of the bird is mounted on the fastest horse, then the difficulty of his task is not great; but if, which is more frequently the case, his horse is outpaced by several of the others, a struggle takes place to deprive him of his reward, in which the unfortunate fowl is certain to be torn to pieces.

That the Mexicans are splendid horsemen cannot be denied. But their seat is entirely different from what we are accustomed to, for they ride with a very long stirrup, consequently with a straight leg, and with the body thrown forward. The cantle and tree of their saddle is very high, and the space separating them only sufficiently wide for the rider to get between them. The bit, again, is a terrible weapon, and is said to be sufficiently powerful to break a horse's jaw. Whether this is so or not, I have seen a horse, while galloping at his utmost speed, pulled up upon his haunches in an instant.

While Serge and I were watching with considerable interest all these performances, we perceived a stranger whose attire was neither American nor Mexican. His dress was English, with the exception of a few Mexican additions, such as a long scarlet scarf wrapped tightly

round his waist, while his head was protected from the sun by a wide sombrero. His complexion was very fair, and his manner was decidedly that of a gentleman. Several times he approached us as if with the intention of entering into conversation; then he withdrew as if doubtful how we would receive his advances. Whenever anything occurred that had struck him as worthy of admiration, he exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "By Jove," and stroked his downy moustache. At length, through the bustling of the crowd, we were forced together, when, taking off his hat, he said, "Pardon me, gentlemen. Countrymen, I believe—Englishmen."

"I am; but my friend is Russian," I answered.

"The same thing—the same thing exactly. My name is Philip Upton—I am delighted to make your acquaintance, I am so beastly lonely in this detestable country. I should go back to the city of Mexico, only I wish to see the country, and get to San Francisco, after which, if ever I set foot in this confounded land of cut-throats and robbers, I'll consent to be scalped."

The stranger's manner was so genuine, and his air so well bred, that we were both immediately prepossessed in his favour. As we walked back to the encampment, he enquired how we had got to Santa Fé. On being informed, he said—"The very thing I wanted to do, —shoot buffaloes, fight Indians, &c.; but I was told that to cross the plains I must join some waggon train or other, drive one of the teams, clean my mules and harness, grease wheels, and all that kind of thing. Now, I did not mind the driving, but—by Jove—I could not bring myself to do the other things."

Serge here spoke: "Well, I have; but there was very little cleaning either of mules or harness, and as to greasing wheels, a piece of tobacco, or a glass of grog would always induce one of the other teamsters to do it."

"Ah! I see," said Upton. "Of course it would, by Jove. I never thought of that, but," turning to me "did you drive?"

"No; I was hunter."

"Hunter! the very thing I should have liked to be above all. Did you shoot many buffaloes, and had you any fights with the Red-skins?"

"Every day we killed some game, and the Indians were often so troublesome that we should have been very glad to have dispensed with their presence."

"By Jove, only to think that I might have done the same. What a fool I have been dawdling away my time; but you had some interest to get you such a berth?"

"No; simply hired myself for the trip at twenty-five dollars a-month."

Astonishment was visible on the face of our new acquaintance; but as we had reached the waggons, he did not express it.

"Where do you dine to-night?" he inquired, when we were bidding each other good-bye, adding, "I cannot offer you a wonderful feed, but it will not be bad of the kind. Will you do me the favour of having dinner with me? Seven o'clock punctually, and that is my Fonda opposite."

We accepted with pleasure, enjoyed a good dinner for

Santa Fé, and what was more wonderful, an abundance of excellent European wine; and the more we saw of our host, the more Serge and I liked him.

From that day commenced a friendship, which was destined to last through life.

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP UPTON'S STORY.

SERGE had no difficulty in getting his discharge and settling with Bonté. It was not so with me, for Bonté had calculated on my assisting him in his accounts, as soon as trading commenced; however, I pointed out to him the wording of the agreement, which he acknowledged there was no misunderstanding. However, he said he would give me a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month if I would remain. I explained to him how impossible this would be, so he paid me my hire, gave me a shake of his hand, and wished me God speed.

Before dismissing Bonté, I must say I found him upright and honest, never expecting from others what he would not do himself; but if he came across a skulker, an eye-serving scoundrel, then woe betide the wretch.

No more was heard of the intended duel, which I rejoiced at; for the principals were both men too brave and true to fall by each other's hands.

Farewell, Bonté, may you ever prosper, was the wish of Serge and myself.

After our discharge, we took up our residence with Upton at the Fonda, and as his destination was the same as our own, we determined to commence our preparations at once, so as to make an early start.

Our new friend had brought from the City of Mexico two saddle horses, both well-bred, useful animals, one of

which he transferred to Serge; but mules were wanted to carry our baggage, and as these animals would have to travel with light loads, four, or at least three, would be necessary to enable us to get expeditiously over the ground, for a great portion of our way was through the Apache Country, and the remainder was said to be frequented by the most formidable band of desperadoes ever known on the Pacific Slopes, who had been driven from San Francisco by the vigilance committee.

As my funds were far from abundant, I feared making an outlay of a large amount, so I unbosomed myself to my friends. Serge still had several hundred dollars, and Upton had a considerable sum, which was placed at my disposal for our common benefit. After a few days I had obtained four excellent mules, and the services of a guide, highly recommended by his padre, and said to be thoroughly conversant with the route.

Doubtless the good priest believed in his protegé, or he would not have recommended him; but if ever an unfortunate man was gifted with repulsive features, and a murderous cowardly expression, this man was.

After innumerable vexatious delays, all of which were caused by the guide, we got started at sunrise of a beautiful day. Several of our old companions came to see Johnny Bull and the *Russ*ian off; for "narey one of them but would have his scalp riz before that day week." This our friends doubtless thought, and did not tell us so from other motives than those of a kindly nature. They rode with us about ten miles, and many were the shakes of the hand, and kind wishes they expressed for us when we bid them adieu. Rough these men

undoubtedly were, but what could be expected from men nurtured as they were? but underneath their brusqueness and devil-may-care manner, there is a warmth of heart and sincerity far more true and genuine than is to be found among the votaries of fashion or strugglers for a subsistence in our large cities.

Our horses being fresh and in good condition, the mules strong and very lightly loaded, in the first two days we must have traversed nearly one hundred miles; but this we could scarcely expect to keep up, as the country became hourly more mountainous and stony. But on the third day, when we had been in our saddles about an hour after our mid-day rest, we came across the tracks of seven or eight horsemen; their animals were unshod, and the hoof-prints were small, so that it was more than probable their riders were Indians, and if so, Apache. For a mile or more their trail continued in the same direction as ours, when suddenly it diverged to the north through the chaparal brush. As soon as the guide looked at the tracks, he turned pale, and pronounced them Apache, and immediately counselled a hasty retreat. To avoid his putting such a step into execution, he was ordered to the front, and made to understand that he would retire at his peril. Making a virtue of necessity, he obeyed; but did it with the worst grace possible.

As we rode on, we held a council of war. My friends, from my late experience, constituted me leader, and asked under the circumstances what I deemed it best to do. On this point I had already made up my mind,

to ride as slowly forward as possible, so as to impress the Indians, if they were watching us, with the idea that our horses were tired; and also to save their strength for renewed exertion. At sunset I determined to commence making camp, to build and light the fires, as if we suspected nothing; but the moment it got dark, to get into the saddle and not draw bridle till daylight.

My proposition was at once accepted, as the most likely means to enable us to elude our foes.

For many miles we had been traversing a plain with a gradual ascent towards the west; at length, we came to a ridge, after crossing the summit of which, Upton and I jumped off our horses, and made out distinctly, about seven or eight miles off, a cloud of dust, evidently emanating from horsemen following in our track. In the meantime, the mules had gone on with the guide, under the charge of Serge, whom that worthy seemed to fear more than Upton and myself put together. There certainly was a quiet manner about Soldatenkoff that was wonderfully telling upon such worthies.

We did not hurry our pace, but rather dawdled, and we encamped sooner than usual, for the purpose of giving the horses a good feed of grass; for we thought it very improbable that the Apache would come over the ridge we had lately left, till it was at least dark, for fear of being discovered. In the meantime Serge, Philip, and I, took turn about watching the ridge; but nothing was observable against the sky-line. Soon after sunset the nags were brought up, and each got a feed of corn. Then the camp-fire was lighted; and as night fell again we were in the saddle, pushing our way

to the west. My knowledge of Indians, principally derived from the stories I had heard from the traders around the camp-fire when coming across the plains, induced me to believe that our enemies would wait till an hour or two before dawn, when they would make a dash upon us, endeavour to stampede the cattle, and murder all they could lay their hands upon. Thus we were in no hurry, for it would probably be many hours before they would find out the trick we had practised on them.

The next day passed, and not a sign of the enemy could be seen; still we did not abate our vigilance, for after we had cooked our evening meal we replenished the fires, left the camp, and slept in a ravine about a mile and a half to the south of our route.

At daybreak we were again in the saddle, and all commenced to think we had given our foes the slip, when we found that upwards of twenty savages were in full chase. Either of us could have outpaced them, and thus have escaped; but such a course would have entailed our deserting our baggage animals, as well as the worthy guide, who bestrode as miserable a Rosinante as ever looked through a bridle. This we could not for a moment think of doing. Thus it was determined that if fighting could not be avoided, he was to push forward with the mules, while we formed a rear-guard and made a running fight of it.

Soon it became evident that this plan had to be adopted. The guide hurried forward. My companions and I remained behind. Scarcely a hundred yards separated us from our foes, when all fired; two of the

enemy fell, the remainder hesitated whether to advance or retire. This pause enabled us to re-load.

Never had man two more suitable companions for such an occasion. Serge was as cool and methodical as was his wont. Philip was equally so, but in a different manner; and he kept speaking to himself, I believe in praise of Serge's shot. "By Jove, beautiful; never saw anything like it before; wonderful, by Jove!"

The Indians did not remain long in doubt; our second fire tumbled one out of the saddle, and knocked over two of their horses. But as they were still fifteen to three, we resolved to retire, as the mules were now quite a mile and a half in front.

As I expected, we easily distanced our pursuers; but as soon as we got up to the baggage animals, the enemy commenced rapidly to overtake us. To the left was the remains of what had been a Puebla ranch; the walls were still many feet high, so I directed the guide to lead us to it. Through the only opening, which doubtless had once done duty for a door, we forced our animals; and not a moment too soon were we, for the enemy were within thirty yards of our heels; but Upton and Serge were equal to the emergency; both drew their revolvers, and made good use of them, while the guide with his blunderbuss and I stood by to support them. But this was not required, for the Indians drew off, and, galloping to and fro at sixty or seventy yards, treated us to a deluge of arrows. But as they found our rifles hurt them more than their missiles did us, they with one accord gave a wild yell, and galloped off to the eastward.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Upton, "the very thing I wished to see."

Both of us laughed; for, however trivial the occasion, or great the danger, the familiar expression of "by Jove" was certain to come. Thus we got rid of the Apaché; and these were the last Indians we had to encounter.

For days after the last narrated events we off-saddled in the middle of the day, as the sun was oppressively warm, and the dust almost unendurable. All about our resting-place the tracks of grisly bear were numerous, and so fresh that the animals could not be very far distant. Thus Upton and I went in search of the game, leaving Serge in charge of the camp. Large as these brutes are, it is not easy to see them if they wish to keep concealed. Thus we had wasted nearly two hours fruitlessly, and were about to give up the task, when I heard my friend pronounce very loudly, and with more than usual emphasis, his favourite exclamation. He was not at the time above eight paces from me, but, on account of the thickness of the brush, I could not see him. Nevertheless, I knew that something was up, so I made the best of my way towards him. Through the intervening bushes I caught a glimpse of him—he was in the act of levelling his rifle; in another second there was a shot, then a yell of pain, and in a second after I was by my friend's side. And not an instant too soon, for he had thrown down his gun and drawn his revolver, to settle matters with the grisly, who was now charging down upon him. I called upon him to pick up his gun and retreat, loading

it as rapidly as possible, while I would try and kill or disable his antagonist. But Upton would not be counselled. Bang went one barrel, when the beast was at least thirty yards off, without doing further injury than causing it to shake its head; bang went another with the same result. I did not fire, for I knew that if I did not deliver an effective shot my friend would probably be killed; so I intended waiting till I could do so at such short range that my bullet would be almost certain to be efficacious. Two more barrels of the revolver were fired, Upton standing his ground like a Briton, evidently resolved not to give way till he fired his parting shot, which he did with the muzzle against his foe's hide. Then I raised my rifle. The bear was now on his hind legs, prepared for the final rush, and the bullet went home between the ear and eye, causing him to fall on the spot where he stood.

"By Jove, splendidly done," said Philip; "but I should like to have given him the last of my pills first."

The contents of his pistol were certainly treated as if they were pills, and I have little doubt that, had I not been near, he would on that day have fired his last shot.

There never was a better fellow than Upton. A stranger, to look at him, would have said, from his careless, unenergetic manner, that he was without dash or courage. In this he would have been entirely wrong, for he was courage personified, his daring amounting almost to recklessness; and he was as cool under danger as in the most ordinary circumstances.

Our route lay now over elevated passes of the Cor-

dilleras, exceedingly stony, and in many places so steep that the horses had frequently to be led. Although it was summer, the nights were piercingly cold, causing both men and animals to suffer much. Our guide proved himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the route, and was not nearly such a bad fellow as we took him for. He was thoroughly conversant with the nature and habit of mules—in my opinion the most difficult creatures to understand—and so was invaluable. If an inexperienced traveller tries to fasten a load on a mule, in a mile or so he will find it all loose, and evincing a strong tendency to turn round and get under the brute's belly. It does not matter how much care he may have taken, this is sure to be the result; while a Mexican will put on the load, make three or four turns of the ropes round it, all performed in the most careless way, and at the end of the longest journey it will be as secure in its place as at starting.

The Spanish race and their descendants have a seemingly intuitive knowledge how to manage these animals. Doubtless it is owing to their being accustomed to them from childhood.

While crossing the Sierras, on several occasions, we came in contact with digger Indians, possibly the lowest people in the scale of humanity that exist. They are exceedingly small in stature, and very repulsive in appearance. They subsist chiefly upon roots, although occasionally small game falls to their bows and arrows. They seem to have no fixed abodes, but wander from place to place, as circumstances dictate. They are said to be extremely treacherous, but I should

imagine they would not venture to use force unless in case of their encountering a solitary traveller when they were in numbers. Those we saw fled at our approach, and used such expedition, that an observer would have supposed their lives depended on the result. Poor wretches! they have suffered much from the immigration of white men to the Pacific Slopes, and if report speak true, many of them have been wantonly shot by the seekers for gold. What the white man does to these unfortunates we hear little of; but should the tables be turned, an immense outcry is made.

At length we arrived at Sacramento, none the worse for our exposure and hardships. Here we sold our mules for four times what they cost; also our horses, but not at such a profit. From here we took steamboat to Frisco, as the natives delight to call it; and soon were established in a comfortable hotel, where a man required to have a purse as long as his arm.

So far we had never learned from Philip Upton what caused him to wander so far from home; Serge insisted that it must have been a love affair; but I did not agree with him, for I did not believe any woman would refuse her love to our handsome, brave, impulsive friend. We were now all so intimate that Soldatenkoff put the question to him point blank. He told us his story, and the following is the narrative as near as my memory can give it.

My home, when I was eighteen years of age, was as pretty a gentleman's country house as could have been found. I do not mean to say that it might not have been far surpassed in size and accommodation, but this I

will vouch for, that for comfort and unostentatious elegance I have not seen its equal. To describe it is not difficult. It was said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; but whether its antiquity was so great or not, I never could ascertain ; but I am certain this report did not antedate the building of my house by many years. Elms, oaks, and beeches grew around it, that must have been planted after the masons had finished their work, and they bore upon their rugged sides such an impress of time that those skilled in the growth of trees have often told me that over two centuries must have elapsed for them to have gained such gigantic stature. Again, the pond and terraced garden spoke not of modern times, but of an age when taste in adornment was quaint and totally different from modern notions. Although I am now thousands of miles away from that house, which will ever be to me the dearest and sweetest spot I have known in life, I can see it as if I gazed upon it even now. The clustering jessamine, entertwined with monthly roses, that shut from view its rugged, rough cast walls, and which tap against the windows, as if to ask those within to take notice of their beauty, or to obtain permission to breathe their fragrance into the apartments they ever guarded.

The sun was bright in the sky, the time about a couple of hours after mid-day, and some months before I left my home. The water was too clear for fishing, or else I should have been by the river side ; so to pass time I was busily engaged finishing some of the rough sketches that in an idle hour I had taken of the scenes of the surrounding neighbourhood ; when I heard from the

lawn familiar voices calling my Christian name. Without looking, I recognised the voices; so impatiently throwing my brush down I hurried from my room with the impetuosity that marks youth. In front of the hall door stood a little group. They might not have attracted attention from a stranger, but all were dear to me, for long had they been my friends, and even intimate friends, and although I did not love them all alike, I regarded each with brotherly affection. First, I will describe the eldest, she was about two and twenty, rather under the general height, with a beautiful, warm, sunny complexion, grey laughing eyes, shaded with the longest eyelashes; while her mouth always wore a saucy smile, which made her regular pearl-like teeth look doubly attractive; she was slightly inclined to be stout, but there was a grace about her figure that never failed to attract the most casual observer, and how well did she know this, for study had made her mistress of the art of gesture. Wherever or whenever she walked or rested, her attitude would have charmed a sculptor. Beauty of face alone may be attractive, but when it is combined with grace of carriage, and perfect contour of shape, it is irresistible. To myself at least it was so, and time, even young as I am, has already told me that we mortals think much alike on such matters. The remainder of the party are soon described. The second was a handsome, well-grown girl of sixteen. The youngest promised to be good-looking, but she was only entering her teens. It is necessary to say the eldest was governess, the others were pupils. But all is not yet known of this fascinating coterie, which was to be

met daily wandering through some of the sunny lanes or wood-protected paths that abounded in the vicinity of my home. Yes, I have not said that a dear, old white pony and an equally antiquated greyhound ever performed the duties of servant and guardian to their mistresses, and kinder ones it would be hard to find.

When I joined them, I was greeted by all with the information that they were in search of me to accompany them to the shore of a neighbouring loch to gather pebbles. What pleasanter occupation could I have? what was it possible for me to undertake, which would cause the afternoon to drift more speedily away? So few minutes elapsed before white pony, dog, and all were en route to our destination.

That bank of gravel—what an attractive spot it was. The greenest woods formed its background; the bluest waves, seldom ever crested with a line of spray, broke upon its margin, while away about two or three miles in the distance frowned one of those noble old structures that told of the age when might was right.

But this castle, for so it was, would have been sombre from the dark-brown stone of which it was composed, were it not that the greenest ivy climbed in dense masses over its heavy walls, or hung in festoons, floating to and fro in every breath of wind, from the summit of buttress, embrasure, or turret. The sun's rapid approach to the western horizon, told but too plainly that the time for departure had arrived, yet all seemed to avoid the subject, each was loth to pronounce the words that must terminate an afternoon

that had been laden with pleasure to all. But when such a heinous offence as staying out beyond stated hours had previously occurred, my companions had always placed the blame on me, and their parents seemed ever to consider it a duty to treat me as the scape-goat. Thus I felt responsible, and in spite of numerous entreaties, just to wait ten minutes more, I turned a deaf ear to all appeals, and ultimately succeeded in getting the company to fall into marching order. Ten minutes afterwards the road was reached; we had proceeded on it but a few yards when a carriage overtook us. When abreast of us it stopped, for in it was the mother of my younger companions. For them there was room inside. Mademoiselle, the governess, on the white pony, under my guidance, and protected by the greyhound, were to reach home by a shorter route across the fields.

As the carriage rolled away, and the murmur of the wheels became more indistinct, and the rising drifts of dust obscured it from view, I was recalled from my reverie by my companion saying in the sweetest intonation of what ever was a charming voice,—

"Well, Sir Knight, I want your assistance to mount, and methinks that it would be more polite if your attentions were confined to those that are with you, and not permitted to go wool-gathering."

Laughing the charge away, and assuring my companion that in such company it was impossible it could be just, I took her foot in my hand, and with a spring almost imperceptible, she glided into the saddle.

Our distance was fully three miles; a portion of the

way was woodland, marked only by a bridle-path, and gates and stiles were numerous, whenever our course crossed arable land. Necessarily there were many delays; I fear that many delays were made that were unnecessary. In fact neither pony, greyhound, nor ourselves appeared in the slightest hurry to reach home. The setting sun, the dark clouds with their fiery linings, that indicated the place where he had retired, the droning bettle, the frisking rabbit, all made their impressions, on myself at least, who ever had an intense love of nature. For many minutes I had not spoken, no want of courtesy to my companion; but my meditation was interrupted by the question, "What were my thoughts?"

Scarcely could I explain them, consequently I prevaricated and invented a reply, that before long the time must come when I must leave home and those I loved for other scenes. Here I was interrupted, and in a most hesitating voice, my companion asked, "Was she included in the number?" What could I say but yes? and to my surprise, as she held out her soft, white, small hand for me to press my lips to, in language low but clear, she murmured with an expression of love, "I will never forget you."

Thus ended our journey; a few minutes after I lifted her from the saddle, and she disappeared to change her attire before we all sat down to tea.

Commonplace as the words were that she used, I thought and thought of them again and again; for either the feeling with which she spoke them, or the intonation of her voice, caused me to hope that what

she had said was no set form of speech, but expressed the feelings of a truthful nature.

Ten o'clock at length arrived, how much too soon it came; for no evening of my previous life had ever fled so rapidly, nor had the time of my departure ever appeared so objectionable; but go I must.

I had two miles to walk, and my father insisted on all being home by half-past ten. I did not dread being locked out, but I did fear his anger if his orders were disobeyed, for military men of the school of fifty years ago inherited one of the vices of our soldiers who served in Flanders.

The old gentleman's bark was worse than his bite; but he did bark tremendously. I fortunately was punctual, and therefore did not at this time incur the penalty of transgression.

From that day I became lazy and indolent. My father, who intended me for the army, was annoyed, as he was particularly anxious that I should pass a good examination, so naturally, when I would not listen to his admonitions, he became cross. Governors may appear sometimes to be hard upon a fellow; but, by Jove, believe me, they are invariably in the right. I know mine was, anyhow.

The fact is, I believe the pretty governess had turned my head, and I would neither listen to reason nor anything else. So the old gentleman got more and more annoyed, till there was a regular breach between us.

When I look back on those days now, my conduct to my father seems inexcusable, for although he was occasionally a little strict in discipline, there never was

a kinder-hearted soul in the world. It is all very well, by Jove, for youngsters to put on airs and refuse to be submissive to control; but let them leave their parents' roof-tree, and go out into the world among strangers, and they will soon learn the mistake they have committed. New friends and acquaintances may be picked up every day, but a father or mother never can be replaced.

Well, I thought myself very badly used, so in an evil hour I made up my mind to run away from home. On this resolution I acted at once. At eleven at night, while the house was sunk in darkness and repose, I packed up a simple change of clothes and stole forth.

Whether or not the noise caused by my tread on the gravel awoke the gardener who lived at the lodge, I know not; but ere I had gained the gate I was arrested by his powerful voice, warning me that if I did not halt he would give me a doze of slugs from his blunder*bush*, as he called it, while *sotto voce* he asked some one who accompanied him, but whom I could not see, for both were buried in the thick leaves of a laurel, "whether he had not better, to make all sure, take a shot him."

"No, father," was the response; "not unless he tries to run off."

By the voice I recognised that this kind speech was made by Nancy, a ruddy, stout, good-looking girl, the *factotum* of her parent, and who accompanied him on all extraordinary occasions, whether it were to fair or market, or to detect boys robbing the orchard.

"No, Nancy; I never ran away from you yet, though often after you, and I am not going to change my ways now," I called out.

"Father, father, it's Master Philip; for the love of heaven, point your musket another way, she's loaded to the muzzle, and might go off at any minute."

But the old man, who was rather deaf, and did not hear my voice, refused to believe his daughter; and out of sheer obstinacy, was about to fire, when the stalwart girl seized the blunderbuss; and in the scuffle, sure enough, it did explode, bringing almost a cart-load of sticks out of a neighbouring tree. Faithful old Robin was now harmless, and apologised most amply for the share he had in my discomfiture, having all along believed that I was one of the thieves who had lately visited the garden.

"But where are you going, Master Philip, at this hour of the night?"

"To shoot rabbits," for I preferred not to make him cognisant of my future movements.

"To shoot rabbits, and that bundle with you; I'm not just so blind as I look. It's from home you are going, and it's many a sore heart you'll leave in the house up there. Go back, young master; what's done in haste is too often repented at leisure. Go back, I say." And to his were joined his daughter's entreaties.

The daughter left us, I thought, to return to the lodge, and the old man walked a short way with me. One moment he regretted he was not young enough to go with me, in the next he importuned me to change my mind. I suppose it ever will be so; but there are few so devoted and sincere as old servants; true, occasionally they may presume, but even when they do so, it is done with a good motive.

After having shaken hands with the old man, and received his blessing, I hurried on my route, but had scarcely gone a hundred yards when I was joined by Nancy—in years gone by, both a companion and confidante. All I could say would not prevent her carrying my bundle for a "bit of the road," as she termed it. With a woman's shrewdness she suspected what was the cause of my departure, but delicately refrained from touching on the subject.

For five long miles that affectionate girl bore my burden. It was ungallant to permit her to do so, but to confess the truth, I knew Nancy's strength, and very much fear if I had attempted to contest the point, I should have got worsted in the battle. We were now half way to the seaport that was my destination. So I insisted on her returning; but, before we parted, something to remember her by was shoved into my hand, with injunctions that the little package was not to be opened till I was far away. When a hundred miles severed us, I did so. It was a sovereign and two half crowns. Poor girl, many a day it must have taken her to save so large a sum. It was her all I doubt not, and how freely had she parted with it. Although but a gardener's daughter, one who could but imperfectly read and write, the manner in which she bestowed her offering, was worthy of the best bred dame in the land. I used the money. I had no hesitation in doing so, for I required it; but wrote to my mother the circumstances, and I mistake her loving heart and loving nature if she did not return the amount twofold.

Nancy cried when I bid her adieu. I am not certain

that I did not; if I did, by Jove, I could not help it, such a scene was deuced trying. However, of one thing I am certain, that I experienced the first feeling of weight of heart and doubt of the propriety of the course I was taking when I watched her receding figure as she trudged her homeward way. Next day I was *en route* for Glasgow. I wrote home during the journey, and informed my parents of my resolution, namely, to go abroad for some years and seek a change of scene. My answer was not exactly what I anticipated. Both parents approved the step, more particularly my father, and abundant funds were provided to assist me in carrying it out. At such a course I was rather disgusted, for I had not been allowed to make a martyr of myself as I intended; and, by Jove, it had more to do in curing me of my calf-love than one could well imagine. I could now see the matter in the right light, and again and again I vowed I should never make such a fool of myself again.

What between the fumes of whisky toddy, the numerous and wonderful stories told by the Scotch and Irish drovers, and the smell of the cattle with which the upper deck was crowded, I did not sleep much that night on the Glasgow boat; but when I arose in the morning, I was quite an altered man.

It was not pleasant travelling in such boats, it is true; but, as a nauseous medicine will often effect a cure, so this journey effectually banished all my love-sickness, and I felt quite capable of going out to face the world, and take care of myself while doing so. In course of time I went across the Atlantic, and you remember how we met.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VOYAGE IN THE HULDA SWICH.

JUST as Philip Upton had concluded relating his love adventure with the fair governess, a rap was heard at the door, and on our shouting "Come in," one of the most impudent of the host of impudent Irish waiters entered the room (who ever met a civil Irish waiter in the United States?), bearing in his hand a letter. "If that's the way you tell a man to come into your room after he's civil enough to knock at your door, by jabbers it's manners you want all to be taught," said Pat.

"True for you," said Philip, chaffing him, "if we had only known that it was you, Mike, I should have opened the door myself for you."

"Well, now, that's spoken like a gentleman. The Boss sent me up with this letter, he says it's for one of ye's."

Upton took the letter, read the address, gave a regular fox-hunter hulloo, exclaiming afterwards, "it's from the governor, by Jove it is; excuse me for a moment, till I learn what my venerable parent has to say."

The epistle was not a short one, for it took him some minutes to peruse, when done, he tossed it in the air, and requested us to congratulate him.

"But explain, for what are we to congratulate you?" exclaimed we both, "you have not told us."

"No, by Jove! neither I have. Well, the paternal informs me that I have been gazetted to the 2d Fusiliers; says I am to return home at once; and encloses a ticket by the West India mail line from the Isthmus to Southampton, and a letter of credit for no end of tin to pay incidental expenses."

I cannot say for Serge, but I could not help wishing such a downfall of luck would occur to me. When I say this, the reader must not for a moment imagine that I would have wished to deprive my friend of his good fortune; but I was getting sick of this roving life, more especially as I saw no prospect of its termination. But, however severe it might be to me, who had been brought up in the country, how much more severely it must have told on Serge, who had lived in a capital in luxury, and all that a competency could give him; still I never heard him murmur, or even by his features express that he felt dissatisfied.

Nothing would satisfy Upton but that we must have a glorious supper together, and we did. What it cost goodness only knows, for everything was at sensation prices in California in those days; and ere we parted he made us promise again and again that we would visit him as soon as we returned to England. "I mean it, by Jove, I do;" he exclaimed, "here is the governor's address; but if you are in London you can always learn mine from Cox & Co., the agents in Charing Cross; remember it's a bargain, and if you don't keep it; well—by Jove! I'll never forgive you."

Although both of us thought Phil, as we now invariably called him, rather eccentric, we had learned to

appreciate him for his straight-forwardness, and honourable kind-heartedness.

Two days after, the steamer, by which he was a passenger, sailed, and we went on board to see him off. Every person was coming west, none going east, so he had a state room to himself. Ten minutes before the ship got under way he took us down to show us what he called his crib. When in it he shut the door, and turning round and looking us both in the face, his features for the moment assuming a more serious expression than I thought then capable of, he said, "You know what I said the other evening about you both coming to see me, I trust you will not forget the promise you both made. I shall be deeply hurt if you do, and—here he hesitated—I have got more money than I require, and I who till lately was your partner, you know I was, am aware of the capital left; come now, to oblige me, to oblige your old friend Phil, in fact I owe it to you and a great deal more, for I never should have got to Frisco without you, accept what I have enclosed in this envelope. Don't open it till I am gone, I have plenty remaining, more than I want, and when you return to Europe you can return it to me or not as you choose."

Soldatenkoff and myself at first demurred to accepting the favour, our acquaintance with him was so short, and he knew so little of us, besides we really still had sufficient for many a day to come; but all was of no avail. So when we left the ship Serge had the sealed envelope in his pocket.

The whistle sounded for strangers to leave the ship; the decks were rapidly cleared of all who were not pas-

sengers, and both bid adieu with one, the loss of whose society broke up our little coterie, and made a great blank to each of us. However, it seemed to tie Serge and myself closer together. Our circumstances were not dissimilar; he had sufficient for all his requirements, I had at least a comfortable home, yet neither wished to return till we had seen more of the world.

At this time all the world were rushing for the diggings, ships lay in the harbour without crews, hotels were frequently without servants, stores without clerks. No one remained nearer the coast than the diggings that could possibly get away, yet neither Serge nor myself had any desire to visit the auriferous region. This may have been caused by the rough and uncouth elements that composed this exodus, for I believe the blackguards, gamblers and thieves from every part of the Christianised earth were assembled then in California.

A morning or two after Upton's departure, as Serge was perusing the newspaper, he stopped and quietly asked me what was a supercargo.

"Why?" I enquired.

"Here's a vessel going away up almost to Russian America, and she wants a supercargo as well as a second mate. Now I thought if the duty of supercargo was anything that I could do, with your knowledge of ships and boats, for I am certain from your conversation that you know all about them, you might be able to take the berth of second mate. If the work would not be too hard, or dirty, or degrading, we might as well see the North Pacific as not."

"A supercargo is the same as a purser or storekeeper,

doubtless you could perform the duties, but I am, I fear, quite incompetent to take upon myself the position of second mate."

"Well, there is no harm in making inquiry, the name of the craft is the *Hulda Swich*, and the advertisement says she lies within hailing distance of the shore; let us pay her a visit, as well do that as anything else, unless you have made a previous appointment."

"All right, we can at least go and have a look at her, if she is inviting we can go on board."

We soon found the craft we were looking for; she was a fore and aft schooner of about one hundred and eighty tons, more weatherly looking than remarkable for speed, and evidently a new Englander from the lines of her hull.

"Shall we go on board? she's really a nice looking comfortable schooner," I asked.

"Yes, certainly," responded Serge.

"*Hulda Swich*, ahoy, send a boat," I shouted.

"Aye, aye, Sir!" was answered from her deck, and a gig with a boy sculling soon after appeared coming round her stern. In a few minutes after we were alongside. A thin, sharp-faced, very sun-burnt elderly man, about five feet six, took a great deal of trouble from the deck to see that we got a hold of the man-ropes, a good deal more than I thought necessary; however, such conduct was intended as civility, and so I took it, therefore when I reached the deck, I touched my cap, to salute it. The little man returned the compliment intended for the craft with a spasmodic jerk of his elbow; by this time Serge was at my heels.

"Can I see the captain," I enquired.

"Yes, I guess so," said the little man.

"Is he below?" I added.

"Wall, no, I guess he's on deck," was his answer.

I looked round and saw no one but the very blackest of darkies looking out of the caboose, grinning from ear to ear.

"That's not him, is it?" I said jocularly.

"Thunder," exclaimed the stranger, "to take that black North Carolina nigger for the captain of the *Hulda Swich*, that do beat old scratch; look you here, Uncle Abe, if you stick that mahogany phiz of yours out of your own diggens, when gents come here visiting, I'll go a thousand miles out of my course to sell you under the hammer at Wilmington," and the black face with a grin from ear to ear was withdrawn.

Seeing that our new acquaintance was somewhat nettled at my joke, and wishing to propitiate him, I explained that I had only called the black Captain for fun, then turning my eyes full on him, said, "Of course you are the Captain; no one for a moment could doubt that. You have a nice, tidy, weatherly craft, sir."

"Yes, I am boss here, and the schooner is good enough, if you keep her off a lea shore. She's no great pumpkins on a wind. Come below, gents, and taste my apple-jack; it's prime, and then we can talk business."

Thus we adjourned to the cabin. It was as clean as soap and water could make it, but without a particle of ornament. On the table lay a violin and bow, also a book of music; from its appearance, I should say, of the religious order. Thinking to keep up the conversa-

tion and broach some pleasant subject — for Serge always left the talking to me, I said, "You are a musician, I see, sir."

"By times I do get some music out of her, but following the sea ain't by no ways a healthy life for fiddles; it's by long odds too relaxing."

At length the apple-jack was produced, when I broached the subject of my visit. He opened his eyes, allowed the lower jaw to fall, and stared at us intently for some minutes, without saying a word. At length he exclaimed, "I think a bar or two would come in here!" and seizing the violin played half-a-dozen notes. Having thus comforted himself, he laid the instrument down, and exclaimed, "By the jumping Jupiter, who would have thought it. To give me a charter, at the very least, was what I thought you were after." Here he would have given us another musical performance, if the mate had not called down the hatchway that another of the crew was missing.

At this the old skipper seemed to get considerably calmer, and heaped anything but blessings upon the gold field, and on the gratitude of the human family in general, and sailors in particular. I think this interruption was in our favour, for immediately after he in a quiet and less irascible manner asked me what I could do. I told him. He then turned to Serge, who informed him of his capacity to keep accounts, lists of stores, cargo, etc., etc., and soon after all was settled that we were to sail with him, and that if either party should desire it, at the first port where a substitute could be obtained the agreement should be cancelled.

As we ascended the companion we heard him tell the mate to get ready for sea to-morrow, for if they remained another week there would not be a hand left to man a boat, and that it cost more to live here a month, than an entire year in other parts of the world. As we were waiting by the gangway, the skipper could be heard distinctly saying to himself, as he played excitedly on his violin, "That I should live to see a Britisher my second mate and a *Russ*ian super-cargo in my ship, by the jumping Jupiter, this Californy is going to play tarnation with the Union."

We returned on board early next day. Serge and I were put in possession of a cabin in front of the pantry, which certainly was clean. The first mate handed me over my watch, gave me some hints on seamanship and duties, and taking all things into consideration, I did not feel quite so strange in my new position as might have been expected.

That evening we were outside of the Golden Gate, and stood away under easy sail for the north-west, so as to give the land a good offing, for the coast here is subject in autumn and spring to sudden and severe squalls, which, if circumstances permit, it is well to avoid.

As I anticipated, the *Hulda Swich* was a comfortable dry craft, although a little lively; but she was by no means a clipper. Our crew were a strange mixed lot, many of whom were Sandwich Islanders, the others, with the exception of the lad who had brought us on board, were bronzed, weather-beaten, and one might almost say, a used-up lot. The mate accounted for

this by saying that, "Any that were worth their salt had run away in Californy."

The boatswain was a character. Nearly seventy years old, yet as active as a man of thirty. He could curse and swear, and did it on all occasions, unless when the captain overheard him, when he would invariably cause him to stop by singing out, "Boatswain, ahoy! bottle them ere up to pay port dues with," then to himself he would continue, "by the jumping Jupiter, I believe that his foul mouth drives all the whales away."

All this time a watch was kept by day on the fore-top, yet not a whale was seen, and the skipper paced the deck anxiously, or sawed away at his fiddle, and made the quarter-deck unbearable by the doleful sounds that came from the cabin. One day it blew pretty hard, freshening up towards sunset, and all that day the violin was scarcely for a moment out of his hands, and the harder it blew the harder he scraped, till it was hard to tell whether he or the wind in the rigging made the loudest or most discordant sounds.

At length we reached a point, frequently made a rendezvous of by American whalers, where the skipper expected to be able to obtain some additional supplies; but whether from the lateness of the season, or the badness of the weather, not a sail was to be seen, so after standing off and on for twenty-four hours, we altered our course and stood north by east. Here we got a sharp blow, but with the exception of making the schooner livelier, we suffered no inconvenience. It became evident to Serge and myself that with all our

captain's eccentricities he was a capital seaman. Not a thing escaped his eye, and there was not a duty on board, from making a splice, reefing, or cutting out or making a sail, in which he could not instruct the ignorant. The stupidity of the Kanackas would have tried any other man living, but he never lost his temper, but unpicked and re-made the same splice sometimes a dozen times for their instruction. In an unfortunate moment for Serge, he overheard him say something about playing the piano. "*Pi-a-n-o*, said the skipper, you play the pi-a-n-o, guess then you can play the fiddle." On this being acknowledged, it was sent for, and my friend certainly produced, considering the instrument, capital results. The captain was in extacies, and Abe the cook frantic, till the former told the latter that he would take him to Wilmington and sell him at the hammer. Serge after this, much to his annoyance, was often requisitioned to play.

The first land we now made was the Queen Charlotte Islands, which are in about the same latitude as London; but with this difference, that the former are situated in the North Pacific Ocean, the other in the North Atlantic, their longitude being just over one hundred and thirty west. The group consists of three, and it is currently believed that all are admirably suited for growing cereals, or in other words, making good agricultural farms, as the temperature in summer is even, and the winters never severe; doubtless this is caused by a current that breaks upon their shores, performing in this distant region for the Queen Charlotte Islands what the gulf stream of the Atlantic is supposed

to do for the British Isles. However, the interior of this country is comparatively a terra incognita; for its inhabitants, the Hydah Indians, are well known by whalers and explorers as the most dangerous savages, for their combination of treachery with courage, to be found in this distant part of the earth.

The Indians inhabiting the neighbouring islands and mainland are in constant dread of them; for in their immense cedar canoes—capable frequently of carrying thirty or forty persons—they will go to sea in almost any weather, even when the fiercest storms are raging. They are enabled to do this with safety by attaching inflated seal skins to the external gunwale of their crafts, which prevent the canoes either becoming water-logged or upset.

Our trade with Hydah had to be accomplished with the greatest caution, only a few of the natives being permitted to come alongside at a time.

The principal article of barter we obtained was the skins of the sea otter, a beautiful steel-grey fur, probably the most valuable peltry in the world. In China it is in immense demand, being worn only by the highest class mandarins, in fact none but the wealthiest inhabitants of the Celestial Empire could afford to purchase it; for when in prime condition, and thoroughly tanned, each hide is worth about one hundred pounds sterling, and as this animal is but little larger than the common otter, to line throughout a cloak as ample as those generally worn by the aristocracy of the Tartar race, a great number of these skins would be required.

The sea otter is remarkably timid, still these stealthy

savages manage to shoot the animals with their primitive bows and arrows, or not unfrequently to spear them when asleep upon the rocks.

Of late years these amphibious animals have been becoming very scarce in comparison with former times, for the white traders and sealers, knowing well the enormous profits to be derived from their capture, devote much time to the pursuit. The method they adopt to secure such valuable prizes is singular, and not unworthy of notice. The haunt of the sea otters having been discovered, several boats silently coast the shore till one of them is discovered, when several guns are fired, even although the game is beyond range. The moment the frightened animal hears the report, it dives, and the boats hurry in the direction it is supposed to have taken; at last, exhausted from want of air, it rises to the surface, when the nearest boat again fires, and the otter again dives; this process is continued till the worn-out creature is unable to escape, when it is dragged on board and killed. Of course the length of the chase might be much abridged if it was shot on the first available opportunity for doing so; but as the fur is so valuable, and this manner of killing the animal would certainly injure it, its death is seldom accomplished by the bullet.

In front of all the houses in the Hydah village which we visited is erected an enormous post, not unfrequently fifty feet high, or even more, carved over in the most extraordinary manner,—doubtless, in some way, these posts are connected with their religion, as they never have been known to part with them; but in what way,

and what the characters represent, the outer world, I believe, is in total ignorance.

As in the canoes that came alongside there were both males and females, we had a good opportunity of judging of their appearance. In complexion, they are much lighter than the Indians of the Continent; and many, more especially among the women, had pretensions to good looks; but when the observer learns that they are cannibals, he cannot but regard them with loathing.

As our skipper had no great faith in the Hydahs, every evening we tripped our anchor and stood out to sea, till the return of daylight, as a precaution against a night attack. As it was well known that many vessels had been surprised upon this coast and their entire crews murdered, and as our schooner was neither large nor numerously manned, such a course was absolutely necessary. However, our visit terminated without unpleasantness. We secured a good number of skins, a quantity of strange curios, carved out of sea ivory, bone, or slate, in fact all that these primitive people had to part with. So bidding adieu to Hydah, we set sail for the north, hoping soon to fall in with whales or seals.

In respect to the capture of whales, our captain expressed an opinion that we had been singularly unlucky, for although he had been several times over the same waters, he had never previously traversed them without securing several; however, he was not discouraged, but expressed a conviction that he would make up the deficiency among the seals.

Our course after leaving the Queen Charlotte Islands was north by west, and the wind being fair but

moderate, we logged on an average six and a-half to seven knots an hour; but time commenced to hang most tediously on our hands, for one day seemed but a repetition of another, and as far as we could see, there was no prospect of a termination of the voyage. On a beautiful night when the moon was full, and afforded sufficient light to read by, while my thoughts had wandered back to my home in Northumberland, some one clapped me on the back. I turned round hurriedly to see who it was, and found Serge before me.

"A penny for your thoughts," said he.

"Produce your money and it is a bargain."

No coin being forthcoming, for copper coins are not known on the Pacific side of America, it was settled that I should make confession, and he be my debtor till he could settle the claim; so I told him.

"That is rather strange," he answered, "for I have been thinking so much of Hanover and Russia that, turn which direction I chose, I could not sleep, so I came up to join you. Is it not a splendid night? and just the one of all others to have a chat, particularly as there is no one on deck but the look-out forward. Do you know what I have been thinking? we must cut this as soon as possible."

"Yes; I agree entirely in what you say, for a very little of it goes a long way; but when will that opportunity occur? I fear it is still distant. The only chance I can see is, that should the skipper find no whales up here, he will 'bout ship and run for the southward, when he will be obliged to touch at some port frequented by Europeans, either in China or the Malay

Archipelago, for fresh provisions, or possibly steer for some of the groups of islands in the middle of the Pacific, where we can doubtless find a homeward bound ship, and bid adieu to this life."

"That's true, for I have been taking stock to-day, and the beef will not last at the utmost above two months."

"Beef! horse, you mean. I do not think there is a pound of the former on board the ship."

"Come, now," answered Serge; "you are making fun of me."

"Not a bit; if you listen I will tell you my authority for my conjecture. The mate of the vessel in which I crossed the Atlantic, when I was on the bridge with him during the first watch, two days after we had crossed the tail of the Great Bank of Newfoundland, pointed out the direction of Sable Island, the most dangerous obstacle in the way of vessels crossing the Atlantic; in fact, he said that its shores from end to end—about thirty miles—were strewn the entire length with wrecks. On making further inquiry in reference to this dangerous sand-spit, he stated that it was uninhabited by men, but contained herds of wild ponies, which were killed annually by some of the inhabitants of Halifax, salted down, and sold to the whalers for beef; and if my knowledge of anatomy is correct, I feel certain that it is horse, not beef, that we eat daily. It does not so much matter, for the brutes probably are young, and of course have never been worked."

"No; that makes a wide difference. Why horse beef should not be as good as ox beef, I cannot see, if alike

treated; but to have to eat an old worn-out, galled, half-starved *diligence* or omnibus horse, eugh! Unless I was starving, I am certain I could not do it. But Bologna sausages are not bad in this way; still I have heard that they are made from mules."

Thus far our conversation had gone, when the watch forward came aft and reported the noise of breakers on our weather-bow. And as I had orders to call the skipper if anything unusual occurred, after having bid Serge good-night, I went below to obey my instructions. In a few minutes the old man, who always slept in his clothes, tumbled up on deck, went forward, looked out, and listened a long time, then told me to turn up the watch. Soon after our fore and aft canvas was braced in, and we were standing to the eastward.

As the skipper passed me he said, "You had better turn in youngster, for I shall keep the deck for the remainder of the night, and if my ears don't deceive me we shall have a hard day of it to-morrow among the seals; don't you hear the critters roar? there now, that's them."

I certainly did hear something resembling the roaring of a bull; but if I had not been told, I should never have distinguished it from the sea upon a sunken shoal.

When I came on deck in the morning at eight, the schooner was again running free up an estuary, at the head of which was good anchorage and protection from any wind that might blow.

Never before had my eye rested upon such a desolate looking place. There was not a patch of verdure to

relieve the monotony, only an immense jumble of rocks, coated with sea weed, especially kelp, along the water line, which fell and rose with the motion of the sea, like hair of a dead man floating on the surface of the waves. Truly it was a most forbidding looking place; such a one as none would visit from choice; but what place can be too forbidding for the toilers after gold to frequent?

But however forbidding this place might appear to human beings, it was evidently not so to other representatives of the animal kingdom; for the rocks were covered with seals, the surface of the inlets being dotted in every direction with their wise sagacious-looking heads, while innumerable sea-fowl, gannets, gulls, terns, cormorants, and many other species too numerous to mention hovered overhead or aligned themselves along the face of the upper rocks. But the roaring of seals and the screaming of sea-birds are not lively sounds to listen to, more particularly when combined with the moaning of the waves breaking on the shore, still it could not be denied that it was music truly appropriate to the surroundings.

At length the anchorage was nearly reached, the sails were clued up, the schooner forged on with the impetus of the way she carried till we were in the desired place, when the anchor was let go, and we swung with about fifteen fathoms of cable out.

The day was too far advanced to commence the slaughter, so the remainder of it was spent in getting up the boilers, fire-wood, etc., which were landed for the better convenience of carrying out the filthy labour that

was in store for us. I must say that I dreaded the work before us, but "when the devil drives needs must." Still there was one cause of thankfulness; Serge's duties would keep him on board, and thus his sensitive nature would be prevented from undergoing an ordeal that could not be otherwise than most trying to him. About sunset, for the weather still continued lovely, my companion and I went for a stroll to the eastward, for some distance. Nothing was to be seen but birds, birds, birds on every hand, their eggs being scattered upon every nook and cranny. Soon we gathered sufficient for the ship's company, and were about to return—for the shades of night were falling fast—when we discovered the wreck of a small vessel almost high and dry. We went down and examined her; appearances told that she must have been there some time, for the paint that once coated her sides had almost disappeared, and the exposed timbers looked as if they had been charred by the action of fire. Over her stern, with some difficulty, we deciphered the name—Katerina of Peterpoulouski; doubtless she therefore was one of the Russian traders, that during summer make constant trips from Asiatic Russia to American Russia, collecting furs, fish oil, etc., from the aborigines of the respective coasts. Close by on a strip of sand was a stove-in boat and a grave, the latter marked by a rude wooden cross. Truly it was a lonely resting-place for the mortal remains of anyone. A water-logged or wrecked and stranded vessel is a sad thing to look upon, and with the addition of this grave was even more so: both of us felt alike upon the occasion, for on

our homeward route we scarcely exchanged a word. We met the skipper on the beach; he was in high glee at the prospect of securing an abundance of seal oil, and when we approached good-naturedly asked us what we had seen, and when he was informed, instead of participating in our feelings, went almost into extasies over what he designated a "God send;" for in the wreck he saw an abundant supply of wood for firing, a necessary commodity for boiling out the oil, and which not unfrequently runs short.

Next morning broke clear and bright; not a breath of wind fanned the waters; even the sails, which had been spread out to dry, hung listlessly against the masts, and our piece of drooping bunting embraced the mainmast as if grieving over its temporary idleness. Up in these high latitudes during the fine weather of summer the climate is truly delightful, and so bracing and elastic that you almost feel that you inhale health in every breath; but note the contrast when winter comes. Storm succeeds storm, daylight lasts but six or seven hours, and the snow-storm tears along with such power and velocity, that the trembling reeling ship can scarcely show a foot of canvas. Nothing is perfect: good and evil go together, so if you have a charming summer here, woe betide those who have to make a winter quarter of it.

Our skipper, who seemed to retain his high glee, enjoined all to make as little noise as possible, so that the seals might congregate without alarm at their favourite resting places. This they invariably do about eleven o'clock to bask in the sun, and sleep for several

hours; their fishing operations being principally conducted in the fore and afternoon.

At half-past ten orders were given to clear the boats for service; in half-an-hour they were reported ready, then the captain took his place in the gig, the mate in the jolly-boat, and both silently started for the entrance of the inlet. Here they separated, the skipper going east, the first officer west.

As good luck would have it, I went with the boss, who so far has always been more than civil to me, in fact, I almost believe he has a liking for myself and Serge; but he is not demonstrative, so his regard, if he has any, will probably last. I have forgotten to mention that each boat's crew was furnished with a most formidable weapon, a hickory stick or cane, a little longer than an axe handle, with an iron bullet about two pounds in weight at its lower termination. This formidable weapon, which was designated the butcher, was employed to perform the same duties as a pole-axe, and in the hands of a powerful man could wield a fearful blow, in fact nothing short of a Cape buffalo could fail to fall under it.

As I was a novice in the work before me, the captain in a whisper gave me my instructions, while the boat glided silently along the shore. These were, that upon landing where the seals were, to attack first those nearest the water, and to aim my blow at the junction of the snout and forehead, at the same time to take care that none of the old fellows laid hold of my leg, as they most assuredly would make their teeth meet in whatever they gripped.

After proceeding about a mile from where the other boat left us, we reached our hunting ground, a long, flat, slightly projecting reef. Silently we stole along under shelter of the rocks and kelp, till a suitable landing place was reached; before us and on each side lay innumerable seals, all apparently asleep, and therefore ignorant of our presence.

In a moment all were ashore, except a lad and the skipper, who remained to take charge of the boat. The latter in a quiet voice inquired if we were all ready, and had got our butchers, and when we replied in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "At them then, and do your darndest." With a shout we started over the slippery sea-weed, each making for the nearest animal, but the noise we made had awakened the herd, and from previously being as still as death, it became an animated crowd of struggling, wabbling, terrified creatures. Their mode of progression to gain their favourite element is very much like the struggles of a fish that has dropped off a hook at the moment after landing it. One resolution apparently prompted all, namely to gain the sea, the old stumbled over the young, the large over the small; none gave place, all were prompted by one desire to save themselves from being cut off from their retreat.

In the meantime our cruel work had commenced. I had no time to watch my comrades, but dealt blow after blow, right and left, each stroke seeming instantly to kill. But so far we had only females and young to deal with, the bulls being generally further inland; but the alarm brought them now down upon us, and

almost to my cost I found heavier hitting was necessary. One big, old fellow I obtained a clear blow at, a blow an observer would have thought sufficient to have crushed his skull; still it appeared only for a moment to delay his progress. In my anxiety to repeat it my feet slipped and down I came, almost on the top of the enraged brute. I certainly expected to feel his tusks, but by dint of rolling, twisting and squirming, I succeeded in getting clear of my antagonist without injury. In the scuffle I had dropped my club; for some moments I could not find it, but at last when I recovered it, the antagonist who had discomfited me was over the ledge and once more in his favourite ocean.

I firmly believe that at least seventy seals were killed on that occasion; and but for my accident I could have added two or three more to the number.

It was cruel, abominable work; from beginning to end, there was no excitement, because there was no danger; while the wonderfully expressive eyes and dog-like faces of the animals made you feel as if you were running a muck among a kennel of our canine favourites.

Men brought up to be familiar with such scenes think nothing of it; they leave their homes, wander abroad, sail over miles and miles of ocean to obtain wealth, or at least a livelihood, and at every blow they strike only think of the advantages to be derived by themselves from the indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter. If I had consulted my own feelings I should have much liked to have remonstrated, but such a course would have been simply an act of folly in me, a subordinate;

moreover, was not the craft fitted out and the crew employed to carry on this disgusting, sanguinary trade?

One such hunt is but a repetition of another, so it is needless to describe others; here we remained till the seals became so scarce and shy that further pursuit of them ceased to be remunerative.

The more I saw of the poor seals, the greater became my liking for them. On several occasions when I could be spared, Serge and I would leave camp and seek the shelter of some rocks that overlooked one of their favourite resting places. Frequently we got within less than fifty yards of them without our presence being known, so that their natural habits on such occasions were not disguised. When sleeping or resting they appear to adopt indifferently every attitude, except that of standing on their heads and tails. First they will lie on one side, then on the other, often on their stomachs and very frequently on their backs. It is most amusing to note with what gracefulness they will take their flipper—which is not unlike a lady's fan when extended, and with the extreme end scratch themselves as gracefully as such an action can be performed. When the wind is cold or sharp they, with the females and young, will gather together in groups, like a litter of young pigs in a straw yard, heads, tails, or cross ways indifferently, to enjoy the heat emanating from their companion's bodies. The females are apparently model mothers, full of affection and forethought for their progeny, and the children seem good and bidable babies. The old bulls, although I do not think them unkind to their children, seem rather apathetic

to their requirements, but are exceedingly jealous husbands, and have fearful battles with each other.

Some of the hides of the old males are frequently scored with the scars of wounds, doubtlessly obtained in combats with their rivals.

During day, when the weather is fine, particularly if the sun is strong, they come on land to rest and sleep, but in stormy weather, particularly during night, their loud deep voices can be heard competing with the thundering surf for supremacy.

The greatest labour we had after the slaughter was in gathering the slain and taking them to the boiling place; for some of the carcases must have weighed four or even five hundred pounds, but for the slipperiness of the sea-weed and their glossy smooth coats, this would have been almost impossible without dismembering them, when they had been killed some distance from the water.

To obtain the oil they are simply boiled down, the surface being constantly skimmed with a large flat spoon, and placed in receptacles prepared to receive it. Of course much filth gets introduced in this primitive mode, but before the oil is placed in the public market, I am told it is refined in establishments constructed for the purpose, when it becomes as clear as olive or any other oil.

After we had been about a week on the seal grounds, Serge and I started off to the eastward one afternoon to collect eggs and explore the interior of the island. We had not been a quarter of an hour gone, when he called my attention to what appeared to be a flag staff, if it

was not, it certainly bore a wonderful resemblance to one. After much trouble and an immense amount of climbing, we reached it, and as Serge supposed, so it turned out. It had evidently formed the fore or main topmast of some small craft, at its summit was a block, but the signal halyards and bunting which it had doubtlessly flown were removed. Around its base was nailed a piece of canvass on which was printed with tar, in Russian, Katarina Petropoulouski, wrecked 8th June 1850, crew rescued from here by American whaler Naragansit of Salem, Ms., bound for Columbia River, 25th September 1850. Without Serge's aid I could not have made this out; but of course the characters were quite familiar to him. What a narrow escape these unfortunates had of having to spend a winter here; for although possibly they might have found food, still the weather was certain to be very boisterous, and fearfully cold. On examining the locality, I thought I could distinguish the trace of a path; with great difficulty I was able to follow it, when I discovered it led into a precipitous ravine, in parts well covered with a stunted growth of cedars; further search discovered a cave with a small stream passing by it. From numerous fragments of crockery and ashes outside, and a quantity of dry brush inside, we concluded that this had been the residence of the shipwrecked mariners during their compulsory residence in this out-of-the-way part of the earth. Serge remarked to me that however beastly our own craft was, with its horrid smell of grease, and everything you touched smeared with it, it was a better lot than having to stay three months in a forsaken place like this."

In his sentiments I could not help cordially agreeing; but in the meantime we had forgotten the object of our journey; this, however, mattered little, for the days were long, and we still had a couple of hours daylight before us, and ten minutes would suffice to gather all the eggs we could carry.

When we got back to the boiling place, we found the old skipper comfortably smoking his pipe over the fire.

"Well, lads," he enquired, "what luck. Did you see any bar (bears), for the last time I ran down here, a regular old filibusterer, most as big as an ox and as white as snow, nearly fixed my flint. There's no denying that fact; you see I drew a herd on him, but the piece missed fire, and if it hadn't been for that nigger there, fetching him a crusher with his axe at the but of the ear, he would have put me in for a rough and tumble fight that would have beat any of those performances I had ever figured in. I don't as a rule hanker after niggers, but since then I have kinder taken to that ebony specimen of a North Caroliner."

If the skipper had, as he said, kinder taken to the cook, I wonder how he would have treated him if he had not; for nothing Abe could do appeared right, and at least three or four times a day you would hear him told, "by the jumping Jupiter, I'll go a thousand miles out my course to run you into Wilmington and sell you to the highest bidder." By this time we had learned to know that the old man's bark was worse than his bite.

Having got our oil slung on board and safely stowed under hatches, we put to sea with a fair wind, and stood

to the south-east; a look-out was constantly kept during daily light in the fore-top, still not a whale was reported. Although this bad luck was hard on the skipper, Serge and myself could not help chuckling over it, for our sealing experience had given us quite a surfeit of grease and oil, and we longed most anxiously for the day when we should get released from the schooner; not that we were unkindly treated, but that we were both most thoroughly out of our element. If I may hazard an opinion, my companion more so than myself. The skipper, it is true, was a bit of a bear at times, but his ebullitions of temper were but short-lived; and as for the mate, although I believe him to be an excellent seaman, he was a quiet retiring man, who found fault with no one, unless the crime committed had been excessively glaring. Thus we often consoled ourselves by thinking how much worse our position would have been if we had had two swaggering, foul-mouthed bullies as our senior officers.

Still no luck, if I except the fineness of the weather. The captain, with his glass under his arm, walked the deck from night till morning, periodically halting to ask the man on the top whether he was asleep or not; but all this did not bring whales. This monotonous work had continued for over two weeks. We had sighted Mount Fuseama, and passed Cape Itsee on the coast of Japan, when the welcome voice of the look-out shouted, "There they blow on the starboard bow." In a moment every one was in the rattlings on the look-out, and true enough a shoal of whales could be distinctly seen about three miles off. The skipper was all alive

now; however active and excitable he had been before, he was now doubly so. "Look alive, lads! now, clear the boats," he shouted; "be spry my beauties, now's our chance to make up for lost time;" and the crew, to do them justice, did their utmost to attend to his orders. Already one boat was in the water, and the other swung out ready to be lowered, when the skipper returned to deck from the cabin, where he had been for a moment, and to the surprise of all, ordered the boats to be brought upon deck again and secured. This was done somewhat tardily, but when it was accomplished, he ordered sail to be shortened and all made snug for bad weather. "It's like our luck," he said; "never had such a cruise as this afore; barometer going down at a two-forty pace, and, by gum, it's my opinion we'll have it blowing big guns before we're an hour older, or I know nothing of this coast."

At this moment the boatswain passed, swearing as usual, and the skipper turned upon him in a moment. "Shut up you cantankerous, cadaverous, hoary-headed, old sinner; by the jumping Jupiter, I believe you are the Jonas on board this ship; if I thought you would not disagree with one of them ere whales, I believe I'd drop you overboard."

It was but a short time before the captain's prediction was verified; for it soon commenced to blow, and by midnight the storm had increased to a hurricane. For two days this continued, and save for the inconvenience and the confounded caterwauling of his fiddle, there was nothing to be grumbled at, for the little schooner behaved splendidly. On the third day we again stood

in and sighted the land; this was pronounced to be the entrance to Bungo Channel, when again the mast-head look-out sung out, "There they blow on the weather beam." The weather was now fine, so down went the boats, and in a few moments the crews were pulling their best to get first blood.

On account of my being an inexperienced hand at this work, I took an oar, the boatswain had the steering oar and command of the boat, and one of the Kanakas in the other bow was in charge of the harpoon. We had a long and hard pull of it, right into the wind's eye; but whether our crew was better or our boat lighter, we beat the mate's party by several hundred yards.

At length we were in the school; an immense sperm whale, over sixty feet in length, I should imagine, was before us. "Way enough, my lads," shouted the boatswain, "and be ready to back water the moment I tell you." The boat, from the way she was under, forged ahead; the harpooner stood with a coil of line and his weapon poised in his hand; a moment afterwards the opportunity for throwing it arrived, and it entered deep into the flank of the huge mammoth of the deep. In an instant we were backing water, while the huge stricken beast lashed the sea for a moment into a mass of foam, and then dived, running out the line from the tub with such rapidity, that when it crossed the bulwarks one of the hands had constantly to keep it wet with a stream of water. If the line had caught at this moment the boat must have been turned over, or if it had, by accident, become twisted round any of the crew's limbs, his life most assuredly would have paid the penalty. Such

accidents do occur, and in a crowded boat it requires much care and experience to avoid them. Another great danger, and one by which many lives have been lost, is approaching the whale too far back, and thus endangering its striking the boat with its tail the moment it feels the harpoon. From the immense number of fathoms run out, it was evident we had got fast to a most powerful animal, so the mate deemed it necessary to come to our assistance; but the strain upon the poor struggling creature began to tell; slower and slower the line passed over the gunwale, and at last ceased to be run out, when the slack was taken in and replaced in the tub with the greatest care. However, while doing this, you must always stand prepared to let it run again; for as the angler with a hooked salmon never knows when the fish will take it into its head to commence another run, so it is with the whale. A strain being brought to bear upon the line, the boat was rushing through the water with extraordinary velocity. This is also a perilous time, and the skill of the steerer is taxed to the utmost. So far, everything had been done in thoroughly workman-like style, for the boatswain was evidently an old and experienced hand, and never looked so thoroughly at home as he did on this occasion. Firmly braced, he stood in the stern-sheets, his eyes fixed ahead, a determined expression on his face, and his lips tightly compressed, while the wind blew out to its full extent his long snow-white hair. Never in my life have I been engaged in a scene more exciting, or one in which the power, skill, and, I may say, the audacity of man is better exemplified. It is

impossible to say exactly how long the whale was under the surface, possibly ten minutes, probably more; however, at length it came to the surface; coil after coil of line was rapidly stowed away, till we had much decreased the distance between it and ourselves. In the meantime the other boat was doing its best to come up with the chase to deliver a harpoon; but they had a long tedious row before they succeeded. When they did, down went the unfortunate creature again, carrying out line with a rapidity almost equal to its first effort; but on this occasion it did not so long remain underneath, and the efforts to break loose, probably from now having the resistance of two boats to contend against, were much reduced. Foot after foot the line was taken in and coiled away, closer and closer we approached our prey, when the mate threw his lance, a much longer and sharper instrument than the harpoon, and intended for killing, with admirable effect, for the whale lashed the water in a paroxysm of pain, till the surface was one mass of blood and foam. Again another and another lance was thrown, momentarily the struggles and efforts to escape became weaker, till, with a final effort, and three or four dashes of its enormous tail, the monster of the deep yielded up life.

The schooner, which had been beating to windward all this time, so as to be near at hand when the finale came, now bore down upon us. The immense carcass was made fast to her side. The skipper was in great glee, Abe was ordered to provide supper at once for all hands, and the captain had the courtesy to ask the mate and myself to join him at his meal.

But there was no rest after we had satisfied the inward man; the tackles were rigged up, the spates and cutting lances were all brought on deck, and the important operation of securing the blubber was commenced.

This is done in the following way: two lines being cut along the carcass, the hook in the tackle is made fast to it, and as the hands haul on the rope, the spade severs the blubber from the carcass; thus the valuable portion is brought on board in long strips. As one part of the dead whale is thus skinned or stripped, the carcass is canted to the right or left, so as to bring above the surface those portions that formerly were submerged.

Altogether it is disgusting work; the atmosphere is redolent of blubber, and soon every portion of the ship becomes coated with it, and if possible the boiling down is more loathsome still.

While the cutting up was taking place, one would have imagined that every sea fowl in the North Pacific, and every shark within a thousand miles had assembled around us to participate in the anticipated feast. If you threw on the surface a small fragment of the whale's flesh, a hundred birds in a moment dashed at it; if a larger piece, fifty sharks in an instant rushed for it. Some of the sharks were truly monsters, eighteen or twenty feet long at the least, and so devoid of timidity were they, that they would actually come within a yard or two of the men at work on the carcass, and endeavour to tear off blubber or flesh, in fact whatever they could lay hold of.

The largest shark both in length and girth, was particularly audacious. Several times he came within a few feet of the old boatswain when he was cutting up. The old man for some time appeared to take no notice of him, but I felt certain he was only waiting for an opportunity to give his unwelcome visitor a warning. At length the opportunity occurred, and he gave him a slash across the head with one of the knives that left a wound of many inches deep and over a foot long—sufficient it would be supposed to kill him; still he did not leave us, but kept cruising about as if nothing had happened.

It is surprising that the men at work on the carcass are not carried away, for frequently they are only a few inches above the surface of the water, nay at times even it; yet the captain assured me he never knew such a thing happen. One thing is certain that the sharks showed a certain respect for the men; for if not why did they not tear the whole whale away? The men on the other hand, particularly the old boatswain, did not care a snap of their fingers for the sharks. I suppose the reason of their immunity is that the flesh of the whale is a favourite food with these monsters; and that while they have a prospect of procuring it, they care for nothing else.

I mentioned the big shark that the boatswain cut at. Many others were fearfully lacerated by the Kanakas, still they did not appear to feel their wounds, nor did the lesson teach them caution.

If an observer could be in a vessel that the blubber had not to come on board, and afterwards be boiled

down in, the cutting up of a whale and its attendant sights would be well worth looking at.

Five minutes after the carcass had been cut adrift, not a shark was to be seen; what a battle royal there must then have been among these monsters.

We killed two more whales in Bungo Channel farther inland: but bad weather setting in, we were, much to the satisfaction of Serge and myself, obliged to stand away to the southward. Provisions and water, moreover, were both getting short; so that the prospect of our soon visiting a port was far from improbable.

We cleared the coast of Japan keeping well to the eastward of the archipelago that projects from the south-east corner of this magnificent group of islands, and although under short canvass, for it now was the typhoon season, we were soon off the coast of Formosa. From hence the captain proposed going to Manilla; but circumstances altered his resolve, and Singapore was decided on as our next anchorage, after which he proposed cruising in the Southern Indian Ocean, for by the time we reached the high latitudes in the southern hemisphere, it would be well on in summer, and long days and short nights would prevail.

Borneo, famous for the daring and brave exploits of Sir James Brooke among its hordes of pirates, we just sighted from here. We stood again to the eastward to fetch up to the Straits of Malacca.

I must not forget here to mention a little incident that occurred. I had resigned my watch at noon, and as I had had but little sleep the previous night, I had turned in to try and get a nap for an hour or two, when

the shout was raised of a man overboard. As I rushed on deck, I encountered Serge coming up also. The schooner was at the time going about five knots an hour, and in her wake was some one, evidently a most indifferent swimmer, struggling in the water, while the black curly head of uncle Abe, as he was always called by the hands, could be recognised pushing with powerful strokes to the rescue. In the meantime the schooner had been brought up into the wind, and all hands were busy in launching a boat. Some minutes elapsed before this was effected, but in the meantime the cook had reached the rapidly drowning man: for some moments he held his head above water, so as to give him a chance to breathe, for the unfortunate man had already sunk twice, then dexterously passing him round he got his hands upon his shoulders and thus supported him till assistance arrived. A less dexterous and powerful swimmer never would have succeeded in this task, for a quarter of an hour must nearly have elapsed before they were taken out of the water.

When they came alongside, the crew gave Abe a cheer, and the captain turned to the first mate and myself and relieved himself by saying, "Did not I always tell you that I kinder hankered after that nigger?"

The plucky old darkey came on board with the usual stereotyped grin, and looked as if nothing out of the ordinary routine of his duties had happened. Not so, however, with the man he had rescued, who was so exhausted that he had to be carried below.

The almost drowned man was the lad who had

brought us on board at San Francisco, when we first visited the *Hulda Swich.* He had been sent to the end of the jibboom to stow the gib, and missed his footing. One thing is certain that but for Abe's promptitude the poor fellow would have become food for the fishes.

Several times I had tried to gain the confidence of this boy, but he was impenetrable and unimpressionable; he confessed to having no home or parents, but where he came from I know not. He was truly a waif upon the waters of life; and how many similarly circumstanced do those that travel about the world meet.

About a hundred miles from Singapore we passed through quite a fleet of the uncouth-looking crafts which are used by the Bugis traders. All were destined for the same port as ourselves, to which they make annual visits in October or November. They combine together for safety from the numerous piratical Malay proas that swarm on the coast of Sumatra. They bring to the British settlement native cloths, gold-dust, and tortoise-shell, also the two great luxuries of the Chinese, birds' nests and sea-slugs. The two latter are much valued in Canton, and form with sharks' fins the greatest luxuries of the higher class of mandarins.

The birds' nests are those of a swallow, more properly known by the name of the Saligam swallow, which builds its nest in the clefts of rocks in several of the islets of the Malay archipelago. The substance that these nests are composed of is a vegetable deposit that

floats upon the surface of the ocean, gelatinous in its composition, which the birds gather, and plaster tier over tier against the surface of the perpendicular rock till a little ledge is made like half a saucer. The gatherers of the nests are let down by ropes from above, and as the descent is sometimes several hundred feet deep, fearful accidents sometimes occur from the rope breaking, as not unfrequently happens in the Faroe Islands. The rent paid for the privilege of gathering these nests in the places most frequented by the birds is fabulous. It is quite a mistake to imagine that there is anything repulsive or dirty in the appearance of these nests, quite the reverse; they are semi-transparent, and look not unlike glue. But the sea-snail, or beche-de-mêr, is a horrible-looking thing, from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and almost black in colour. These snails are collected by divers, and however repulsive their appearance, they are far from contemptible as an article of diet.

But to come back to these Bugis traders; they are a troublesome lot to have anything to do with, if report speaks true, and are very apt to use the kriss, or crooked dagger, the common weapon of this part of the world, on the slightest disagreement. Consequently the greater part of the trade falls into the hands of the Chinese. This information I received from the skipper, who has frequently been in this neighbourhood before; and who, being in very good spirits, was unusually communicative.

This is a busy place at two seasons of the year; viz., when the monsoons change, for many thousands of

strange crafts from China, Assam, Burmah, and the numerous and various groups of islands, then visit Singapore; and this is the only entrance to its harbour.

In course of time, and very much to my satisfaction, we at length dropped anchor in front of this charming and healthy port. There are few prettier places to be seen in the world than Singapore, as viewed from the water, the white clean-looking houses and stores coming down almost to the water's edge, while the background is covered with the densest tropical vegetation, the most conspicuous among the trees being the beautiful and graceful cocoanut. Numerous islands also stud the strait. Some of them are very minute, but from the number of parasitic plants, and other shrubs that adorn them, they form a most charming feature of the landscape. The water here is so transparent and bright, that it makes a delightful contrast with the dark green foliage and dusky rocks. We were soon surrounded by boats of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny canoe that bears but one occupant, and he probably a little boy of eight or nine years of age, to the large bumboat loaded with stores and fruits of every description. The occupation of the owner of the little craft first mentioned is to dive after coins that may be thrown into the water by those desirous of witnessing their expertness in this art, that of the latter sort is to cheat and swindle the uninitiated in the most bare-faced manner. Serge, with the captain, mate, and some others, went on shore immediately after the anchor was dropped, and I should have liked to do so, but it being my watch, it was

impossible. However, I submitted to my fate with a good grace, for I knew that the skipper intended trying to obtain a reinforcement to his crew; and if he succeeded, my friend and I intended bidding adieu to the *Hulda Swich.*

Serge, as he was a novice in marketing, had taken with him Master Abe the cook. It did one's heart good to observe the style of Abe's get-up, nothing could be more gorgeous, only the general effect was slightly destroyed by the uneven outline of the sides of his battered hat. A Donnybrook fair Irishman's could scarcely have been in a more disreputable state, while in his hand was the most gorgeous rattan cane, with a large silver top and silk tassels, that might have been coveted by any of our Indian gentlemen who return to their native country with torpid livers, enlarged spleens, or other ailments of a similar description.

There is something to me uncommonly ludicrous about the appearance of a well fed healthy darkey, yet I have a liking for them, for I believe, that if well treated, they are most faithful, affectionate creatures, but Abe was no common darkey, and he knew it; had he not saved his skipper's life from a polar bear, and one of the crew from drowning? So if he did put on a little side it was quite pardonable.

Although disappointed in not being able to have a run ashore, I was successful in obtaining a supply of fruit, for many of the boats that hailed us were loaded with it almost to their gunwales; and nowhere, I suppose, in the earth can it be obtained in such great variety, and in such perfection. The mangistien, in my estimation,

ranks first, but as it will not grow over eight degrees from the equator, is a fruit little known. It is about the size of a large orange, the exterior being a thick covering of the consistency and colour of tan bark, and exceedingly bitter. Inside this rind is a number of snow-white pieces resembling the divisions of an orange, their flavour is so excellent that it is impossible to describe it, being a delightful combination of sweet and acid. with the most delicate flavouring of spice. Next comes the shaddock, or pumalor, as it is designated here, an immense orange, not unfrequently called in England, "the forbidden fruit," as it is supposed to be identical with that with which Satan tempted our first parents in Paradise. Previously I had eaten shaddocks from the West Indies, but they cannot for a moment be compared with those of Singapore, which are certainly delicious. The pine apples here are also remarkable for size and flavour, and can be eaten in large quantities with comparative impunity. Beside these, are to be found innumerable species of bananas, rambutan, soursop, guava, rose-apple, dookoo, and last, though far from least, the popular durian. To Europeans, at first, the smell of the durian is very repulsive, resembling a combination of rotten eggs, assafœtida, and garlic, if such a combination can be imagined; however, there are very few residents that do not in time overcome their prejudice against it. The natives almost live on it, and nearly all wild beasts, even those that are carnivorous, feed on it. It is about the size of the unhusked cocoa nut, and has a hard light green external husk, covered with short sharp prickles. The pulp, which is yellow, and is the

portion eaten, contains several seeds about the size of a domestic fowl's egg.

But hark to that din. Did ever mortal man hear the like; if he has been in America he can imagine it to result from all the hotel gongs being collected on one spot and being beaten at the same time.

Casting my eyes to the norward, to see from whence it originated, I perceived an extraordinary looking craft slowly crawling up the straits towards the anchorage, propelled by immense oars, and the almost exhausted breeze. In Europe we have no type of vessel resembling this, and to our eyes it is so unship-shape, that one cannot help wondering how human beings can be induced to trust their lives at sea in such a lumbering ungainly conveyance. Whatever its draft of water may be, there is sufficient of the hull above the water-line, to make its passage through the water on a breeze a moral impossibility, and over all, where the bulwarks would be supposed to be, there is an exaggerated network of planks and beams resembling a rack on a hay cart; while on either side of the stern are painted two round white circles, about the size of a football, to represent eyes. On my asking a Chinaman in a sampan alongside what they were for, his answer was, "Suppose no got eyes, how can see?" "Very true," I answered.

Again, and again, the fearful noise rises on the still air, while numerous little pieces of lighted paper are thrown overboard. "What is that for?" I enquired of my previous informant. "Oh, that, to Chin Chin Joss for good passage," which, being translated, means to

thank the devil for bringing them safely to the end of their journey.

These junks make a voyage to and fro yearly. Thus they come down with the northern monsoon, and return with the southern one. Occasionally, if they have remained late in the season, they get into bad and adverse weather, when they lash a number of spars together and drift behind a floating anchor, on which the waves break; thus leaving the junk in a comparative calm, not unlike an eddy on the margin of a rapid river.

These junks often carry valuable cargoes, and are an especial prey of the Malay pirates, who are still numerous in these seas, although much reduced in number through the exertions of our men-of-war, and that indomitably brave gentleman, Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak.

But here comes our ship's boat. "Man the gangway, and let down the hand-ropes, my lads," and in a few minutes our people were on board.

As Serge passed me he whispered, "Come below as soon as you can, I have something to tell you."

Rather inquisitive to know what it was, I soon found an opportunity to hand over the watch to the first officer, and dived down below decks to learn what my friend had to tell. As I entered his cabin, Serge exclaimed, "Would you believe it, comrade, I have been nearer than is pleasant being made food for the fishes, or rather for the worms."

"Yes, of course I believe you, if you say so; but how was it?"

"Well, I had better start from the beginning; you

don't mind bathing my arm, for I have got a slight cut on it, nothing to speak of, still it has bled considerably. A piece of sticking-plaster will soon put it all right;" and my friend showed me what appeared a deep wound in the fleshy part of the arm below the elbow, nearly an inch long.

"How did you get it," I exclaimed impatiently.

"Simply enough. When we had done our marketing, the captain and mate left us to go to a shipping agent's, having previously informed me that the ship's boat would leave for the schooner in an hour and a half. Having so much time on my hands, I considered what would be the most profitable manner of spending it, and I resolved to visit the native quarter. The exterior of a gaudy house attracted my attention. It was thoroughly Chinese in architecture, and recalled vividly the extraordinary pictures that puzzle us in childhood, and which are so often seen on tea boxes and old china. The door was open, and any person who chose seemed to enter. I for the moment imagining it some place of amusement, was about to do likewise, when old Abe, the cook, whom I had not seen since I left the captain, put his hand on my shoulder as if to detain me, at the same time saying, 'That's gambling house, more better not go in there.'

"But as I had heard a great deal about these Oriental gambling houses, one of them was of all other things what I wished most to see.

"On my telling Master Abe this, he informed me that he would go also, to take care of me.

"The interior was not attractive; for it was both

dark and dirty, while strong fumes of opium pervaded the by no means otherwise wholesome atmosphere. The place was not crowded, still there might have been sixty or seventy people in it, a number lying in bunks smoking opium, others asleep, while the remainder were either playing an intricate game with large dice and a quantity of spills, or watching with intense interest the proceedings of the gamblers. Among others who were occupied in this game of chance, I noticed a wild-looking Malay. His eyes were so bleared, and yet bright, that I thought he resembled more a wild beast than a man.

"For some time I had been engaged trying to unravel the mysteries of the game, when a shout was raised by the bystanders, 'A muck! a muck!' and the crowd surged right and left; still I could not see what caused the alarm, for I was bustled back from the table by the excited throng. I was about to attempt forcing my way through it to learn what was occurring, when the crowd in front of me parted, each of its members darting to the left or right, as if it were a case of *sauve qui peut*, and up the opening that was thus left appeared the repulsive Malay, kriss in hand, cutting right and left. In a moment he was up to me. I had not time to think, let alone get out of the way; he raised his weapon and struck blindly. I put up my arm to protect myself, down came the blade, and made the wound you see, but at the same instant the would-be assassin lay to all appearance lifeless at my feet. I turned round, and immediately behind me was old Abe, the cook, grinning from ear to ear; in his hand he held his

wonderful ratan clubbed; there was no necessity of asking who struck the blow that had saved my life.

"What became of the wretch I could not tell, for we were forced back from where he lay; but if I mistake not, the krisses of his countrymen finished the work that old Abe so ably commenced."

"I have heard that Malays poison their krisses. I hope there is no danger from that," I said anxiously.

"So have I, but you need not be alarmed. I have seen a doctor, and he says there is nothing to be feared. At the same time he remarked that it was fortunate that the occurrence did not take place further south, down in the islands, for there the weapons are invariably poisoned."

We had ever considered Master Cookey a character, and a good-hearted obliging fellow, moreover we knew that he was possessed of no ordinary amount of courage; so is it to be wondered at that he now became a special favourite with Serge and myself?

Next day my companion and I went ashore with the skipper, who still had business at the shipping agents; as he did not order the boat to return for him till late, we had ample time to wander about and see the sights.

We decided to visit first the tigers confined in the handsome gardens of a wealthy Chinese. There were four or five of them, splendid beasts, and in prime condition.

An intelligent Chinaman, who appeared to be the head gardener, and spoke English remarkably well, told us that the island swarmed with them, and that the Government paid one hundred dollars for every one

brought in dead or alive; but that the jungle was so thick, and in consequence the pursuit so dangerous, that few attempted it. The loss of life on the island and on the neighbouring mainland from these ferocious animals has been calculated at two labourers a day, in fact, some of the Gambia plantations have on this account been deserted by their proprietors.

There was nothing either of us should have liked better than a tiger hunt; but it was quite evident that what others with unlimited means and accessories could not accomplish, it would simply be absurd for us to attempt. So we satisfied ourselves by hiring a garry and driving wherever our Jehu chose to take us. The animal in this conveyance was a remarkably small pony, yet the little beast got over the ground with his heavy load at an amazing pace, and after several hours of such exertion under a tropical sun, did not show any evidence of unusual fatigue.

These Singapore ponies are certainly marvels of horse flesh. A few are brought from Assam and Burmah, but the majority I believe are from Java.

To our intense disgust the captain told us when we joined him that he had failed to fill our places, or to add to his crew, and that in consequence, although much against his will, he would be compelled to go down to the Dutch port of Batavia, that our agreement was to remain with him till our places were filled, and that as gentlemen he hoped we would do so.

In this the old skipper was perfectly right; and although by this time we fairly loathed the schooner, and the confined and anything but clean life we were

leading, still the old man had been so good to us in his own quiet unostentatious way, that we determined to stick to him in his difficulty. Moreover, the voyage to Batavia under ordinary circumstances would not take more than a week; and we should have the opportunity of seeing more of this part of the world, one of the richest in vegetable productions, and particularly of Java, which has besides the reputation of being the best managed and most prosperous of European colonies.

It was a fine afternoon when we tripped our anchor and bid adieu to Singapore. I cannot say that our feelings were those of pleasure when we did so, for we were leaving behind a scene so bright, new, and full of activity for another term of imprisonment.

The wind, which was very light, was dead ahead till we got clear of the Straits, so, for the first twenty-four hours, the schooner had to be put about every few miles. Land could be seen on both sides, covered with the same bright, dazzling, green vegetation that had charmed us so much at the port we had left, while immense numbers of the numerous extraordinary rigged crafts, peculiar to these waters, surrounded us on every hand. When we had made sufficient offing, our bow was pointed to the southward of east, as we intended running through the Straits of Banka; but the winds were so light, and frequently baffling, that our progress was barely sufficient to give us steerage way.

The schooner not being fitted with awning and such comforts as vessels intended for carrying passengers in tropical seas are always supplied with, we suffered a great deal from the heat, while the grease that had,

about midships, plentifully besmeared our decks and bulwarks, emitted anything but an agreeable odour.

However, if the days were objectionable, the nights were charming. The moon was almost at her full, looked like a huge ball of molten silver, and emitted the softest and most charming light possible to imagine. Serge was on deck with me telling me of the wonders of his own land,—the marvellous Kremlin of Moscow, and the grand Winter Palace of St Petersburg,—when Master Abe, whom—now from brevity and possibly feelings of regard—we invariably dubbed with the affectionate title, Cookey, passed, returning to his caboose from the cabin.

For the last day or two nothing appeared to please him more than to be taken notice of by either of us, or to listen to our conversation; so he stopped when abreast of us, laid hold of the rattlings, and became a most interested listener. At length our conversation turned to tiger-hunting, which sport, it was evident, Serge had set his mind on enjoying if an opportunity offered.

"Ah!" said Cookey, "you should go to my country if you want to shoot wild beast; plenty, plenty wild beast there."

"How is that?" said I; "you come from America; there are no wild beasts in your part of it, except an occasional stray bear."

"Yes, I hail from America this time; but that not my country; my country Africa, I Zulu, not American darkie as captain call me," said Abe.

"Then you are a Kaffir," I rejoined.

"No! no! not Kaffir; Kaffir live to the south of my country; I Zulu—plenty lion, and camels, and rhinostre, and sea-cow there. I young man when I come away; still I many times go with my people and have grand hunt; kill plenty wild beasts."

"Did you ever see a lion killed?" Serge asked.

"Plenty times."

"You have no guns; how did you do it?" he continued.

"No, we have no guns, that quite true; but we have assegai and shield. I tell you how we kill him. The lion in the night sometimes kill buffalo or ox, then he eat till his stomach very full, and go and lay down to rest. Zulu hunter find his spoor and follow that till he find him; then he come back to village and tell the chief, who calls all the warriors and tells them to get ready for the hunt. Soon all the young men are ready, for they have nothing to do but bring their asegai and shield. Then the man who found the lion leads them to where he is hid; when my people get there they make a ring round him and gradually advance, holding their shield in front of them with the left arm, while in the right hand they carry their sharp assegai. Nearer and nearer they close upon the lion, till he either smell the people or hear them; then he get up and look all round to see where he can get away, but there is no opening, so he knows he must fight; then he gives one roar to frighten the men, and rushes at the nearest Zulu, who receives him on his shield, at the same time burying his assegai in his stomach. The first man the lion jumps on is probably knocked down and gets badly

bitten; but while the lion is thus engaged a dozen assegais pierce him, but he is not yet killed; another and another Zulu is thrown down and hurt, possibly killed; but more and more assegais pierce the savage brute till, at length exhausted from loss of blood, he dies. In such fights as these one or more warriors are sometimes killed, but this does not happen always.

"Another way we kill the lion is more brave still. Two or three Zulus hunting find a lion asleep; they crawl up to him, taking care that he does not get their wind; when close, one of the men takes off his caross, the others balance their assegais; in a moment after the head of the lion is covered with the caross, and the spears are hurled into his side. When he feels the pain he starts up, but the skin rug prevents him seeing, so, frightened out of his wits, he disregards his foes, and rushes off over the velt. Yes! the Zulu is a brave hunter."

It is impossible to give this in the language it was told, for Cookey spoke English wonderfully well; but to appreciate it properly the reader should have seen the clever pantomimic actions the narrator made illustrative of the scenes he described.

I hazarded the remark here, "What brought you to sea?"

"I came to Natal to see the ships, then I get hired to help to unload them, afterwards I think that I should like to make a voyage; so I go from one ship to another till I am more white man than black man; when I get plenty money I will go home, I say; still I never get the money, and so still am on board ship. See, master,

what boat is that coming out from under the loom of the land; proa, I think, perhaps pirate; I have been here before, and know that there are plenty Malay pirate in these waters."

Casting my eyes in the direction indicated, I easily distinguished a long snake-like craft stealing out from under the dark shadow caused by the Sumatra shore and the tall palm trees growing on the water's margin. All on board this suspicious craft seemed to be still as death. She did not advance, but appeared to be waiting either for the purpose of observing us, or to be joined by a companion.

Neither Serge nor myself could help feeling that there was something suspicious in her conduct; nor were we kept long in doubt, for soon another proa, equal in size, joined the first. For some time they remained stationary together, then with quiet, stealthy strokes their bows were turned towards us, and silently they advanced. We called the captain and crew, and in a moment after, all were on deck. The skipper spoke a few words—"Your lives depend on beating off the scoundrels;" and it was clear, from the avidity with which each man seized the musket and tomahawk given him, that there was but one opinion among us all, namely, to fight to the last. The schooner at this time was scarcely passing through the water more rapidly than three miles an hour, so that there was no chance of our escaping by speed; thus if these proas were piratical crafts, we were doubtless in for what promised to be very hot fighting. We had one cannon on board, an old iron four-pounder; it had often been made the

subject of joke in previous days, but who knew that it might not turn out useful now? Serge, who, like all young Russians of the higher class, had had a military education, offered to take charge of it.

In this the skipper acquiesced, and immediately afterwards I saw Cookey assisting to load the veteran gun with a bag of slugs. The proas kept advancing slowly, still they were too far off to hail; so taking the chance, I cast my eyes about to see how our fighting material looked; appearances were highly satisfactory. The captain and mate each had a long Kentucky rifle beside them, and a revolver in their belt. Serge and I had similar weapons, being those we had used on the plains; Cookey had a musket, and a long blubber knife, a weapon as sharp as a razor, with a sweep of eight or nine feet; while the remainder had muskets and tomahawks. I heard Serge giving directions to two of the hands to be prepared to open the midships gangway the moment he told them, at the same time he was employed in reeving stops to counteract the recoil of the cannon. The masterly manner in which he was executing his duties elicited the commendation of the captain, who evidently saw that he had the right man in the right place. Following the captain forward, I heard him say to the mate, "These scoundrels think that because we are so low in the water they will only have half-a-dozen men to deal with, but by the jumping Jupiter, they'll find the *Hulda Swich* the hottest coal they ever undertook to handle."

The crew had been kept as much hid as possible behind the bulwarks, and silence was strictly enjoined

until the suspected crafts should show whether they were friends or foes. At length the skipper hailed them ; but his voice was scarcely echoed over the water, when every oar was dipped firmly and strongly with a long pull, and the proas dashed at us. They were close together, and nearly abreast. Cookey at Serge's request ran to bid the skipper to put the helm to starboard, so as to run more off the wind and so bring both the hostile crafts in line for a cross shot. In a moment this was done ; the schooner, going freer, increased her pace, the proas altered their course to cut us off, but in doing so, got into the desired position, when the cannon was fired through the gangway, and at the short distance, judging from the shouts and execrations we heard, and the number of oarsmen that appeared to cease their exertion, wonderful execution must have been done among our assailants. In the meantime file-firing from every part of the starboard side was opened. I was too busy to watch others, but after two successive shots I saw two of the enemy fall, and I was not the only one who held my rifle straight, for again and again I saw inmates of the attacking boats throw up their arms, or fall from their seats. The sharp fusilade seemed to have paralysed the foe ; but this was only for a minute or so, for again they dashed at us, one proa in advance of the other ; but Serge had by this time reloaded his cannon, at the foremost of the enemy he got a raking shot, and in the clear moonlight in this climate, almost as bright as day, there was no difficulty in seeing that many were killed or wounded.

So far our antagonists had fired only a few shots ;

for doubtless they considered boarding was their chance of success; and obstinately and courageously they attempted it; but from our running free they found it more difficult than they had anticipated. In going off the wind, it is true, we were leaving our channel, and getting among shoals and into dangerous navigation, still it was the only course we could adopt with a chance of safety. But the villains were not to be denied. With a pluck and exertions worthy of a better cause, they took their punishment and struggled on to grapple with us. Our cannon from defects in mounting could not be sufficiently depressed to be brought to bear again; but Soldatenkoff was equal to the emergency. With a handspike under each trunion he got the gun dismounted, and ere the crew of the proa could board, the cumbrous mass of iron was hurled into her bottom. The crash told how many ribs must have been smashed, and how many planks started under its weight. However, the Malays were not to be deterred by even the destruction of their boat; but struggled most determinedly to gain our decks. Here the revolvers did grand execution, and the long sweeping cutting knife of Cookey dealt fearful wounds,—as he stood, stripped of his shirt, his brawny chest and arms proclaimed him a Hercules, while his activity was equal to his physique. Who that has been among the Zulus does not remember what splendid men they are? and Cookey was a Zulu of Zulus.

To give the Malays their due, they fought with the utmost recklessness and courage, but our people were so firm and met their repeated assaults with such determined resolution that they never were able to establish a

footing on our decks. At length the battle commenced to slacken; our antagonists found that they for once had made a mistake, so the hurt and those who had the fortune to escape wounds, dropped into the sea and swam for the other proa, for the one that boarded us had by this time become almost swamped through the injury it had received from the heavy old four-pounder being dropped into it. It may have appeared like a useless taking of life now that the foe were retreating, but Serge and the captain turned over many a swimmer before they reached their boat.

The remaining craft was now so hampered with numbers, that quite a length of time was lost before they could settle to their sweeps and pull out of fire, and until they did so a perfect shower of leaden messengers were fired into the crowd. But the action was now virtually over, so I was ordered by the skipper to enquire what casualties we had suffered—fortunately these were very slight; two of the Kanakas having received flesh wounds, neither of which were serious, and the unhappy boy disabled by having several of his toes broken through the wheel of the gun-carriage, when recoiling, passing over his foot.

But when we had been intent on nothing but repelling the pirate, the schooner had been left pretty much to take care of herself. The order was now promptly sung out to brace the sheets and bring her again on the wind. While this was being done, the retreating enemy screamed a yell of disappointed rage, which was answered by a shout of defiance from our people that floated far over the placid waters.

But it appeared that we were far from being out of danger, for in putting the schooner off the wind, we had left the navigable channel and drawn close upon the Sumatra coast, a mass of coral beds, the position of which are so little known, that no accurate chart can be found of them. In the meantime the wind had almost entirely died away; consequently our jibboom was turned in rotation to every point in the compass. Under such circumstances the reader might say: Why not let go the anchor? For this simple reason, that there are no soundings unless over one of the reefs, where there is frequently only a few feet of water, which we wished to avoid. A boat was consequently lowered to feel the way for us in the direction that we were drifting, and also to be our last resource to get our craft's head round, if it should point to danger; for it is a well-known fact that a vessel will frequently drift in the direction her bow is pointed.

After an hour of this work, in which our position became momentarily more perilous, we escaped from running on a reef by the narrowest possible margin. The captain, who never for a moment left the deck, was evidently most anxious for the safety of his craft, and tried every expedient that nautical skill could suggest to release us from our difficulties; but all without avail. Soon after daybreak the wind began to rise, and worse than all, it blew from the very point that not only could not be of any service, but increased our danger. Again and again the schooner was put about; but the tacks were compulsorily so short that we gained nothing by the operation. As the day waxed older, so the breeze

increased, and to such an extent that sail had to be shortened, while the barometer kept falling so rapidly as to indicate a coming storm. Between us and the channel were to be seen such numerous breakers, that it was truly surprising that we in the darkness of night should have drifted past them without striking. These outlying reefs,—until the waves had much increased in size,—formed almost a breakwater for the shelter of the inlying water, thus preventing our seeing the dangers close at hand. For the fourth or fifth time our vessel was put upon the port-tack, and we were just commencing to pass rapidly through the water when there was a fearful crash, the masts trembled, so that momentarily I expected to see them go by the board; but the sticks and rigging were good, and we escaped that misfortune although we found ourselves hard and fast upon a coral reef. Every effort was now put in practice to get her off; kedges were got out, and every hand manned the capstan, but all was of no avail; and I doubt if there was an individual on board who did not think that the *Hulda Swich* had sailed her last voyage. Moreover the gale freshened, and with its increase the sea rose to such an extent that it became a matter of doubt whether a boat would live in it; but as the boats were our only salvation if the schooner broke up, the captain reluctantly gave orders to leave the poor craft that so long had been our home. Not without difficulty and danger was this effected; and as the sun set we landed on the wood-clad shores of the Island of Sumatra. Our arms and a few valuables we had saved, but few had found time to bring with them a change of clothes.

We were all in a sad plight, wet, fagged and dirty, still withal we had reason to be thankful that no lives had been lost.

But sailors do not take long to accommodate themselves to circumstances. Soon a rousing fire was made and all seemed to think that our lot might have been worse.

Just before darkness set in, Serge walked a little distance from the camp. In a few minutes he returned. His manner was scarcely as calm as was his wont. "Come with me for a moment, I wish to show you something," he said to me, and without inquiry I accompanied him. "Look at that," he said, pointing out a track in the sand, and then continued, "I have seen plenty of tracks of bears and wolves and other wild beasts in the snow, and if I mistake not, this is made by a tiger."

I examined it carefully, there could be no doubt the impressions on the sand were the track of a wild beast, moreover, the indentations were fresh enough not to be an hour old. Returning to our companions in misfortune we informed them of our discovery, but the captain and mate were too much absorbed in their troubles to take any precautions in consequence.

By the judicious use of a few kind words, I induced some of the crew to accompany me into the bush to gather wood; so ere darkness had quite shrouded us, we had a supply of firing sufficient to last throughout the night.

As my senior officers had each a heavy load of trouble to bear, I took upon myself the responsibility of informing the crew of what I had seen, and advised them on no account during the night to leave the fire; but they

appeared sceptical. I believe that there is no class of people more difficult to convince of the presence of a danger of which they have had no experience than sailors.

For a long time I had no occasion to complain of any one disregarding my advice; for all were so thoroughly exhausted with their labours and with the excitement of the previous night and the preceding day that they passed the night in one uninterrupted slumber. To this there was one exception, the poor lad who had got maimed by the cannon; for turn which way he would he tossed and groaned in anguish. Serge Soldatenkoff confessed to being very tired, and I had no hesitation in acknowledging that I was so also; so we proposed to divide the night into two watches, and cast lots who was to take the first. This devolved upon me, so with arms dried and reloaded, so as to be ready for immediate action, I lit a fire some distance in the rear of the other, and between them, but sufficiently far from each to be beyond their sleep-inducing influence, I lay down and listened. Many strange sounds I heard, but they were doubtless caused by frogs, lizards, or nocturnal birds. Once I heard something crushing through the brushwood and breaking the branches as if they were rotten bows; but soon this noise became less and less distinct till it ultimately died away. The storm like tropical gales had ceased as rapidly as it had risen, and the full moon over-head in the tranquil heavens, looked like a brilliant sapphire set in a surrounding of blue enamel.

I looked to sea-ward; there was the schooner, her

masts still standing, and as far as could be judged from such a distance, apparently uninjured, while no waves beat against her side, larger than the toy boat of a child might successfully contend with. What if we should get her afloat again? It may be possible, I thought; at least till I know otherwise I shall hope so.

It was some time past midnight, and, therefore, time for me to wake Serge. With that intention I went to him; but hesitated to disturb him for he was sound asleep, with a pleasant smile on his face that made me think that his mind must have wandered away into dreamland. His left hand was under his head, his right arm extended to its full length by his side; the breast of his shirt and collar were open, and over his regularly palpitating heart hung his treasure, what he probably valued most on earth, the gold-rimmed locket that contains a likeness of his mother. Yes, and if he loved his parent, who could doubt that her brave fair-haired, blue-eyed son was more than all the world to her. Could she have seen him now, what would she have thought? Alas! the wanderer had to go through many trials and hardships that those who pass their lives at home and in ease, can scarcely believe it possible to endure and live.

It must have been nearly two in the morning when Serge relieved me. He was annoyed at not having been more punctual, but I assured him it was my fault; for as a sailor I should have called him to take his watch.

Worn out, I threw myself down to rest, but my sleep was troubled by strange and horrid dreams. With a start and feeling of horror I would awake, and again

compose myself to rest; but again the same visions would be repeated with more than former distinctness. Thus I tossed about, half asleep, half awake, till the pearly grey lines of light in the east proclaimed the advent of another day. Although disposed to rise I delayed, for although sleep was denied me, I was overcome with a feeling of languor that craved indulgence. It is at such times as these that the memory of the past comes most vividly upon us. I saw my father and his dear old friend; there were the pipes and glasses, and the stereotyped story was being narrated by one to the satisfaction of the other, when I was instantly brought to reality by a shriek, repeated at brief intervals again and again, each succeeding time with less volume and energy. In a moment I was on my feet. I could not have been dreaming; for all my comrades had risen likewise. Into the thick bush we gazed; but nothing was to be seen. Serge had his rifle in his hand, I seized mine and we both rushed in the direction whence we imagined the appalling sound had come. It had evidently not been distant, and scarcely forty yards from the fire; we reached the spot. The ground bore marks of a recent struggle, for not only had the loose sand been disturbed, but large quantities of blood covered the surface of the ground, and smeared the neighbouring shrubs; while the wide-spread track of a large tiger sufficiently indicated the nature of the tragedy that had just occurred.

We thought that all our shipmates were by the fire when we left them; so we returned, believing that none of our party could have been the victim; but alas! we were wrong—the poor boy was missing.

Volunteers were soon forthcoming to rescue him, foremost among them was Cookey, a most valuable aid, for who understands spooring better than a Zulu? but our efforts were unavailing, for the further we penetrated the jungle the more dense became the undergrowth; so that finally we were compelled to give up the search, but not before fragments of a shirt and trousers had been found hanging on the thorn-bearing plants, giving indisputable evidence that it was the boy who had been carried off.

On rejoining our party, we observed preparations in an advanced stage for re-embarking for the schooner. On arriving alongside we found her as she had been left, apparently little injured; for she had barely made a foot of water in twelve hours. After a consultation it was resolved that the mate with a well-armed crew should start in one of the whale boats for Auger or Batavia, whichever port he found most convenient, and endeavour to obtain assistance.

After breakfast we bid them "God-speed," and by mid-day they had disappeared below the horizon.

All now were busily employed; the craft had to be pumped dry, after which every one assisted to lighten the unfortunate vessel. The next day our exertions were renewed till eight bells, when all ceased their labour for the noon-day meal. The captain with his glass was on the poop, intently gazing seaward; at length he called to me, "Look here, youngster, your eyes are better than mine, take a squint through this, and tell me what you make it out to be." I did as he desired, "A square rigged ship, Sir," I said. "Then my old eyes are scarcely

as dim as I took them to be," he replied ; and continued, "call your watch up and lower your boat, for if she's the right sort, certainly she won't refuse a fellow help in such a tarnation scrape as we are in." Soon after my boat was in the water and we were passing through the intricacies of the out-lying reef, every man straining on his oar to his utmost power that we might have approached sufficiently near the strange vessel's course to preclude the possibility of her look-out not seeing us. When within two miles of the unknown, she brought her head into the wind, when to my surprise I perceived she was a steamship. On her, now numerous hands appeared aloft taking in canvas ; while their boats, two of which were heavily loaded with human freight, dropped astern from the parent craft, and came towards us. Soon one was recognised as our boat that had been dispatched under the first mate to seek aid the previous day, the others were doubtless accompanying her to render the assistance we sought. Right merrily we retraced our steps ; the Captain was in glee at his unexpected luck, and the crew rejoiced that they had not again to pass a night on a shore frequented by man-eating tigers.

But small as the *Hulda Swich* was, our task was long and tedious. However at length we got her to move from port to starboard and *vice versa*, by moving the hands together from side to side and while doing so rolling in front of them heavy casks, then additional kedges and hawsers were brought to bear, when to our inexpressible delight the little craft commenced to move, slowly at first, but by degrees with increasing

velocity, till she finally broke loose from her confinement, and with more than her accustomed speed rushed back into her native element.

Our deliverers were a portion of the crew of an American man-of-war, on her way from Batavia to Singapore, previous to proceeding to join the United States fleet under Commodore Perry, then cruising in Japanese waters.

The injury the schooner had suffered necessitated the pumps being kept going, but fortunately Batavia was soon reached, where our skipper succeeded in obtaining new hands to replace Serge and myself.

When we had bid the whaler good-bye, the captain behaved most generously and wished us God-speed, at the same time adding, that he never hankered after Britishers, but it would not make him sick to meet a few more of the same sort as myself, and as to that bully Roosian, he was a big pumpkin and no mistake; throwing the darn'd old cannon into the proa was the smartest trick he ever set eyes on. We parted with the schooner without regret: it was not without regret that we parted with many of her inmates; in fact as Cookey shook our hands at the gangway as we were about to leave, there was a glassy look about his eye indicative of a lurking tear.

Although much cannot be said in favour of Batavia itself, we found the environs very charming, it being surrounded for miles with handsome villas, each situated in an enclosure or compound of more or less magnitude, and planted with the most ornamental of tropical or fruit-bearing trees. From the supposed unhealthiness

of the city, the whole European population live in these fascinating retreats, driving to and from their business every morning and evening.

As we had a few days to spare before a vessel sailed for Singapore, we resolved to visit Buytenzorg, the residence of the Governor-General, and situated about thirty-five miles south-east of Batavia, the scenery there being reported to be magnificent; and so we found it. The view from the back of the hotel was such as I have rarely seen excelled. From thence a good idea of the agricultural wealth of this productive island could be formed; for at our feet lay an immense plain, scattered over with innumerable villages, imbedded in the most luxuriant foliage, while to the east rose tier over tier of high hills, cultivated to their summits and thickly dotted over with houses of European residents and with native hamlets. Here at an elevation of from fifteen to four thousand feet above the sea, coffee is abundantly cultivated, and of a quality which possibly surpasses that of any other part of the world except Mocha.

The little Java ponies struck us with astonishment; for not only were they pictures of symmetry, but their pace and endurance were perfectly wonderful.

The native population we found not only civil, but actually courteous; and when we could make them understand, they regretted no amount of trouble to serve us. They are very fond of cock-fighting and gambling, but wild-beast fights are with them a perfect passion. Tiger fighting is a favourite amusement of the Javanese. The exhibition takes place generally after day-break, upon an open clear space in the vicinity of

the town, for the amusement of whose inhabitants it is given. The following is from the description of an eye-witness, as we were not fortunate enough to witness it.

"A square of men armed with the native spear was formed three deep and one hundred yards across. Inside this square was placed a box resembling in shape a coffin, but much larger, containing a royal tiger from his native forests, which had been brought to town the day previously for this express purpose.

"Imagine everything ready, the square formed, the box in its centre, and a silent multitude looking on, some perched on trees, some on the coach-boxes of the numerous carriages, others on horseback, and thousands on foot, whilst the native chief of the district with his friends, and the European officials of the place, occupied a gay pavilion, placed in an advantageous situation for viewing the coming strife.

"A native Javan in full dress is now seen advancing into the square, followed by two coolies or porters, one carrying a bundle of straw, and the other a lighted torch. The straw is thrown over the box, and the torch-bearer stands ready to set fire to it at the end where the tiger's head is, the box being too narrow to permit his turning round in it.

"The leading native then lifts a sliding door at the other extremity of the box, carefully covering the opening thus made with mats, to prevent the light from penetrating, and inducing his Royal Highness to back out too soon. This operation completed the straw is set on fire. The native and his two coolies now retire slowly, keeping time to Javanese music as they

make their way outside the square. By this time the fire has got fair hold of the box, filling it with smoke, and the tiger begins to retreat, his berth becoming rather warm.

"Presently his hind-quarters appear issuing through the sliding door-way, its covering of mats readily yielding to the pressure; by degrees his hind feet gain firm footing outside, and his whole body is seen displayed.

"On appearing, he seemed rather confused for a few seconds, and laying himself quietly down, looking all round upon his foes, gave a roar that made the welkin ring, and my heart quake a little.

"He then rose, deliberately shook himself, turned towards the rising sun, set off, first at a walk, then at a trot, which he gradually increased to a smart canter, till within a few yards of the points of the spears aimed at him; he then came to the charge, and made a spring that surprised me, and, I fancy, every one present. I am afraid to say how high he leaped, but he was on the descent before a single spear touched him. The leap was evidently made with the intention of getting clear over the heads of the men and their spears too, and he most certainly would have accomplished it, had he not leaped too soon, and fallen within the square, the height of the spring being quite sufficient for the purpose.

"As it was, when on the descent, the spears of the six men nearest him being pointed at his breast, one of them inflicted a fearful wound.

"On reaching the ground, the noble beast struggled hard for his liberty, but, finding his efforts of no avail, he ultimately started off at full gallop to the opposite

side of the square, where he renewed his exertions, though with less vigour than that displayed on his first attempt, and with no better success.

"He then galloped twice round the square, just at the point of the spears. Not a man advanced to touch him, it being the rule, that the tiger must come within the range of the spears before they can be used. He was ultimately killed while making a third attempt to escape, and thus ended the sport.

"His first charge was very brilliant and exciting; his second much less so; his third and last was very feeble.

"Immediately after the tiger's death, the same ceremonies were gone through with a leopard, who took the spearmen rather by surprise, and instead of trying to leap over their heads, darted in under their spears, got among their feet, and effected his escape, to the no small consternation of the surrounding multitude, who soon scattered in all directions. He, however, was pursued by the men he had baffled, and was killed under a hedge in the immediate neighbourhood.

"Tigers are frequently pitted by the native chiefs against buffaloes; the buffalo is generally the conqueror, and is sure to be so, if he succeeds in getting one fair butt at his adversary, whom he tosses in the air, and butts again on his fall."

I would not describe these cruel pastimes, but that they may be regarded as institutions of this distant country; however, after all, they are no worse than cock or dog fighting; indeed, not so bad, and not for a moment to be compared to a pugilistic encounter between

two men, all of which barbarous sports were popular in England only a few years since.

We returned to Batavia in time to catch the steamship; fair weather favoured us, and we made rapid progress towards Singapore, for from thence we had resolved to take ship for Europe.

Soon the scene of the late disaster to the *Hulda Swich* was passed, then the island of Banca, the capital of which is Muntok, celebrated for its tin mines, but one of the most unhealthy places in the world; and further, notorious for the ferocity of the enormous alligators which infest its rivers, and which it is said, do not even scruple to attack boats. Afterwards Burtang came in sight, a place so productive as to yield about fifty thousand piculs of black pepper annually. Seven hours afterwards we were once more safely moored in Singapore harbour.

I pass over our voyage from the Straits of Malacca home, which has been so often described as to be destitute of any novelty of incident; and request the reader to meet me in the next chapter in Northumberland.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME AGAIN!

IT is my old home, but who that knew it before would know it now; everything is changed, sadly changed. I have now been at home a year and a-half, and during that time and the period of my absence, how many events have occurred. It is not pleasant to make a retrospect of what has caused pain, still sometimes it is necessary to do so, if for no other purpose than to show how a life may be affected by incidents which at first seemed little likely to have such eventful consequences.

On arriving in Northumberland, I found dear old Captain Cinnamon had died a short time previous to my return, and that my father had become a confirmed invalid, the loss of the companion of his life preying sadly upon him. I had induced Serge, who had written from London to his mother, to accompany me to the north, there to await her answer; but such a change had come over the dear old place, that after a week, knowing well the monotony of our daily life, I proposed taking a run over to Manchester to visit Philip Upton who was stationed there with the headquarters of his regiment, the gallant —— Fusiliers.

Phil was the same reckless Phil as of old. No heartier welcome could have been offered than he gave us, and never did I enjoy a visit more thoroughly. However, I could not remain long away from my

father, so, when a week had passed, which was one round of pleasure, I left Serge, whose popularity from the first had been unbounded, and who had been detained whether he would or not, and returned to my home.

A month afterwards I forwarded to Serge a letter from his mother, and soon after was joined by him and Philip, who had become inseparables. Serge was in wonderful spirits, for his offence had been forgiven by the Emperor, and he was to return home with the least possible delay. So to Hull we all travelled together. There was the usual parting, the accustomed waving of handkerchiefs, and then I realised that I had separated from as true and kind a heart as this selfish world contains; but the separation was only to be for a time; for I had promised to spend a portion of the coming year with him, when we intended to deal out fearful destruction among the bears and wolves. This plan was not destined to be realised, for soon after I received a letter from my friend informing me that all had been forgiven; but that he had to perform his turn of military service, and therefore had been appointed to a crack corps, then doing duty in Circassia.

Upton I saw frequently for a time; but his regiment being ordered to Dover, his visits also ceased.

I commenced to think that the dear old gentleman's health was improving; one night we sat later than usual, many of his old stories were narrated with their accustomed vigour, so when I escorted him to his bedroom, I could not help congratulating him on the prospect of his soon being able to go out and enjoy his wonted recreations. It might have been two A.M., not

later, when the housekeeper, much alarmed, rushed into my room announcing that my father had a fit, and was insensible. From that time he never rallied; but by degrees passed away to the spirit world.

About this time rumours of war began to float through Europe, and day by day the tone of the press became more belligerent, till at length even those who believed that education and civilization had made warfare a thing of the past, confessed that they feared their supposition had been premature. Garrisons in the Mediterranean were strengthened, regiments were increased to their war strength, and the government arsenals and dockyards echoed with sounds that denoted how earnestly and rapidly were being hurried forward the manufacture of implements destined to be employed in human slaughter.

Philip Upton's regiment was one of the first to embark for active service. Oh how I longed to go with it, but alas! that was impossible. In course of time battle after battle was reported, the storming of the heights of Alma, the magnificent but disastrous charge of our cavalry at Balaklava, and the terrific struggle of Inkermann. But if our troops gained laurels, the price paid in carnage was fearful. Still to participate in the strife I felt to be a duty I owed my country, but how to accomplish my purpose was the difficulty. At length I obtained introductions from my kind friend the baronet—whom I have previously mentioned as living in our neighbourhood—to those he thought able to assist me to accomplish my desire; but applicants for similar employment were so numerous that I failed.

Thus I was situated when I determined to visit the scene of strife at my own expense. I informed Sir —— of the step I intended taking, and he obtained me letters of introduction to the Commander-in-Chief, and the gallant old Gael that commanded the Highland Brigade. Thus provided, I sailed for Constantinople, where I was delayed for some days from the difficulty of finding a private vessel destined for Balaklava, and my further travels towards the battle-field might have here terminated, but that that kind-hearted old Admiral, who had not forgotten how to swear, took compassion upon me. Never under sailor's jacket beat a kinder heart, never was there a more energetic and zealous officer, never was there one who in the execution of his duties spared himself less than this gallant old hero.

The second morning after leaving the Bosphorus we sighted land. Our passage had not been rapid for we had encountered fearful weather, and the small craft that I was on board of was far from what would be considered a good sea boat. To add to our misfortunes she sailed very deep, so much so indeed that the sea frequently made a clean break over us. But an efficient crew and good seamanship can conquer extraordinary difficulties, which on this occasion was thoroughly proved. The distant land we had sighted rapidly became more and more distinct, amid dark solemn-looking hills, destitute of vegetation, marked and scored with many a fissure. These hills were precipitous and iron-bound towards the sea. The further we advanced into this portal the gloomier and more dispiriting did the prospect look, till the beholder could

almost fancy the walls of the channel closing and crushing whatever intervened to keep the wild headlands apart. But what a scene strikes on the eye after this strait is passed! A placid small lake, scarcely larger than a Grampian tarn, but with a whole fleet of shipping floating on its bosom, the ships so crowded together that they were moored stem and stern, and almost touching each other—and such a fleet they were, that at that period all the nations of the earth combined could not have produced their equal. It is useless to run over their names, for most have passed away, but they were the *elite* of such well-known lines as the Cunard, the West India, the General Screw Navigation Company, the P. and O. Company, and the West Coast of Africa Company. What boy or man, if English born, could gaze with anything but admiration on such an assembly of our mercantile marine that so powerfully assists in maintaining our country's greatness. On the right hand was Balaklava village, a straggling row of houses close to the water's edge. Previous to this time Balaklava was scarcely known; but now its name will live in the annals of our race for ages to come. Formerly it must have been very poor; now it is packed with munitions of war, provisions, clothing, specie, value for a king's ransom.

As we landed what a medley of people surrounded us, representatives almost of every race in the globe, the majority of whom were dressed in the costume peculiar to the country. Mud in the street, beyond the street, and as far as the eye can see along the road that leads to the front, and such mud, so black and so

tenacious that every step requires the greatest muscular exertion. Near the top of the harbour were moored a couple of men-of-war to command the land approaches to the harbour, and where the water ceased and earth took its place, commenced a giant graveyard, that a year before had probably never held a human being, now filled with victims to pestilence, famine, exposure, and war.

Hurrying on to the quarters of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, so as to lessen my distance to headquarters as much as possible on the morrow, I called on an old friend who commanded one of the regiments. He hospitably invited me to dinner, and obtained a bed for me, and the use of a pony for the morrow's journey.

In a hut built against a hill-side, poorer far than any cabin in Connemara, we dined. It was something new to see a number of gallant, brave and noble gentlemen, leading such a life without a murmur. The officers of our army were then unequalled in the whole world for bravery and devotion to their duty. Those that fight our future battles can do no better than take them for their models.

Next day after two hours' toil, on the most sluggish pony—a Cossack—that it ever was my lot to ride, I reached headquarters.

It was a dilapidated farm-house, faced with a verandah and forming one side of a square, the other three being formed by high walls and stabling. The chief of the staff, a kind-hearted agreeable person, soon saw me and learned my mission. Then I was in-

troduced to the Chief, and such a chief, a nobleman among noblemen, courteous, considerate and kind. I speak not from this interview, for I often had the honour of talking to him afterwards. The journey homewards, or at least to Balaklava, was a happy one, for I had an official document in my pocket nominating me to a temporary appointment in the Commissariat till the Home authorities should have me gazetted. Next day I was attached for duty to the Light Division.

Philip Upton's regiment was in the same brigade, but we could not see much of each other, for he was incessantly in the trenches, where my services seldom called me. However, we did occasionally have a talk about the past and our Mexican experiences, and many, many, were the desires expressed that both again should meet Serge Soldatenkoff.

I cannot forget a party I was invited to by the gallant 2d Fusileers. The giver of the entertainment was a young captain, but an old soldier. The floor of his tent was dug out possibly four feet; thus at least a dozen comrades could crowd into it. The festive meeting had been some time assembled when the host was called on for a song. Without coaxing he complied with our desire, and commenced a most lugubrious ditty, each verse of which terminated with a most boisterous chorus. About a dozen of such choruses had been sung when the Colonel's orderly put his head into the tent, and informed our entertainer that the Colonel desired to see him.

"Please state to the Colonel that I will be with him

the moment my song is finished," was the reply, and the orderly disappeared.

Again eight or nine more verses were drawled out, when the orderly again presented himself, and the same message was sent to the chief as before. It is not necessary to describe the fury the Colonel was in; between the verses we could distinctly hear his strong powerful voice expressing his indignation at such treatment. This was very wrong of Captain ———, for it was showing very marked disrespect to those put in authority over him.

The same Colonel, who was noted alike for his cool bravery and irascible nature, I had unfortunately come across several times on duty. It was in this way. I was held responsible for the safety of the baggage animals of the division. A sudden scare would occasionally cause them to break from their picket-ropes and stampede. So the runaways had to be hunted up, sometimes no easy business. However, the gallant Fusileers were very horsey in their tastes, and within camp I was invariably successful in discovering some of the stray quadrupeds. It was of no use identifying them; the temporary owner invariably referred me to the Colonel, who stuck to his officers through thick and thin.

However, in the routine of business, the affair would be referred to superior authority, when the disputed property would be restored to its rightful possessors, very much improved from rest and stabling.

But the sailors of the Naval Brigade were the fellows to steal horses, and not horses only, but mules, donkeys,

and even dromedaries. If you wanted to buy a mount, you had only to go to Jack's camp and you might have your choice of all four of the quadrupeds mentioned. Before I became known at the Naval Brigade camp, and its inhabitants were informed what were my peculiar functions, a sailor, one day, touched his cap, and wished to know if I wanted a charger; when I replied in the affirmative, he took me down a ravine and led me to a most ill-tempered, repulsive-looking dromedary, made fast—anchored, Jack called it—among a pile of rocks.

Till the blue-jackets became familiar with me, their vicinity was my best hunting-ground, a sure find; but afterward, these fellows became so cunning, that the moment I was within such distance as would enable them to recognise me, horsemen would be seen scampering in all directions. I am almost tempted to believe that among themselves they kept a look-out during daylight to telegraph my approach. It was most amusing to see how good-natured they were, even when detected, and the improbable lies they would invent and tell, with perfect seriousness, of how the animal fell into their possession, were almost certain to prevent one reporting to superior authority their misdemeanors.

My duties were never disagreeable; my senior officers were ever kind and considerate; so what between races and dog hunts time passed most pleasantly and rapidly. However, there were two little affairs that I should not forget to mention, as they were near bringing my adventures to a close. The first of these I believe worth narrating, for it is not a bad specimen of the incidents that may occur at any time to a staff officer

bearing despatches or carrying orders when in the presence of an enemy.

It was about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and I was taking a lounge through the lines after having enjoyed the usual lunch on such occasions, a few sardines and a biscuit, to see how the government bat horses looked, when up rode three friends, Upton among the number.

"Old fellow," called Philip, "have a saddle put on one of your nags, and come along to the picquet house and see the new mortar-battery opened."

As everything had been remarkably quiet all day, and there was no appearance of my services being required, I was soon mounted and cantering along the Warenzoff road with my friends. The distance to the picquet house was barely a third of a mile, so we soon reached it, and there found an immense crowd of persons assembled on the same errand as ourselves, for not only was the ground covered with people, but the walls even had as many occupants upon them as they could hold. Two or three hundred yards in advance of this ruin was the new battery, armed with the heaviest mortars. As it was situated on the crest of a slope, I doubt very much if the enemy were aware of its existence. One unforeseen occurrence followed another, delaying the opening of fire; at last all was in readiness, the word of command was given, and the shells started on their deadly mission. The practice was beautiful, and the construction of the battery and the substantiality of the works were evidently most satisfactory to the authorities. But the foe had not been idle.

Scarcely had the first shell hurled against them burst, when several guns were aligned upon the picquet house, flashes and puffs of smoke were seen, and almost instantly afterwards round shot commenced to fall among the sight-seers. Never was an assembly of people more rapidly dispersed, some to the right, some to the left, but all at the best pace they could command. There happened that day to be a great many strangers visiting the camp and lines; by some means or other they had learned of the initiation of the new work, and believing that the little crumbling edifice, from the walls of which they sought to obtain a view, was well beyond range, on and about it they had massed themselves. Civilians are not paid to be shot at, so small blame to them for getting out of danger; thus they started the stampede, which became so infectious, that many soldiers present there, from curiosity, joined in the rush, causing a scene of the utmost absurdity. Never previously had I seen a meeting, religious, political, or otherwise, so quickly dispersed.

From the battery I observed what was going on among these curiosity seekers, but the whole affair commenced suddenly to assume a serious aspect. My horse, as well as those of my friends and a hundred others, had been left behind the picquet house in charge of Bulgarians, Tartars, and numerous other nondescripts. Among the fleeing crowd of men were numerous loose horses. To my proper left I cast my eyes, that is in the direction of our right attack, when, to my horror, what should I see but a dark grey, a perfect counterpart of my own horse, covering the ground at a long swing-

ing, corky trot, head and tail well up, heading directly for such ground, that to follow the runaway would subject me to the heaviest enfilading fires.

Out of the battery I sprung and rushed to the picquet house; it was just possible there might be two horses of the same colour, and so I found it to be the case, very much to my satisfaction. I was just about to get into the saddle, when my servant, a private of the 7th, informed me that my chief wanted me. So giving the mare a slack rein, I galloped back to our encampment.

There I found the mischief to pay. Money was wanted from the Treasury chest at Balaklava, I was the proper person to go for it, and the delay in finding me had almost made the possibility of procuring it that day impossible. In fact I had no right to have left camp without permission. But my chief, although eccentric, was a dear good-hearted man, one with a bark far worse than his bite. So when he had finished blowing me up, I informed him that I had time, if he would let me start at once, to accomplish what he desired. In a few minutes after I was speeding over the table-lands at a three-quarter gallop, General Bosquet's gibbet on my left. This gibbet was for suspending a light from at night; no one, at least I never heard of anyone, being hanged on it. Soon the edge of the high ground was reached, down the slope I pushed, through the gorge, along the road between the Cavalry Division and the Highland Brigade, and just reached the Treasury in Balaklava as the establishment was closing. But the officer in charge was accommodating;

the amount required was soon weighed out and transferred to my holsters; so again I got into the pigskin, and directed my steps homewards. On reaching Openheim's restaurant at Katekoi, whom should I meet but Philip Upton and a host of others I knew, who were going to have what they designated "a blow out," they having come from the front for that purpose. Join them I must, no excuses would they accept, they would be my escort back; but I would not be persuaded further than have one glass of champagne, and that to be brought me so as not to necessitate my leaving the saddle. Having bid my noisy comrades good night, I hastened on my way. Night was rapidly closing in, but this mattered little, as I knew my route well. When I had gained the plain, on the right of which the magnificent charge of the Light Brigade had been made, it had already become dark; as there were many deep ruts, holes, and dead carcasses, I lightened my reins and reduced the pace of my mare to a walk. Thinking, possibly, of the placid Pacific, of the buffalo plains of North America, of the tropical beauties of the Malay Archipelago, or of my dear friend Serge Soldatenkoff, I noticed my mare suddenly perk up her ears. For nearly every thing an animal does there is a reason; past experience had taught me so much, and so it proved to be on this occasion. For on listening I heard the patter, patter, patter of at least three horsemen. I consoled myself with the idea that it must be some of the noisy crowd whom I had left at Openheim's —that the enemy's cavalry could be daring enough to come so near to our lines never for a moment entered

my head. When the unknown were within twenty or thirty yards, I turned round to look at them,—the size of the horses, their redundancy of mane and tail, the outlines and the attitudes of the riders, told at once that it was foes, not friends, that followed in my rear. I was so well mounted that I had little to fear, unless a chance pistol shot should disable me, or my horse should fall; so taking her well in hand, I let her choose her own pace, and commenced to distance my pursuers.

Finding that I had so much the advantage of them in speed, I took a pull on the bit so as to lessen the chance of a fall, by enabling my willing steed better to fish her way.

The foe, I suppose, thought this an indication of my nag getting pumped, so made whip and spur do their duty, with the hope of coming alongside, but, as previously, in this attempt they were foiled.

Enraged at their want of success, they adopted the only course that appeared to offer a chance of effecting my capture,—that of opening fire; for a stray shot might render me, or more probably my mount, incapable of going further; but the echoes of the first report had scarcely died out when the French, who had command of the lines above, and through which I had to pass, opened so heavy a musketry fire upon the path I was traversing, that I had serious doubts that one of their bullets would accomplish what the Cossacks had failed in doing. As I reached the commencement of the ascent of the table-land, my pursuers gave up the chase; thus unhurried and in a proper state of coolness,

I answered the sentries' challenge, and was led into the presence of the officer commanding the guard.

Poor Cossacks! how little did they know what they lost that night, for I had six hundred sovereigns in each holster.

The next affair was nearly as serious; and if it had terminated fatally, I should scarcely have deserved pity, for it occurred while I was engaged with others in committing an act of recklessness, for which there was no excuse, and the successful perpetration of which was very likely to bring others into trouble.

Philip Upton, half-a-dozen others, and myself, started from the Light Division for Katekoi a few minutes before sun-set. When we reached the French lines, the sentries were posted for the night, and the parole and counter-sign given out. Being ignorant of the open sesame words, we were refused permission to go through the lines.

Without evincing any chagrin at our disappointment, we turned off to the right and followed the line of trench that terminated near where the stationary engine was afterwards placed for drawing heavy freight, such as stores, guns, ammunition, &c., destined for the front. When we had pursued our way about a third of the distance, Upton proposed that popular game of Follow my Leader. All at once acceded, except a very big, very fat, Irish assistant surgeon of the redoubtable 4th regiment of the Second Division; but as the yeas were so in excess of the nays, Phil constituted himself leader, took a dash out into the open ground, then wheeling round sharply, charged the French ditch at a point as distant from

sentries as could be selected. His mare was a splendid fencer,—over the obstruction she flew like a bird, and down the steep incline, over boulders and rocks, at such a pace as few nags could do without falling. All followed except the doctor, who, wise man, the moment he perceived our intentions, made tracks for home. But our noble allies did not enter into the joke, guards turned out, and a shower of musket bullets followed us. All, notwithstanding, reached the plain below safely, but instead of visiting Katekoi, we returned to our respective camps by another route, for we had little doubt that the escapade would be reported in the morning, and the only way to escape detection was for us to appear in camp at as early an hour as possible.

The conduct of myself and comrades was most culpable; defying the regulations of our allies deserved the severest censure, if not worse; and we may, one and all, have deemed ourselves lucky that we were not brought before our chief.

If young people would stop to think, many things would not be perpetrated that afterwards lead to trouble, if not permanent disgrace. If on guard, what would any of us have thought if the sanctity of our lines had been violated? Well, we did not do unto others as we would wish to be done unto. Further, it should never be forgotten by a young officer that his example to his inferiors in rank should always be such as will reflect credit on their inferiors if they follow it.

Kind, good, brave Lord Raglan did not, that I am aware of, make this a maxim, but his innate nobleness and sense of rectitude caused him to do it; no wonder,

then, that he was loved with a love almost amounting to adoration.

Of course, few but his staff officers were on terms of intimacy with him; but there was not one from the highest to the lowest for whom he had not a kindly look or a kindly word. When his death was announced, tears fell plentifully from eyes that had long forgotten how to shed them.

"Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men."

No General since British history commenced had such difficulties to contend with; no hero, not even those of romance, faced difficulties and fought them so heroically, ably, and nobly.

Every Briton, whether he be lad or man, should read "Kinglake's History of the Crimean War;" of some portions of his work I can say nothing, but those which treat of the incidents with which I was associated are true to the very letter; in fact, if I possessed the same powers of diction, taste, and discrimination, I would use no other words to express truths that must now be patent to the whole nation, from the poorest subject to the generous, noble lady, our gracious Queen.

I had mentioned that I had a letter of introduction to the leader of the Highland brigade, Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. The incidents connected with its delivery were so characteristic of the man, one who now occupies a deservedly eminent place in our national history, that it would be a pity they should not be told.

On arriving at his quarters, a little, white-washed, mud, or unburnt brick house, I knocked at the door

which was immediately opened by an officer in staff uniform. This gentleman was over fifty, slight in figure, and not above five feet seven in height, with a complexion that spoke of India and currie powder. His expression of countenance was not a pleasant one, and it was patent to me in a moment that my reception, so far as he was concerned, would be anything but agreeable.

I asked for Sir Colin; in response, my business with him was demanded in the most surly and high pitched voice. "To deliver an introduction I answered;" but this in no wise molified the wrath, or at least, let me say, softened the manner of my questioner. Several further questions and responses took place, and I fully expected the door to be slammed in my face, when a kindly voice from within called out "what is the matter?"

"Only a youngster wants to see you."

"Let him come in then."

So in I entered, and stood before a spare but remarkably well-knit man, of moderate height, apparently not young, but still possessed of much of the elasticity of youth. His expression was kind and genial, still there was a look in that heavy beetling brow, although it was capped with curly locks, that denoted wonderful resolution, power of discrimination, and a capacity to act promptly, whatever might be the emergency.

My reception was homely in the extreme. My welcome was kindly given and kindly meant, and when the introduction had been read, warmer still were the words of welcome he gave me. After a time, he said, "You must be hungry, have something to eat, I'm just going

to have my lunch;" so he went to the stove, (similar to whatis called in America a box stove) and took from the top of it a considerable sized oat-cake; this he divided in two, handing me the one part, himself taking the other. With evident satisfaction he ate his share, whatever my face may have expressed, it was a hard struggle for me to get through mine. Never was there a man with apparently less affectation or mannerism.

At length our simple meal was finished, when learning that I was going over to the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, he volunteered to accompany me; so we started to cross the vineyards on foot.

These were intersected by deep and broad ditches; I never was a great hand at leaping, thus on several occasions I nearly got pounded, but at last when we approached a rasper, I in reality could go no further, while Sir Colin bounded over it like a deer from his native hills.

Up and down this ditch I had to go to look for a crossing, and until my persevering search was rewarded with success, the hero of innumerable battles, the idol of his native soldiers, the future Commander-in-Chief of India, laughed as if he would do himself an injury. After this I frequently saw him, and if he happened to be disengaged at the time, he never forgot to enquire whether I could jump any better. Not that I jumped worse than the majority of other men; but the fact was, whether he knew it or not, and I strongly suspect he did, Sir Colin Campbell was a wonderfully good hand at it.

Even with the sounds of war ever booming in our

ears, and with daily reports of casualties issued among us, still life was very pleasant; many, many happy hours were enjoyed, while friendships were cemented that life would only terminate.

True there was one time, about the commencement of February 1855, when we, at least some of us, began to think the mother country had forgotten us. This dismal idea was due to scanty food, protracted bad weather, and to our ranks being rapidly thinned by disease, while, when we were off duty, time hung rather heavily on our hands; but I venture to say, although we could not have mustered our eighteen thousand fighting men, we were equal to accomplish aught on earth that courage and determination could do.

Soon after this time I got my Ensigncy, but as the Regiment was in the Colonies, my request to be permitted to remain here was acceded to; and six weeks afterwards I was gazetted to a Lieutenancy in one of the regiments serving here.

Philip Upton and I were now more than ever together, the noble qualities I had recognised in him in America had ripened, and instead of being a kind good hearted brave lad, he was now a kind good-hearted brave man, still possibly not as thoughtless as before, and more considerate of others' feelings, in fact he was one that to know was to honour.

With the splendid spring weather, that came in March, a wonderful change came over the camp and country adjoining; the mud dried up, grass and numerous wild flowers sprung up on all sides, and innumerable migratory birds enlivened the surroundings with their

musical sweet notes. Camp life in fine weather is wondrously enjoyable, and if a stranger could have seen us when the balmy days of spring had fairly commenced particularly if he were a city dweller, how much he must have envied our utter disregard of all tedious conventionalities; and of amusements we had an abundance, for there were flat races, steeple and hurdle races, dog hunts and paper hunts or a gallop to Kameish Katikoi or Balaklava, to forage for both the luxuries and necessaries of life. Everybody appeared to have plenty of money, and to spend it as freely as if he possessed somewhere an unlimited credit.

We had just arrived at the joyous time I have been speaking off, when one day Upton joined me immediately after parade. That he had something important to communicate I could see from the expression of his face.

"Well Phil, what is it? anything serious?" I asked. "I should say so, look here Swan, I bought from the captain of one of the transports yesterday afternoon when at Balaklava such a pony, under fourteen hands, can gallop like the wind, and if I am not mistaken jump like a buck. We'll enter him for the hurdle race for Galloways at the Division races, and till then keep him dark; you'll ride him, for you can get into the saddle a good stone less than I can; come and see him."

As I had nothing to do, we sauntered over to inspect the new treasure. He was all that could be desired. With the power of a draft horse, he was so admirably put together that there was no coarseness to be de-

tected. The eye certainly had a slight look of vice, yet there was no other reason to suspect it, in fact to me it gave the impression of gameness; but there was one sad blemish, viz., his late companions, whether mules or horses, had eaten every particle of hair off his tail.

Many were the sly canters he got, many were the stone walls he was jumped over, and when the day of test came, he was pronounced to be fit to go for a man's life. Though I thoroughly believed him capable of beating all opponents, I could not help begging Phil not to be too sanguine, and not to risk any more money in bets. But although I warned him of the possibility of accidents, he only laughed at me and went on taking all the odds he could get offered. There was not much harm done, however; he was rich, and the loss of a hundred pounds or so did not signify to him.

The meeting was a most enthusiastic one; the best amateur military jockeys of England were going to ride in several of the events; so all that were off duty, as well as the officers of the huge transport fleet, were present to admire their skill. The great race of the day was a steeple-chase, Shiffner of the 33rd, and Thomas of the Artillery rode in this, and were considered such worthy antagonists that it was hard to say which was the favourite. The struggle was most exciting, but at one of the last fences and near home they ran foul of each other and both fell. So the stakes were taken by a comparative outsider.

But now the time came for me to get up. After a preliminary canter, I joined the field of antagonists, and

to my annoyance found that my mount became exceedingly fractious, even vicious, when in the society of so many of his race; so much so, indeed, that when assembling for the start, I was obliged to take an outside place. At length the flag fell and we were off; the pace was very sharp, but my nag getting the bit in his teeth refused to be steadied, so we rushed through the ruck and he soon was leading by several lengths.

We were now approaching the first flight of hurdles; but either my unfortunate steed did not see them, or he judged them unworthy of his attention; so he rushed at them as if the slightest push would overturn them. But they were stiff and well put up; consequently instead of sending them flying, he sent me several yards over his head, while he himself indulged in the pastime of turning a somersault. When I again regained the saddle it was too late; thus I lost the race and Phil's money; but was so fortunate as to escape without serious injury. Our rat-tailed favourite was never again trusted with hurdles, but he atoned for his disgrace by winning many an after race.

Happier days than these I never passed, I believe all that were with the army would say the same, as day followed day and the pleasures of one were eclipsed by those of its successor. There were no jealousies, bickerings, and quarrels. Off duty the junior officer met his senior as a friend and counsellor, good feeling reigned paramount, and the only competition that occurred was when a race was run or an earth-work had to be stormed, and on such occasions there always was a struggle for the lead. True occasionally a friendly face was missed from

the little asemblies of friends; all knew he had gone to the doom that all must sooner or later meet, but after the first announcement of a casualty, the subject was seldom alluded to, although I dare say in private the unfortunate one was as much and as sincerely grieved over as in the busy haunts of cities and towns.

One lovely morning, such a one as is seldom seen in any other country, Phil and I, as was frequently our wont, sauntered up to Cathcart's or Green Hill to have a look at the beleagured city.

Although occasionally guns at wide intervals would belch forth their columns of smoke and fire, awakening the echoes far and near, or puffs of white smoke gradually increasing and then as gradually diminishing against the clear blue sky, would tell when shells had burst, yet all was so still and placid that one could scarcely believe that every building, fortification and earth-work was filled with armed men. Not a ripple was on that blue, blue sea, in the harbour numerous boats plied to and fro, while in the offing lay our fleet, reduced by distance from mammoths to miniature toy vessels, though from every yard could be seen canvass drying in the morning sun.

Even the sea-gulls here looked whiter than in other countries as they sailed on snowy pinion over the deep cobalt blue sea. The ground around us was redolent of wild flowers that grew on every side in the most lavish profusion. It was truly a goodly scene, everything in it that emanated from the Creator was bright and pure and revived feelings of peace and good will. But what shall I say of the surroundings that emanated

from the hands of men? It will hardly bear to be thought of much less dwelt on.

Philip was in more buoyant spirits than usual; he was loud in praises of his profession, delighted with his regiment, and what pleased him better still, he expected in every gazette to find himself made a captain; neither had I anything to grumble at in the way of promotion, for already I had several lieutenants my juniors, but we were not long permitted to enjoy the discussion of our plans and future proceedings, for a gun that had not been previously fired, vomited forth a mass of smoke and fire and before the report reached us a round shot bobbed so close to our position that it was considered prudent to shift our quarters. This was a common trick of the Russians. Two or three people together if within range, invariably had a gun aligned upon them. This practice was much denounced by our people; but I suppose all is fair in love and war.

However, on this occasion we may not have been the objects aimed at; for just behind us, and consequently a trifle further from Sebastapol, was a lime kiln about which a considerable sized fatigue party were now engaged.

That evening we both had to go into the trenches on duty. Upton with the advance work, I with the reserve. As was the custom, we mustered at sunset, or soon after, availing ourselves of the ensuing darkness to reach our several posts. This was necessary, as there were numerous open spaces to be crossed, and a heavy fire would have been opened on us if we had been seen passing them.

The night was unusually dark, but calm, when we

parted company. I had been busy with my people for two or three hours in repairing damages in the works, and assisting to get a fresh gun into position; so time passed by rapidly, nor had I noticed that dark clouds were rising in the south-west, and rapidly driving down upon us. The velocity with which they travelled told of an approaching storm of wind, not improbably accompanied by rain. In this climate changes are so frequent and rapid that I was in no way surprised at this, but from experience I knew that such an occasion was just the one to be taken advantage of by the enemy for an assault upon our works. I could not help fidgeting myself about Upton; did he notice these atmospheric changes, and had he taken additional precautions in consequence? The more I thought, the more uneasy I became; till I felt that nothing would give me relief but to go and warn him. I argued with myself that such a course was unnecessary, that he knew more of soldiers than I did, and that to attend to my own duties was all that I was expected to do. But no, this reasoning would not suffice, a presentiment of misfortune came over me, so to relieve my mind, I asked my senior officer to permit me to proceed to the advance work and gave him my reason for doing so.

"Go, if you like; but I really think it unnecessary," was the answer I received.

Not waiting an instant I sprang over the trench, crossed the open rapidly, and reached Philip's Command almost breathless. The first man I met was a colour sergeant. "Where is Lieutenant Upton?" I enquired. "In front of the ditch; some of the men affirm they

have just heard sounds that resemble a body of men marching. If so we'll give it them hot if they come." The non-commissioned officer sent a man with me to point out my friend's hiding-place; no easy matter, for the night now had become inky dark, while huge scattered drops of rain fell upon the ground with a dull dead sound.

Philip lay at length in a slight trench, in front of which were one or two stones. As I took my place beside him, he told me in a suppressed voice that he felt convinced the enemy were at hand,—so near, in fact, that he was only waiting the moment to order his men to open fire. I noticed his right hand held his revolver, while his sword lay without a scabbard by his side.

While I too was drawing my pistol to be prepared for an emergency, he whispered to me, "Yes, there they are, we had better get inside the works;" but ere the words had left his mouth a dark figure, followed by several others, loomed over us. In a moment Upton sprung to his knee, and aiming at the face of the leader of the foe, he pressed his trigger. There was a momentary flash, and a heavy fall, that told of instant death. But in that flash, rapid as it was, there was time to see and distinguish the face of the slain; both of us saw it, and both recognised it; it was Serge Soldatenkoff.

The deed was done, but to save ourselves was our duty, not only to ourselves, but to our men. This I rapidly accomplished; but not without twice having to call my revolver into use. Philip was engaged in like manner in my rear; but the roar of musketry all along

and in front of our lines now drowned the noise of the smaller weapons.

The action was sharp, quick, and decisive. The enemy got into our works; but were rapidly driven out; again they assaulted them and gained the ditch, but no further could they force their way; so that in spite of their courage, and the stealth with which they had accomplished their approach, they were compelled to retire through a scorching shower of rifle bullets.

Within ten minutes of the firing of the first shot all was over, I had come through the fight scatheless; in my left hand was an empty revolver, in my right hand a blood-stained sword.

"But where is Upton?" "Has any one seen Lieutenant Upton?" I called out to the men.

"Yes, sir, he is behind those gabions wounded." I immediately sought him; but, alas, he was unconscious. A stretcher soon afterwards arrived, and he was borne to the rear.

Thus, in one night, what disaster had been wrought among the three friends, who had sworn themselves to eternal friendship, where the calm Pacific washes the golden shores of fruitful California.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

I HAD left the army several years since. The regiment had changed so much through promotion, death, and other causes, that scarcely any of my old associates had been left in it, and my private affairs required my own constant personal supervision, so not without a hard, hard struggle, I had made up my mind to sell out. The wound Upton had received was so serious, that long he lay at the Palace Hospital at Scutari, hovering between life and death. Subsequently he was invalided, returned home, and was placed on half-pay. When I had been at home he had always chanced to be abroad travelling. Report said he had much changed, and that the light-hearted, thoughtless, reckless youth, had become morose, quarrelsome, and vindictive. This sad change was attributed to his having been the cause of the death of his friend Soldatenkoff. His attachment to our mutual friend there could be no doubt of. If other proof had been wanting, it was evidenced by his going back to the Crimea to see a tombstone placed over his last resting-place. Several times I had tried to induce him to visit me, but without success. In fact I had given up as fruitless all attempts to induce him to do so, when my hopes were again excited by the receipt of the following letter:—

"THE ALBANY, *24th March* 186—.

"DEAR JACK,—Whom do you think I met in Piccadilly? No other than Philip Upton. He has just returned from his wanderings, looks fearfully ill, and is as morose as ever. However I wormed out of him the secret of his address, which I enclose you. Serge Soldatenkoff's death, and his being the hand by which he fell, seems to weigh heavier on his mind than ever.

"There is only one man who can save him, and that is yourself. Ask him down to your place, make him shoot, fish, hunt, in fact do anything to prevent his brooding. If something of this nature is not done he is lost. Excuse my writing so strongly, but I know you love him as much as any one living.—Yours sincerely,

JOE ARMITAGE."

By return post I replied as follows:—

"HEATHER GREEN, NORTHUMBERLAND.

"DEAR JOE,—Send the sick man to me as soon as possible. If fresh air, trout-fishing, &c., assisted by forty-seven port, don't pull him together and cause him to forget the past, nothing will. Write soon and tell me all particulars.—Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN SWAN."

"*25th March* 186—."

Day after day passed, and to open the letter-bag was to suffer disappointment. This necessary particular of the equipment of a country house I had always previously viewed with pleasure; now I detested the sight of it. So much so that I had already considered

whether it would not be expedient to hand over my key, that key that at one time I had so much treasured, and which I considered the emblem of my authority, to Mrs Wilson, the lady who condescended to superintend my household arrangements, and keep discipline among the maids, when the following note was received:—

"ALMA COTTAGE, BLACKHEATH.

"DEAR JACK,—Having nothing till now to say about Upton I did not write sooner. In fact it had commenced to dawn upon me that he was keeping out of my way. However as luck would have it I pounced upon him to-day. He still looks dreadfully ill, and his nervous system is fearfully shattered. When I informed him of your invitation, he pled the distance you live from town as an excuse for declining it; but after a time my eloquence prevailed, and he has promised in a few days to visit you. If you do not hear from me by post, I will telegraph his departure from Euston.

"If nothing unforeseen occurs, I shall follow him in a few days. Just fancy us three sitting again around the same hearth-stone.—Very truly yours,

JOSEPH ARMITAGE."

"10*th April* 1870."

After the receipt of this letter, the post bag was restored to favour for four or five days, and I guarded its key as zealously as heretofore; but alas! it was destined again to get into disgrace, and that for a longer period than previously, for not only did one week pass,

but two, and still no further information in reference to Philip's visit. Age makes us all testy and irritable. On persons of some professions it has more effect than upon others; sailors and soldiers in my opinion being the most liable to this influence. If I had lived fifty years ago, I would undoubtedly have sworn, but oaths are not now considered becoming a gentleman, so I only bit my lips, walked hurriedly up and down my breakfast room, and kicked the stool when it was not too far out of my way.

A change having occurred in the weather, and mild south-west winds been substituted for easterlies, I resolved one morning to make my debut for the season among the trout. The prospect of enjoying my favourite sport acted as a sedative, so I munched my toast and drank my tea with the post bag lying unopened before me. At length my trap came to the door. I asked myself the question, Shall I or shall I not open that bag? To disappoint the thing, if that were possible, I almost resolved to leave it alone, but the thought arose in my mind, if poor Philip were to arrive during my absence, how dull he would feel till my return; so I seized the bag rudely, undid the lock, and found another letter from Armitage. It was short and to the point as the reader will perceive.

"BLACKHEATH.

"DEAR JACK,—Upton has disappeared; no one knows where he has gone. From his landlady I learn that for several days previous to his departure he appeared like one going out of his mind. I have communicated with

the police, and will write you further in a few days.—
Very truly yours, JOSEPH ARMITAGE."

Whoever thinks that soldiers are hard-hearted people make a great mistake. Except sailors I do not think there are any men possessed of more of the milk of human kindness. "Poor Philip! poor fellow!" I exclaimed, and how much more I was going to say I know not, when the servant informed me that the trap was waiting. It was forthwith consigned to the coach-house, and my domestic to—well, I do not swear, but I felt like it. It was no use going to fish that day, however lively the trout might have risen, and however heavy the basket might have been made. I would not have enjoyed the sport, for my heart would not have been in my work. So I made a victim of myself, shut myself in my room, alarmed the servants into believing that I was seriously ill, and then scolded them in rotation for presuming to think I was mortal.

The great restorer of the exhausted system, sleep, refused to come to my aid that night; so when morning broke, I had not closed my eyes. A presentiment of evil, so often the forerunner of misfortune, kept pressing upon my brain, so to gain relief, if it were possible, I rose from my couch, rode to the nearest post town, sent a telegram to Armitage, requesting that I might learn as soon as possible any fresh news that should be heard of my missing friend.

By ten o'clock A.M. the following answer was brought me. "The police are completely at fault, not the

slightest clue having been obtained that might lead to a knowledge of his whereabouts."

A week's further suspense, still no news. And the anxiety had told upon me so much, that seriously I did not feel well, and with my consent the doctor had been admitted within the precincts of my room, change of air—that ever safe remedy to apply to rich people—was recommended. So for want of a better choice, and to be as near home as possible, I selected Tynemouth.

The mouth of the Tyne, or Tynemouth, is as pretty a little sequestered watering-place as any to be found in England. That in the neighbourhood of so large and prosperous a town as Newcastle, it should remain so diminutive in size, and enjoy so respectable a repose, has surprised many. Some of the streets even boast a crop of grass, and recall visions of half-asleep, half-deserted continental cities, where traffic is so dead that the patter of a passer's feet are rare sounds to be heard, and strike upon the ear of the listener with a weird-like distinctness that is almost supernatural.

For a few days the contrast from my previous life was charming, but after I had made acquaintance with all the children, nursery-maids and dogs, listened twice over to the stories of the numerous fishermen and sailors, heard narrated the lifeboat crew's adventures and escapes, I commenced to long for change. In this inclination I was so zealously supported by my housekeeper that an early day was fixed for our departure, and my methodical factotum had already commenced to make me uncomfortable by her preparations for packing up. There are few men who like packing; to me it

is a detestable labour, and all my life I have regarded it as such; thus I am only too glad to depute it to another. By this I certainly escape what I dislike, but I become a victim days before the time of starting, to the interference of those to whom the duty is deputed.

As was my custom, I had left my lodgings at half-past twelve, and should have returned in a couple of hours, but for two reasons, the first was, that I expected everything in my rooms to be upside down, favourite pipes nowhere to be found; pens, ink, and paper, secreted in mysterious corners, and even beer or brandy difficult to discover; the second, that the appearance of the weather seaward was so peculiar that it attracted the unusual attention of all the sea-going population, and caused me considerable surprise. As I had knocked about the world a great deal, any unusual appearance in the heavens did not need to be very marked to attract my attention, but I felt convinced that an English sky, such as I now observed, portended mischief. The zenith had a peculiar lurid look, such as might be caused by the reflection of a distant volcanoe; this gradually shaded off into inky clouds, becoming more the more opaque and dense as they reached the horizon.

On the sand, close to the top of the little bay that adjoins the mouth of the river, where the pleasure boats and bathing machines are pulled up, quite a coterie of old sea-going dogs were assembled. From the few words of their conversation that I caught in passing, it was evident to me that something of more than usual importance was being discussed.

Now, there were few of these men that I had not pre-

viously conversed with; so, wondering what could be so interesting to all of them, I retraced my steps and joined them.

"What is the matter? has any accident happened?" was my inquiry. The oldest of the party, with much gravity, deposited from his mouth in his hand, in a semi-liquid state, a piece of tobacco almost as large as a billiard ball; and, having got rid of this impediment to speech, cleared his throat for a minute or two, and thus spake:

"Your honour, did you ever see such a sky without a gale following on its heels? I have been five and fifty years, off and on, following the sea, and if it don't pipe up one of the heaviest gales, we have had for years, this blessed night, you can just say I ar'nt weather-wise."

At the conclusion of this speech, another chimed in, addressing his conversation to the previous speaker, "You may say that, Ben, for if you had seen the sun rise, all red and pink, you might be certain, even without them black clouds seaward, that before twenty-four hours are over, these crafts that have not plenty of sea-room will have more work to claw off shore than they either like or bargain for."

As I have stated, the sky had already struck me as peculiar, and I could not but coincide in the opinion that it looked ominous of a coming tempest. Still, the water on the bar of the river, and in the little bay was without a surface ripple. True, the long ocean roll came tumbling in, but here it almost ever does so, and thus did not demand particular notice. Not a breath of wind moved the atmosphere, and later on in the day, when no altera-

tion had taken place, I almost began to regard our forebodings as false; but, early in the afternoon, one of the sailors called attention to a shoal of porpoises which appeared unusually active and much nearer than usual to the shore. "It may blow big guns, or not enough for a craft to take in her royals, but I never seen them sea-pigs frisking about inshore without a close reefed topsail breeze following." "I guess Ben were right, and that them that's afloat this night will look long and anxious for the rise of to-morrow's sun," he said. I should have remained longer, but my dinner hour had come, and as nothing makes my housekeeper so ill tempered as keeping that meal waiting, I bid my companions good bye, not forgetting to tip them sufficiently to procure each of them some liquor to warm their old hearts.

It often annoyed me that my housekeeper was so exacting upon the subject of punctuality. I frequently made up my mind to assert my place as master, and put her down to her proper position, but whenever the time came for action, I postponed doing so; why, I could not exactly say, whether that I was afraid of the struggle, or that I did not like to hurt the poor creature's feelings; I believe it must have been the latter.

Of one thing I am certain, that whenever I exhibited the slightest disposition to show that I would be master in my own house, my pipe ceased to smoke comfortably, the water for my toddy was warm not hot, the tea had been boiled, or not made with boiling water, and a hundred other things would go wrong. Now, this was a coincidence, and might have been accepted as a warning of providence, that my household never could have

got on without the aid of this lady's valuable superintendence.

When I was a younger man, I thought that military life would be perfect happiness, if such things as adjutants did not exist; later on, fidgetty colonels and inspectors-generals of infantry took their place, and were regarded equally with aversion, but now that I had sold out, and therefore had a right to be entire master of my own actions and do just as I pleased, I was occasionally induced to think that I was once more a recruit, with the sergeant-major living in the house with me.

I am not surprised that so many military men die bachelors, especially among cavalry and linesmen, for promotion in wedlock does not go by rotation, and the junior often bullies the senior. Engineers and gunners, like parsons, have no objection to jumping into the holy bond, because they are so highly educated, and possess such an amount of gab, that they can ever prove that black is white, and so talk the partners of their joys and troubles down.

Dinner was just ready when I reached my lodgings, and the obsequious smile my attendant vouchsafed me as she deprived me of my greatcoat and hat, left me no pretext on this occasion for any show of authority.

Dinner passed as dinners usually do, only I sat longer over it, and had more than forty winks afterwards. However when I awoke I went to the window to learn how the weather was. What a change had taken place in a few hours. The wind in fitful gusts, loaded with rain, beat upon the window, the little bay

beneath was in such a commotion as could only have been expected if it had covered an active submerged volcano, while the bar across the mouth of the river was white as snow with broken and angry waves. In the hall of my lodgings stood a barometer. In houses of this description at watering-places this is not unusual, for I believe nine out of ten of such establishments are kept by the relicts, sisters or mothers, of sailors. I approached it and tapped it knowingly, and down the index hand went, so far and so fast that for some time I was uncertain whether I had not broken something inside it. At length it ceased descending, and as I could not discover a leak, I became satisfied that I had done no harm, but that the mysterious conduct of the machine was owing to some extraordinary atmospheric influence. Although it was my habit to take an afternoon stroll, the constant and heavy rain prevented my going forth, still I felt an uncontrollable desire to descend to the beach, for a feeling that I was wanted there, or that I might be of some service took possession of me so strongly that I took my greatcoat from the peg, and was about to put it on, when Mrs Wilson stepped out from her sanctuary and expressed her disapproval of my proceeding in such strong terms, that I hemmed and hawed, bungled out some unintelligible excuse, and relinquished into her hands the garments, which forthwith were replaced by her in their original position.

But there are times when we can neither settle to read, write, or sleep. This was exactly my case. I picked up a book, one that was more than usually

interesting, looked at its pages for some minutes, then laid it down. Suddenly remembering that I had not for some time written to Armitage, I attempted to indite him a letter, but soon found I had nothing to say, or had forgotten what I wished to tell him, nor could I frame a sentence intelligibly. So, blaming the pen, I relinquished the task, and endeavoured to compose myself to a second nap. But sleep of all the powers is the most fickle to invoke—whoever knew it come when most wanted—as when you have over exerted yourself and are very fatigued, or when you have not taken enough of exercise to feel fatigued, yet the body craves for sleep. This was exactly the state I was in.

When we are youngsters we go to bed, turn over on our side, and utter oblivion to the outer world takes place till our accustomed hour for rising arises, and all this is accepted as a matter of course, and gratitude for such a blessing never enters our feelings. Could the mature man revert again to boyhood, I know no blessing he would be more grateful for than that of sound, unbroken sleep.

While I thus tossed and fretted, I became aware that the storm was increasing in violence, and that the angry fitful gusts of wind more rapidly succeeded each other and increased momentarily in intensity.

I never retire early to rest, the habits which one adopts between the age of eighteen and thirty are apt to stick through life.

In the army a few years ago the mess hour was half-past seven. By the time the wine had gone three or four

times round the table, nine o'clock had arrived; the ante-room was generally then adjourned to by all, except such as had some prior engagement, where shilling point whist or limited loo filled up the time till it was deemed desirable to retire. After twelve, more frequently than before, was the time of adjournment. Thus between twelve and one is my most frequent hour for going to roost, but a very slight excuse indeed, so slight] that I have often fabricated it, would make the retiring time a couple of hours later.

The wind, which up to ten or eleven had only rather forcibly clutched the house tops and embraced the chimneys with ruder than polite clasp, now at 1 A.M. fairly shrieked around the gables and endeavoured to throw them down; doors and shutters, not only in my own apartment, but in those adjoining, slammed and crashed as if they would dash themselves to pieces, thus the turmoil outside was indicative in reality, not in form of speech, of a warring of the elements, a battle of no ordinary severity, but one in which the aerial force was determined to do all the injury in its power to whatever resisted it. With ears strained to the utmost tension, I listened, strange sounds echoed through the deserted streets, chimney pots and tiles seemed suddenly to be embued with life, and to be committing suicide by hurling themselves down from their exalted positions. Again the striking or ringing of the clocks and bells would rise to such alarming distinctness as to cause the listener to imagine that they had shifted their *locale* to the immediate vicinity of his apartment, and be followed immediately afterwards by their dying away with

startling abruptness. As time passed the gale ceased to be gusty, and rose to an uninterrupted violence, which it appeared impossible could be increased; still it did increase, till it became a matter of wonder what would be the result if it ceased to regard the strength of former gales as a precedent, in a vainglorious spirit to outdo all predecessors.

The coming of rain after a protracted drought affects all the animal creation. The fish that have previously been so torpid that the stream appeared untenanted, become all life. The lion whose voice has long ceased to be heard, makes his roar re-echo from rock and hill side. The stag, usually silent, except at the rutting season, previous to rain, with his harsh bocking and neighing, informs the shepherd that he is still a frequenter of the neighbourhood; while even our domestic pet the cat, ceases to join head and tail together, and quietly snooze before the cheerful fire, and must be out and doing.

As it is with the inferior animal creation, so it is with men (possibly not with the city clerk, or man intensely devoted to business who knows no other haunts than the vicinity of his office, or thinks of nothing else than adding shillings or pounds to his horde); with such men as have travelled beyond the precincts of the country in which they were born, visited lands south of the equator, or countries so distant that their existence to the home toiler is only known by report. Thus when a storm is imminent, certainly when it has commenced, whether sheltered or not, I want to go forth, to feel its influences, to glory in fighting it, to feel that I have power to resist it, and brave its utmost fury.

At sea it is so as well as on land, for I would no more submit to be engulfed in an ocean tomb under decks, if it was in my power to avoid such a fate, than I would prefer death from a loathsome disease to dying in harness, with my front to the enemy and my right hand ready to strike.

As the animals feel, when the warring elements rage, so feel I; regardless of rain and wind I must seek the open air, and although fear of coming in contact with my domestic tyrant prevented my earlier going forth, no longer could I delay, so I rushed into the hall to equip myself suitably for carrying out my purpose. The hour, although such as some would say that all good people should be in bed, did not prevent my meeting my housekeeper. As I took down my greatcoat from its peg, she vouchsafed the remark that "surely I was not going out, for that would be the action of one demented."

To this I said nothing, but pressing my cap firmly on my head, hurriedly opened the hall door, and slammed it behind me. Scarcely had I left the steps that lead up to the house, for my residence was in a terrace facing the sea, in front of which was an enclosed garden, when from seawards came the report of a gun. From the ruined church, the lighthouse, the barracks, and the cliffs adjoining, it echoed and re-echoed. Silently, almost holding my breath, I listened for its repetition, steadily fixing my gaze in the direction from whence it appeared to come.

For five minutes I remained in painful suspense, when a flash lit up the heavens, and the dead dull

sound of a distant cannon again awoke the echoes. As I supposed, it was a ship ashore or about to strike, for from the direction that was indicated, full well I knew that the craft that fired these signals of distress must have already struck or would do so in a few minutes, so God help those on board of her, I thought, for there ran out for nearly a mile a rocky reef that had smashed the ribs and ground out the bottom of many a gallant craft. A wilder sea ne'er broke on reef, than at one moment engulfed and at another surged around this place, when the wind blew with violence from its present direction. The wanderer can tell of Capes Hope and Horn, of Capes Race and Hatirass; but those who reside in the North of England need not travel further than Tynemouth to see the most formidable breakers.

Again and again reverberated from ruin and rock the deep sounding booming report, and more than one blue light lit up the scene with its lurid unearthly glare, but I feared no help from shore could come to the unfortunates. I stood speechless, spell-bound, with my eyes riveted with a strange fascination upon the position where this destructive reef lay, and prayed mentally that the Great Creator would be merciful. Ten minutes I might have been thus occupied, when a sound as if of many voices in angry dispute, or as the expression of the determination of persons to overcome some obstacle, rose and fell with the eddying blast. At first I could not understand its import; but suddenly it flashed upon me that the life-boat lay directly underneath the cliff on which I stood, and that its crew were about to

launch it, to risk home and life with the hope of saving some of the sailors of the stranded vessel. To wish them God-speed, to encourage them in their brave work, I hurried down the path that led to the little bay. So intensely dark was the night that scarcely a yard could I see before me; but instinct guided my steps till the beach was reached, when the uncertain fitful light of several lanterns showed me the remainder of my course.

But even in this sequestered sheltered spot it was no easy matter to guide my footsteps, for frequently a giant wave, more angry than its predecessors, raced up the beech, hissing malice in its unimpeded wrath.

But was this a time to think of wet and discomfort? Surely not; so regardless of footing, foam and storm, I gained the assembled crowd. Earnestly each applied himself to his allotted task, till all was ready for a start, still it was delayed; but why should this be, was not every moment of consequence? yes, of vital importance, for short indeed would be the existence of any ship exposed to such a sea, beating with all its unbridled fury upon its rock-imprisoned sides. My impatience could not be controlled longer. Almost in upbraiding terms I enquired the reason, at the same time pointing out with unwonted energy the necessity for haste.

"True for you," answered a voice, which on closer scrutiny I discovered came from Ben, my acquaintance of the morning; "but," he continued, "we're short handed, unless we can find another man to pull an oar we'll never get over the bar."

To this appeal, for such it might be deemed, no

response was made, although many seafaring men stood around, judging from their attire. Was this a time to hesitate? I urged and pleaded; but all my powers of speech were without avail. Was this like British seamen? no, certainly not; and I knew them well, therefore there must be a reason. This I soon discovered; the absentee had taken away his life-belt, and whoever shipped in his place must go without. And only the year before a disaster had occurred at this place from such a piece of negligence, that could not fail to be fresh in the memory of all.

In bygone years I had had plenty of experience rowing, not only on placid river bosoms, but in many a heavy sea. Practice may be necessary to keep in training, but even without it, the hands do not forget their cunning. So I seized a sweep, and expressed my determination to take the vacant seat. A murmur of approbation followed my decision. My attire was scarcely suited for my task, but the use of pilot jackets and comforters was offered on every side; to don them was but the work of a moment, and a few minutes after, our lean sharp prow was pointed to the bar of the river, while under our strong united power we rapidly approached it.

Either the moon had risen, or some previously obscured stars now shed their light on the scene, or the open water being free from the shadowing cliffs, the darkness ceased to be of such intensity; this we regarded as a blessing vouchsafed upon the labour we had undertaken.

Nearer and nearer we approached the bar, scarcely a

word had been spoken so far, when our coxswain bracing himself on his legs, sung out in a mellow cheery voice, "Now my hearties, send her into it." And all I am certain, did their best, even I who had been using my uttermost vigour, found out that I had still a little extra power left.

As the reader knows, I was not without experience in ocean and boating matters, the memory of past struggles with wild and threatening seas now rose before me and gave me fresh strength, but I felt convinced that never previously saw I ought so terrible, so fearful, as the boiling, surging, broken water upon Tynemouth bar on that fearful night.

The seething bubbling surface of a boiling caldron increased a hundred-thousand-fold, is the best representation I can give of the aspect of the sea. To describe its violence, force, and impetuosity, would be impossible. Manfully our crew hung to their sweeps, every pull seemed to embue their arms with fresh vigour. Still our advance was slow, even the ash sweeps seemed to groan and writhe under their ordeal, and threatened momentarily to break in sunder, but the wood was well seasoned, and stood its trial as staunchly as those that plied them. Again our coxswain treated us to a word of encouragement, "A dozen strokes more, my hearties, the best you ever pulled, and we'll be again in blue water," and all did his behest; our craft fairly trembled under our strength, forward against the incoming wave she rushed, and gallantly breasted it, but ere she could recover, a larger sea than its predecessor struck the boat, filled us to the gunwale, and washed me overboard.

For a moment I struggled to gain the surface, in that moment I lived a lifetime; strong swimmer as I was, an instant was sufficient to tell me how little my skill could avail me in this deluge of broken water, for in this chaos of surf there is nothing to give buoyancy, nothing to contend against, and I had given up all for lost, not that I intended dying one instant before my time, but that no effort of mine could prolong my existence, when my arm and coat collar were seized by a strong pair of hands and I was forcibly dragged on board.

A narrow escape I know I had, that my comrades thought so I was not long in learning. My immersion had not been sufficiently long to do me injury. So by dint of skilfully balancing myself, and carefully studying the rise and fall of the boat, I regained my seat and sweep. Of course, I was wet, dripping wet, but we all were in the same state, still we did not suffer from cold, for we were kept too actively engaged not to keep our blood in active circulation, and even had it been otherwise, the hope of being of service to the unfortunates on the reef was sufficient to make us forget our own sufferings.

For some time no signal gun had been fired by the stranded ship. I could not help construing this as a bad omen, but for fear of discouraging my comrades, I ceased to mention it, but others on board our little craft were as observant as I, and soon my acquaintance, Ben, said in a deep and feeling voice, "Mates, I guess it's all up with them, their barkers don't speak any more," and a general assent to this mournful anticipation was murmured by all.

Now we had got over the bar our progress was much

more rapid. The sea which would have been abeam if we had shaped our course directly for the object of our journey, was too angry to be trusted thus, so we had to keep our bow seaward, edging to the southward as chance favoured us. Half an hour of this we knew must bring us nearly to our destination. Dark as the night was we could not go wrong, for astern gleamed through the black darkness the lighthouse over the pier. Forward pitched our boat into the gloom, when the wild white water, crushed into snow-like foam from its contact with the rocks, broke on our view. Worse than the sea on the bar it could not be, still it was terrible to view, and in its midst lay a brig careened over on her beam-ends, the foremast gone at the top, the mainmast by the board. Sea after sea made a clean breach over her, the broken water falling in cataracts over her now perpendicular deck.

For human life to exist upon her decks appeared impossible; so if any of her crew remained in the land of the living, they must be below. From her build she was evidently a foreigner, German probably, for a less powerfully put together ship than this thorough-going people build would never have held so long together. Lying upon our oars, or only taking an occasional pull upon them to keep our position, we held a consultation how she was to be approached. At length it was decided that the lea of her stern was the only available point. Steering towards it a new difficulty presented itself. The mainmast held by the shrouds occupied almost exactly the place we wanted to reach, and to come in contact with this spar would have been to us probable

destruction. After sundry efforts, however, it was cut adrift, and soon after a chance was afforded to make fast to the wreck, which was tightly wedged ashore forward, while the stern projected over deep water. How the unfortunate vessel had got into this position was obvious to those versed in seamanship. From the small amount of canvas she could show to the gale she had been unable to go about, and as a last expedient, the attempt to ware her had been made, and in doing so she had run on the reef.

It was now breaking day, and with the approach of light the tide had changed, and the wind which had been lately more fitful gave evidence of moderating. Our danger was now evidently past, and all we had to do was to hang on till an opportunity was afforded of boarding her. At length the looked-for time came; the two youngest of our crew with agility sprung on board, while the lifeboat drifted back to the end of her hawser.

Painful were the few minutes of suspense that followed after the explorers disappeared below deck. At length one of them appeared, and hailing us, stated that there was only one cove and a dog on board, and that the former had a broken arm. When can you deprive our sailors of sympathy for the unfortunate? Never. Whether it be their life, education, or discipline, I know not, but as with the soldier, there is more of the milk of human kindness in their compositions than exists in any other profession, thus all the sympathy that would have been bestowed upon the distressed crew was concentrated upon the sole survivor. "Fetch him up, Jack, my boy," cried our gallant coxswain.

"Aye, aye," he responded, "but the confounded dog won't let us get near him. Still I'll make another try," and off he dived below decks again. This time he was absent longer.

At length both our men reappeared bearing in their arms the apparently inanimate form of a man about forty years of age, a large, curly-coated, black retriever following at their heels. With many a skilful knot and tie he was made fast, and with such care as would have done credit to the most loving woman that ever nursed invalid, he was lowered into our boat, and gently borne to the stern sheets. Dead he might have been, but that a sigh escaped his lips at long protracted intervals. As he reclined bolstered up against the knees of the coxswain again and again I looked earnestly in his face. In it there was something that reminded me of the past, either I had seen him before or he much resembled one I had known. The more I looked the more I got confirmed in my opinion; yet for my life I could not say where or when we had met.

But this is not to be wondered at, for had I not travelled nearly all over the earth, and consequently how many persons had I known; but the more I gazed on this face the more familiar it became, till I felt angry with myself for not being able to recall where and when I had seen it.

A gentleman he certainly was. None could look at that white soft hand, those long tapering fingers, and pink well-kept nails and doubt it. In height he must have been almost six feet, and although strongly knit and built, he was rather slim than otherwise. His head-

gear had fallen off, showing that his crown, perhaps from hereditary predisposition, perhaps from the influence of a foreign climate, had become bald, while a fringe of nut-brown curls circled around and over his neck and ears.

Again and again a spasm of intense pain shot across his face, leaving a livid tint under his eyes and over his lips, and how could it be otherwise? By his side hung the broken arm, smashed half-way between elbow and shoulder, the jagged edges of the bone being doubtlessly frequently brought in contact by the pitching of the boat. Possibly the pain which the sufferer was enduring was the cause of my failing to recognise him, for after all expression has as much to do in enabling us to know one another as features.

When I was studying and puzzling my brains over the unknown, the attention of all the crew was called to the unsuccessful efforts that were being made to catch the dog. At length his pursuers desisted from the attempt, finding that it was hopeless; when, hailing the boat which had drifted back to the end of its hawser, they enquired if they had not better remain in possession of the direlict, seeing that the weather had moderated, while the life-boat returned to its station for the double purpose of obtaining immediate assistance for the wounded man, and of bringing additional aid to save as much of the cargo as possible.

This proposal was agreed to at once; each grasped his oar, the painter was cast off, and our gallant little craft had her head pointed for Tynemouth; but we were still destined to have another passenger; the poor dog which had kept studied watch upon all our move-

ments, doubtless because we had his loved master on board, no sooner saw us leaving and so increasing the distance between himself and all he cared for, than he sprang overboard and swam after us.

This proof of the dumb creature's affection was not unappreciated; all, without a word of instruction, hung upon their oars till the affectionate creature was alongside, when I reached my hand over the gunwale, and, taking him by the neck, lifted him on board. Crouching under the seats, he passed aft, gently approached the figure of him he loved, for a moment gazed in the well known face, then licked one hand and then another, and soon after he lay alongside his master's prostrate form, gazing with keen but kindly eye on all he looked upon. Yes, dog as he was, man, with all his exalted opinions of himself, does not possess one half the disinterested, true affection of his race.

Homewards bound was but a pleasant cruise; even that fearful bar had lost its terrors, at least in such a worthy sea-going craft as we were on board of; still the billows licked our side, telling plainly what they would like to do, but had not the power to accomplish; and, no longer timorous of results, we gloried in our prowess, laughed the element to scorn that once we dreaded, yes, trembled in the presence of.

A crowd of wives, brothers, and sisters greeted us on the beach. We were the heroes of the moment, and although I had done no more than my allotted share of labour, my being a landsman, and occupying the position of a gentleman, made our humble friends doubly marked in the emphasis of approval towards me; but I

had other work in hand than to listen to the laudations of the surrounding crowd. In the stern-sheet of the boat which had borne us through so many perils reclined the wounded man we had rescued from the stranded ship; up to this moment his pain must have been almost unendurable, for although the gale had blown itself out, the motion on board our craft could not but have caused him inexpressible pain.

To the hospital, to the sailor's home, and to various institutions of a similar nature, it was proposed to take him; with this intention he was tenderly lifted from the boat. Strange as it may appear, already had arisen in my mind feelings of affection towards the unfortunate man which I could neither express nor explain. What mattered it to me one mouth more to feed, to take upon myself the support of one more human being; nothing. My house, my home, should be his refuge, and with the desire came the words; everyone approved my wish, and carrying the disabled form upon their shoulders, gently and feelingly they bore him to my residence.

Nor was he alone, the dog faithful to the last followed silently behind.

As might have been expected, my housekeeper demurred to my arrangements, but I was not in a temper to brook contradiction, and for once in my life, I asserted my position of master, and she, aware of my determination, retired grumbling, although I believe unconquered. A bed was speedily prepared; with my assistance his wet clothes were removed, and administering the only restorative I possessed, namely brandy and water, I had the satisfaction of seeing my guest fall into

a troubled though beneficial sleep. Long ere he awoke I sent for a medical man, who as luck would have it, was at home, and who consequently was with me before the patient awoke. On no account would he permit him to be disturbed; slowly and silently the hours passed, when a few heavy sighs indicated that the sleeper was again returning to consciousness.

Expecting him to awake from his previous lethargic state, I leant over the bed; gradually his blue eyes opened, and gazing fixedly on my face, he muttered the word "Jack." In an instant the previously unknown was recognised, it was Philip Upton, and if before I had felt satisfaction at having assisted in saving a human life, I felt doubly repaid when I learned that I had been instrumental in rescuing my old friend. The work of my medical man was soon completed, with the aid of splints and bandages the shattered limb was put in its place, and however listless and weary, sometimes sick of life I had previously felt, I now knew I had something still to live for.

How strange are the workings of providence! in what mystery are they bound up! Can any one doubt that there is an over-ruling power that guides all? But a week or two ago I had looked anxiously forward to entertaining my poor friend; suddenly, unexpectedly, and inexplicably he had disappeared without leaving a trace that might lead to his discovery by those that sought him.

But by the will of that Supreme Being who ruleth all, when least expected he was again thrown among friends, yes, not such friends as those who profess friendship to-

day and ignore to-morrow the person to whom they have made their protestations.

To do my housekeeper justice, however strong might have been her objections to this introduction to my domestic circle, no sooner did she learn that the ship-wrecked, maimed and homeless wanderer was no other than my dear old friend, than she entered with all a woman's feeling into competition with myself to bestow such attention as would make the sufferer comfortable and hasten his recovery.

My wish is accomplished; Philip Upton is now with me at Heather Green. Change of air and the renewal of old associations have done him so much good, that he may now be considered convalescent. Looking at it in a selfish light, the society of my old friend has had a most beneficial effect on myself, for no longer do I feel time hang heavily on my hands, nor am I in quite as much fear of Mrs Wilson as formerly; in fact that old lady has dropped much of the drill-sergeant mannerism that used to be so objectionable; two recruits possibly she deems more than she can manage.

One day Upton and I went to the river together; either there was electricity in the atmosphere or an easterly wind was threatened, for the trout would not rise. Finding fishing useless we sat down on the grassy slopes that margined the stream to discuss our lunch. One subject led to another, when it struck me that now is the time to broach what for some days had been uppermost in my mind.

"Philip, what say you, let my house in future be your home?"

"To tell you the truth, Jack, I have thought of the matter, and should like nothing better."

"Well, it's a bargain."

"Yes."

Since then months have passed, and if the reader could look into the old cottage, as in days long gone by, he would see the table on the verandah, two weather-beaten, if not aged, veterans on either side of it, while cigars and Bordeaux have taken the place of pipes and rum, the former being insignia of the new school, the latter of the old; which were the best remains to be proved. But there is one of the dramatis personæ left out; this should not be, for a very worthy member he is deemed of our household—Bean, Upton's retriever, who invariably shared himself between us, regarding both as his mutual friends.

There is only one subject of conversation tabooed, namely, the death of ———; well, his name is forbidden "*Requiescat in pace.*"

A parting word; if war should arise, if the honour of England should be doubted, the entirety of our realms imperilled, or our sacred shores threatened with pollution from the tread of a foreign invader, the youngsters of the day will have a hard struggle in the race who shall be first to offer their services in the cause of our Country and Queen.

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS.

A SELECTION OF BOOKS FROM
GRIFFITH & FARRAN'S CATALOGUE.

The Politicians of To-day. A Series of Personal Sketches. By T. WEMYSS REID, Author of "Charlotte Brontë; a Monograph." Cabinet Portraits, &c. Crown 8vo.

A History of York Castle. By Captain A. TWYFORD (the present Governor). Edited by Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, author of "The Memorials of Millbank." Crown 8vo. With Illustrations.

Pictures of the Past: Memories of Men I have Met and Sights I have Seen. By FRANCIS H. GRUNDY, C.E. One vol. crown 8vo, cloth, 12s. Contains reminiscences of PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTE, LEIGH HUNT, GEORGE HENRY LEWES, GEORGE STEPHENSON, GEORGE PARKER BIDDER, and many other celebrities.

"In certain moments of a life, by no means uneventful, he (Mr Grundy), has distinctly done public service by his presence of mind. He has been thrown into the companionship of many great men without feeling or affecting any undue sense of inferiority."—*Athenæum.*

"Undeniably amusing, full of varied incidents, the whole is full of humour."—*Tablet.*

Historical Sketches of the Reformation. By the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, &c., &c. One volume, post 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

A Series of Eight Historical Sketches of the Reformation, mainly having reference to the reign of King Henry VIII. Among other subjects treated of, are the Life of Cromwell; Earl of Essex; the Pilgrimage of Grace; the destruction of the Shrine of St Thomas-à-Becket; the murder of the Abbot of Glastonbury; and the dissolution of Sion House, Isleworth, &c. In writing these, Dr Lee has had the opportunity of consulting several important unpublished MSS. in private hands, both at home and abroad, as well as the recently arranged English Public Records.

Model Yachts and Model Yacht Sailing. How to Build, Rig, and Sail; a self-acting model Yacht. By JAS. E. WALTON, V.M.Y.C. Fcap 4to, with 50 woodcuts.

L'Abecedaire of French Pronunciation. A Manual for Teachers and Students. By G. LE PREVOST, of Paris, Professor of Languages. Crown 8vo, price 1s. 6d.

The Birthday Book of Quotations and Autograph Album. Extracts in English, French, and German, chiefly from standard authors. With Calendar, Ornamental Borders for Photographs, Album for Translations, and Chosen Mottoes. Price 10s. 6d., extra cloth and gilt.

Crewel Work. Fifteen designs in Bold and Conventional Character, capable of being quickly and easily worked. With complete instructions. By ZETA, author of "Ladies' Work and How to Sell it," and including Patterns for Counterpanes, Bed Hangings, Curtains, Furniture Covers, Chimney-piece Borders, Piano Backs, Table Cloths, Table Covers, &c., &c. Demy, price 2s. 6d.

The Commercial Products of the Sea; or, Marine Contributions to Industry and Art. By P. L. SIMMONDS, author of "The Commercial Products of the Vegetable Kingdom." One volume, with numerous Illustrations. Price 16s.

A Glossary of Biological, Anatomical, and Physiological terms, for Teachers and Students, in Schools and Classes connected with the Science and Art Department and other Examining bodies. By THOMAS DUNMAN, Physiology Lecturer at the Birkbeck Institution and the Working Men's College. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

NEW NOVELS.

I.

MAIDEN MAY. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 3 vols. crown 8vo, price 31s. 6d.

II.

LOUIS: or, Doomed to the Cloister. A Tale of Religious Life in the time of Louis XIV. Founded on Fact. By Mrs HOPE. Dedicated by permission to Dean Stanley. 3 vols. crown 8vo, price 31s. 6d.

III.

WORTHLESS LAURELS. By EMILY CARRINGTON. 3 vols. crown 8vo, price 31s. 6d.

IV.

TRIED BY FIRE. By FRANCIS CARR, author of "Left Alone," "Not Launcelot nor Another," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo, price 31s. 6d.

"A few months ago we had the pleasure of reviewing favourably 'Left Alone,' by the same author. 'Tried by Fire' is an improvement on 'Left Alone,' and if the author continues to make progress at this rate, she will end by taking a good place among lady novelists." —*Athenæum.*

V.

FOR A DREAM'S SAKE. By Mrs HERBERT MARTIN, author of "Bonnie Lesley," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo, price 21s.

"Written in the same pleasant style and graceful language as 'Bonnie Lesley.'"—*Athenæum.*

"Mrs Martin is to be congratulated on having achieved a fresh success with her new story."—*John Bull.*

"Quite worth reading by old and young alike."—*Graphic.*

VI.

A YACHTING STORY.

THE SECRET OF THE SANDS; or, The "Water Lily" and her Crew. By HARRY COLLINGWOOD. 2 vols. crown 8vo, gilt tops, price 12s.

"We own that we were fascinated ourselves by the story of the cruise. . . . We can add conscientiously that we have really enjoyed the book."—*Saturday Review.*

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

STORIES FOR DAUGHTERS AT HOME SERIES.

I.

MY SISTER'S KEEPER. A New Story for Girls. By Laura M. Lane, Author of "Gentleman Verschoyle," &c. Cloth, 5s. With a Preface by Mrs Townsend, President of the Girls' Friendly Society.

"The purpose is most excellent. . . . Has done her work very skilfully. . . . A pleasant, readable story."—*Academy.*

II.

MY MOTHER'S DIAMONDS. By Maria J. Greer. With a Frontispiece by A. Ludovici. Cloth, 5s.

"Full of life and spirit. . . . A very pleasant tale."—*Queen.*

"Pleasant and interesting, with just a little spice of love—not enough to make it too interesting to girls, and not quite enough to give it a point."—*Athenæum.*

III.

"BONNIE LESLEY." By Mrs Herbert Martin, Author of "Cast Adrift," &c. With Frontispiece by Miss C. Paterson. Cloth, 5s.

"There is no praise too high for Mrs Martin's delightful story."—*Academy.*

"Spirited, interesting, refined, and humorous . . . A charming story."—*Spectator.*

"A very pleasant book, and contains a decidedly interesting story."—*Athenæum.*

IV.

LEFT ALONE; or, the Fortunes of Phillis Maitland. By Francis Carr, Author of "Tried by Fire," &c. Cloth, 5s.

"Pure and refined in tone. . . . We emphatically pronounce it tender and true."—*Vanity Fair.*

The Four Seasons. A Short Account of the Structure of Plants. Being Four Lectures written for the Working Men's Institute, Paris. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, 3s. 6d.

Trees, Plants and Flowers: Their Beauties, Uses, and Influences. By Mrs R. Lee. With Coloured Groups of Flowers, from Drawings by James Andrews. Second Thousand. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

Talks about Plants; or, Early Lessons in Botany. By Mrs Lankester, Author of "Wild Flowers Worth Notice," &c. With Six Coloured Plates and Numerous Wood Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

Memorable Battles in English History; Where Fought, Why Fought, and their Results; with the Military Lives of the Commanders. By W. H. Davenport Adams. New and thoroughly Revised Edition, with Frontispiece and Plans of Battles. Two volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, price 16s.

Child-Life in Japan and Japanese Child Stories. By M. Chaplin Ayrton (Civis Academiæ Edinensis, et Elève de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris). With many Illustrations, including seven full-page Pictures, Drawn and Engraved by Japanese Artists. Crown 4to, cloth elegant, 10s. 6d.

The Crimean Campaign with the Connaught Rangers, 1854-5-6. By Lieut.-Colonel Nathaniel Steevens, late 88th (Connaught Rangers). One Volume, Demy 8vo, with Map, cloth, 15s.

Masterpieces of Antique Art. From the Celebrated Collections in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum. By Stephen Thompson, Author of "Old English Homes," "Old Masters," &c. Twenty-five Examples in Permanent Photography. Super-Royal 4to. Elegantly bound, cloth gilt, Two Guineas.

The Vicar of Wakefield; a Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Eight Illustrations by John Absolon. Beautifully printed by Whittingham on superfine paper, 3s. 6d., cloth, 10s. 6d. Morocco Antique.

It may not be uninteresting to state that it was from the house now occupied by Messrs Griffith & Farran, that, under the auspices of Mr Newbery, Goldsmith's friend, "The Vicar of Wakefield" was first issued. To the same publisher also belongs the distinction of having originally brought out Goldsmith's celebrated poem, "The Traveller."

A Journey to the Centre of the Earth. From the French of Jules Verne. With 52 Illustrations by Riou. New Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.; or bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

The Day Dreams of a Sleepless Man. Being a series of Papers contributed to the *Standard*, by Frank Ives Scudamore, Esq., C.B. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Decidedly clever and full of good humour."—*Graphic.*

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

A SELECTION OF POPULAR BOOKS.

Female Christian Names, and their Teachings. By MARY E. BROMFIELD. Beautifully printed on Toned Paper. Imp. 32mo cloth, gilt edges, 1s. French Morocco, 2s. Calf or Morocco, 4s.

Joan of Arc and the Times of Charles the Seventh. By Mrs BRAY. 7s. 6d.

"Readers will rise from its perusal not only with increased information, but with sympathies awakened and elevated."—*Times.*

The Good St Louis and His Times. By the same Author. With Portrait. 7s. 6d.

"A valuable and interesting record of Louis' reign."—*Spectator.*

Ocean and Her Rulers; a Narrative of the Nations who have from the Earliest Ages held Dominion over the Sea, comprising a brief History of Navigation from the Remotest Periods up to the Present Time. By ALFRED ELWES. New, Enlarged, and thoroughly Revised Edition, with 16 Illustrations by Walter W. May. Crown 8vo, cloth, 9s.

"Deserving of a place on the shelves of every library."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

Caxton's Fifteen O's and other Prayers. Printed by command of the Princess Elizabeth, Queen of England and France, and also of the Princess Margaret, mother of our Sovereign Lord the King. By WM. CAXTON. Reproduced in Photo-Lithography by S. Ayling. 4to, bound in parchment. New and Cheaper Edition, 6s.

WORKS BY THE LATE JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

Notabilia; or, Curious and Amusing Facts about many Things. Explained and Illustrated. Post 8vo, 6s.

"There is a world of wisdom in this book."—*Art Journal.*

Ancestral Stories and Traditions of Great Families. Illustrative of English History. With Frontispiece, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"An interesting and well-written book."—*Literary Churchman.*

Strange Stories of the Animal World; a Book of Curious Contributions to Natural History. Second Edition, with Illustrations by Zwecker, gilt edges, 6s.

"Will be studied with profit and pleasure."—*Athenæum.*

STANESBY'S ILLUMINATED GIFT BOOKS.

Every Page richly Printed in Gold and Colours.

The Bridal Souvenir. New Edition. With a Portrait of the Princess Royal. Elegantly bound in white morocco, 21s.

"A splendid specimen of the decorative art, and well suited for a bridal gift."

The Birth-Day Souvenir. A Book of thoughts on Life and Immortality. 12s. 6d. cloth; 18s. morocco antique.

Light for the Path of Life; from the Holy Scriptures. Small 4to, 12s. cloth; 15s. calf, gilt edges; 18s. morocco antique.

The Wisdom of Solomon; from the Book of Proverbs. Small 4to, 14s. cloth elegant; 18s. calf; 21s. morocco antique.

The Floral Gift. 14s. cloth elegant; 21s. morocco extra.

Shakespeare's Household Words. With a Photograph from the Monument at Stratford-on-Avon. New and Cheaper Edition. 6s. cloth elegant; 10s. 6d. morocco antique.

"An exquisite little gem, fit to be the Christmas offering to Titania or Queen Mab."

Aphorisms of the Wise and Good. With a Photographic Portrait of Milton. 6s. cloth elegant; 10s. 6d. morocco antique.

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
CORNER OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

M304090

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY